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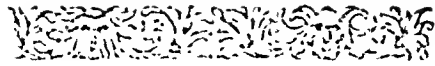
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DRAMATIC WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. V







THE  
DRAMATIC WORKS OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE TEXT CAREFULLY REVISED

WITH NOTES

BY S. W. SINGER, F.S.A.

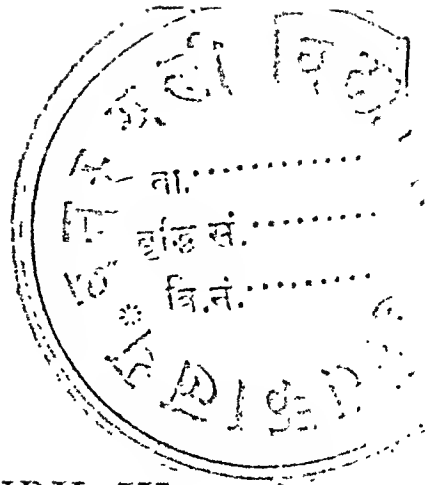
VOLUME V



*THIRD EDITION REVISED*

LONDON  
GEORGE BELL AND SONS  
COVENT GARDEN





# KING HENRY IV.

## PART I.



*Hotspur.* O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth.

ACT v. SC. 4.





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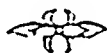
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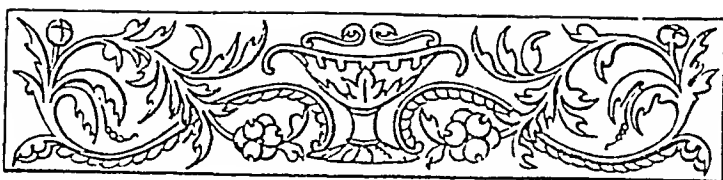


THE FIRST PART OF KING  
HENRY IV.









## THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**I**N dramatizing this portion of English history Shakespeare had, as in other cases, been preceded by an earlier writer, whose production exists under the title of "The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," of which three are old editions, two without date, and one printed in 1598. From a notice in "Nasli's Pierce Penniless his Supplication to the Devil," printed in 1592, we learn that it was then upon the stage. He says:—"What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing him and the Dolphin to sweare fealtie." It appears from Henslowe's Diary that a play, called "Harry the V." was represented by his company on the 28th of November, 1595, and the popularity of which is indicated by unusually large receipts. This may have been a revival only of the old piece; but the circumstance, probably, might induce Shakespeare to produce a play on the same subject, in favour of the company at the Globe, with which he was connected.

The incidents of the old play, rude as it is, furnished him with materials for three dramas, although two of them may, in fact, be considered as one drama divided, the two Parts of K. Henry the IVth, and K. Henry the Vth.

It is remarkable that in the old drama Sir John Oldcastle is one of the dramatis personæ, and it appears certain from many circumstances adduced, which may be found in Mr. Halliwell's tract "On the Character of Sir John Falstaff," that the name given to the character in the first instance was Sir John Oldcastle. Indeed, Mr. Halliwell has shown that the character retained the name of Oldcastle after Shakespeare had altered it to Falstaff. Thus Nathaniel Field refers to Falstaff when, in his *Amends for Ladies*, 1618, he says.—

## 2 FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

“Did you never see  
The play where the fat knight, hight Oldcastle,  
Did tell you truly, what this honour was.”

There are other indications which place the matter out of doubt. It appears that the name of Falstaff had been substituted for Oldcastle before the play was printed, but in one instance, which will be pointed out in a note, it seems to have escaped erasure in the MS. It has been asserted that the change was made at the instance of the descendants of Sir John Oldcastle, the Protestant martyr, and this seems probable from the apology made in the epilogue to the Second part, “for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man.”

The historical dramas of Shakespeare have become the popular history. Vain attempts have been made by Walpole to vindicate the character of King Richard III. and in later times by Mr. Luders, to prove that the youthful dissipation ascribed to King Henry V. is without foundation. The arguments are probable, and ingeniously urged, but we still cling to our early notions of “that mad cap—that same sword and buckler Prince of Wales.” No plays were ever more read, nor does the inimitable, all-powerful genius of the poet ever shine out more than in the two parts of King Henry IV. which may be considered as one long drama divided.

It has been said that “Falstaff is the summit of Shakespeare’s comic invention,” and we may consequently add the most inimitable comic character ever delineated; for who could invent like Shakespeare? Falstaff is now to us hardly a creature of the imagination, he is so definitely and distinctly drawn, that the mere reader of these dramas has the complete impression of a personal acquaintance. He is surrounded by a group of comic personages, from time to time, each of which would have been sufficient to throw any ordinary creation into the shade, but they only serve to make the super-eminent humour of the knight doubly conspicuous. What can come nigher to truth and real individual nature than those admirable delineations Shallow and Silence? How irresistibly comic are all the scenes in which Falstaff is made to humour the fatuity and vanity of this precious pair!

The historic characters are delineated with a felicity and individuality not inferior in any respect. Harry Percy is a creation of the first order; and our favourite hare-brained Prince of Wales, in whom mirthful pleasantry and midnight dissipation are mixed up with heroic dignity and generous feeling, is a rival worthy of him. Owen Glendower is another personification, managed with the most consummate skill; and the graver characters are sustained and opposed to each other in a manner peculiar to our great poet alone.

The transactions contained in the First Part of King Henry IV. are comprised within the period of about ten months; for the ac-

tion commences with the news brought of Hotspur having defeated the Scots under Archibald Earl of Douglas, at Holmedon (or Halidown Hill), which battle was fought on Holy-rood day (the 14th of September) 1402; and it closes with the battle of Shrewsbury, on Saturday the 21st of July, 1403.

Malone places the date of the composition of this play in 1597; Dr. Drake and Mr. Collier in 1596. It was first entered at Stationers' Hall, February 25, 1597. There are no less than five quarto editions published during the author's life, viz. in 1598, 1599, 1604, 1608, 1613. There is another edition in quarto, printed by Norton in 1632, which varies in some places from the text of the folios, from which it does not appear to have been copied. The folios follow the text of the quarto 1613. But the best text is afforded by the earliest quarto of 1598. For the piece which is supposed to have been its original, the reader is referred to the Six Old Plays on which Shakespeare founded, &c. published by Steevens and Nichols in 1779.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.

HENRY, Prince of Wales, } *Sons to the King.*  
 Prince JOHN of Lancaster, }

Earl of Westmoreland, } *Friends to the King.*  
 SIR WALTER BLUNT, }

THOMAS PERCY, Earl of Worcester.

HENRY PERCY, Earl of Northumberland.

HENRY PERCY, surnamed Hotspur, *his Son.*

EDWARD MORTIMER, Earl of March.

SCROOP, Archbishop of York.

ARCHIBALD, Earl of Douglas.

OWEN GLENDOWER.

SIR RICHARD VERNON.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

POINS. GADSHILL.

PETO. BARDOLPH.

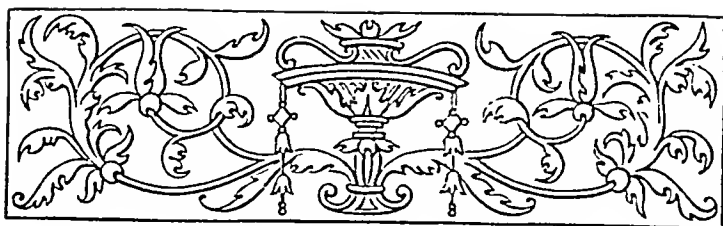
LADY PERCY, *Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer.*

LADY MORTIMER, *Daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.*

MRS. QUICKLY, *Hostess of a Tavern in Eastcheap.*

Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers,  
 two Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

SCENE, England.



THE  
FIRST PART OF KING HENRY IV.

ACT I.

SCENE I. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, WESTMORELAND, SIR  
WALTER BLUNT, and Others.

*King Henry.*

**S**O shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,  
And breathe short-winded accents of new  
    boils

To be commenc'd in stronds<sup>1</sup> afar remote.  
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil<sup>c</sup>

<sup>1</sup> i. e. strands, banks or verge of the sea.

<sup>2</sup> Upon this passage the reader is favoured with three pages of notes in the *Variarum Shakespeare*. Steevens once thought we should read *entrants*, but afterwards adopted Monk Mason's bold conjectural emendation, and reads—

"No more the thirsty *Erinnys* of this soil."

I am satisfied with the following explanation of the text, modified from that of Malone:—"No more shall this soil *have* the lips of her thirsty entrance (i.e. surface) daubed with the blood of her own children." The soil is personified, and called the *mother* of those who live upon her surface; as in the following passage of King Richard II.— "Sweet *soil*, adieu,

My mother and my nurse, that bears me yet." The *thirsty earth* was a common epithet in the poet's age. Thus,

Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood ;  
 No more shall trenching war channel her fields,  
 Nor bruise her flowrets with the armed hoofs  
 Of hostile paces : those opposed eyes,  
 Which,—like the meteors of a troubled heaven,  
 All of one nature, of one substance bred,  
 Did lately meet in the intestine shock  
 And furious close of civil butchery,  
 Shall now, in mutual, well beseeeming ranks,  
 March all one way ; and be no more oppos'd  
 Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies :  
 The edge of war, like an ill sheathed knife,  
 No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends,  
 As far as to the sepulchre of Christ  
 (Whose soldier now, under whose blessed cross  
 We are impressed and engag'd to fight),  
 Forthwith a power of English shall we levy<sup>3</sup>,  
 Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb,  
 To chase these pagans, in those holy fields,  
 Over whose acres walk'd those blessed feet,  
 Which, fourteen hundred years ago, were nail'd  
 For our advantage, on the bitter cross.  
 But this our purpose is a twelve-month old,  
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go ;  
 Therefore we meet not now.—Then let me hear  
 Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,  
 What yesternight our council did decree

in his own King Henry VI. Part III.—

“Thy brother's blood the *thirsty earth* hath drunk.”

And in the old play of King John:—

“Is all the blood y-spilt on either part,

Closing the *crannies of the thirsty earth*,

Grown to a love-game, and a bridal feast?”

<sup>3</sup> To levy a power to a place has been shown by Mr. Gifford to be neither unexampled nor corrupt ; but good authorized English. “Scipio, before he *levied* his force to the walls of Carthage, gave his soldiers the print of the city on a cake to be devoured.”—*Gosson's School of Abuse*, 1587, E. 4.

In forwarding this dear expedience<sup>4</sup>.

*West.* My liege, this haste was hot in question,  
And many limits<sup>5</sup> of the charge set down  
But yesternight: when, all athwart, there came  
A post from Wales, loaden with heavy news;  
Whose worst was,—that the noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
And a thousand of his people butchered:  
Upon whose dead corpse there was such misuse,  
Such beastly, shameless transformation,  
By those Welshwomen<sup>6</sup> done, as may not be,  
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

*K. Hen.* It seems then, that the tidings of this broil  
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.

*West.* This, match'd with other, did<sup>7</sup>, my gracious  
For more uneven and unwelcome news [lord;  
Came from the north, and thus it did import.  
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,  
Young Harry Percy<sup>8</sup>, and brave Archibald<sup>9</sup>,  
That ever valiant and approved Scot,  
At Holmedon met,  
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour;  
As by discharge of their artillery,  
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;  
For he that brought them, in the very heat  
And pride of their contention did take horse,

<sup>4</sup> *Expedience*, i. e. *expedition*.

<sup>5</sup> *Limits* here seem to mean *appointments*, or *determinations*.

<sup>6</sup> See Thomas of Walsingham, p. 557, or Holinshed, p. 528.

<sup>7</sup> Thus the two earliest quartos; *other-like* is the reading of the later copies. In the next line the quarto 1613 and the folio have *Far* instead of *For*.

<sup>8</sup> "This *Harry Percy* was surnamed, for his often pricking, *Henry Hotspur*, as one that seldom times rested, if there were anie service to be done abroad."—*Holinshed's Hist. of Scotland*, p. 240

<sup>9</sup> *Archibald Douglas*, Earl Douglas.



Uncertain of the issue any way.

*K. Hen.* Here is a dear and true-industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,  
Stain'd<sup>10</sup> with the variation of each soil  
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;  
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.  
The earl of Douglas is discomfited;  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,  
Balk'd<sup>11</sup> in their own blood, did Sir Walter see  
On Holmedon's plains. Of prisoners, Hotspur took  
Mordake earl of Fife, and eldest son  
To beaten Douglas<sup>12</sup>, and the earls of Athol,  
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith<sup>13</sup>.  
And is not this an honourable spoil?  
A gallant prize? ha! cousin, is it not?

*West.*

In faith,

It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.

*K. Hen.* Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st  
me sin

In envy that my lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a son:

<sup>10</sup> No circumstance could have been better chosen to mark the expedition of Sir Walter. It is used by Falstaff in a similar manner; "To stand *stained with travel*," &c.

<sup>11</sup> *Balk'd in their own blood* is *heaped*, or *laid on heaps*, in their own blood. A *balk* was a ridge or bank of earth standing up between two furrows; and to *balk* was to throw up the earth so as to form those heaps or banks. It was sometimes used in the sense of *monceau*, Fr. for a heap or hill. Pope has a similar thought in the *Iliad*:—

"On heaps the Greeks, on heaps the Trojans *bled*,  
And thickening round them rise the *hills* of dead."

<sup>12</sup> Mordake Earl of Fife, who was son to the Duke of Albany, regent of Scotland, is here called the son of Earl Douglas, through a mistake, into which the poet was led by the omission of a comma in the passage from whence he took this account of the Scottish prisoners.

<sup>13</sup> This is a mistake of Holinshed in his English History, for in that of Scotland, pp. 259, 262, 419, he speaks of the Earl of Fife, and Menteith as one and the same person.

A son, who is the theme of honour's tongue ;  
 Amongst a grove, the very straightest plant ;  
 Who is sweet fortune's minion, and her pride :  
 Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
 See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
 Of my young Harry. O, that it could be prov'd,  
 That some night-tripping fairy had exchang'd  
 In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
 And call'd mine—Percy, his—Plantagenet !  
 Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.  
 But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz',  
 Of this young Percy's pride ? the prisoners<sup>14</sup>,  
 Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,  
 To his own use he keeps ; and sends me word,  
 I shall have none but Mordake earl of Fife.

*West.* This is his uncle's teaching ; this is Worcester,

Malevolent to you in all aspects<sup>15</sup> ;  
 Which makes him *prune*<sup>16</sup> himself, and bristle up  
 The crest of youth against your dignity.

*K. Hen.* But I have sent for him to answer this :  
 And, for this cause, awhile we must neglect

<sup>14</sup> Percy had an exclusive right to these prisoners, except the Earl of Fife. By the law of arms, every man who had taken any captive, whose redemption did not exceed ten thousand crowns, had him clearly to himself to acquit or ransom at his pleasure. But Percy could not refuse the Earl of Fife to the king ; for being a prince of the royal blood (son to the Duke of Albany, brother to King Robert III.), Henry might justly claim him, by his acknowledged military prerogative.

<sup>15</sup> An astrological allusion. Worcester is represented as a malignant star that influenced the conduct of Hotspur.

<sup>16</sup> *Which makes him prune himself.* The metaphor is borrowed from Falconry. A hawk is said to *prune* herself when she picks off the loose feathers and smooths the rest : it is applied to other birds, and is perhaps so familiar as hardly to require a note. It is thus found in Greene's *Metamorphosis*, 1613 :—

“Pride makes the fowl to *prune* his feathers so.”

Milton uses to *plume* in the same sense :—

“She *plumes* her feathers, and lets grow her wings.”

Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.  
Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we  
Will hold at Windsor; so inform the lords:  
But come yourself with speed to us again;  
For more is to be said, and to be done,  
Than out of anger can be uttered<sup>17</sup>.

West. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter HENRY, Prince of Wales, and FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

*P. Hen.* Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou would'st truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colour'd taffata; I see no reason why thou should'st be so superfluous to demand the time of the day.

*Fal.* Indeed, you come near me now, Hal: for we, that take purses, go by the moon and the seven stars; and not by Phœbus,—he, *that wandering knight so fair*<sup>1</sup>. And, I pr'y thee, sweet wag, when thou art king,—as, God save thy grace,—majesty, I should say;

<sup>17</sup> That is, more is to be said than anger will suffer me to say: more than can issue from a mind disturbed like mine.

<sup>1</sup> Falstaff, with great propriety, according to vulgar astronomy, calls the sun a *wandering knight*, and by this expression evidently alludes to some knight of romance. Mr. Douce thought the allusion was to *The Voyage of the Wandering Knight*, by Jean de Cathe- nay, of which the translation by W. Goodyear appeared about the year 1600. The words may be part of some forgotten ballad.

for grace thou wilt have none,——

*P. Hen.* What ! none ?

*Fal.* No, by my troth ; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter.

*P. Hen.* Well, how then ? come, roundly, roundly.

*Fal.* Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us, that are squires of the night's body, be called thieves of the day's beauty<sup>2</sup> ; let us be—Diana's foresters<sup>3</sup>, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon : and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we—steal.

*P. Hen.* Thou say'st well ; and it holds well too ; for the fortune of us, that are the moon's men, doth ebb and flow like the sea ; being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As, for proof, now : a purse of gold most resolutely snatched on Monday night, and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning ; got with swearing—lay by<sup>4</sup> ; and spent with crying—bring in<sup>5</sup> : now, in as low an ebb as the foot of the ladder ;

<sup>2</sup> "Let not us who are body squires to the night (i. e. adorn the night) be called a disgrace to the day." To take away the beauty of the day may probably mean to disgrace it. A "squire of the body" originally signified the attendant of a knight. It became afterwards the cant term for a pimp. Falstaff puns on the words *knight* and *beauty*, quasi *booty*.

<sup>3</sup> "Exile and slander are justly me awarded,  
My wife and heire lacke lands and lawful right ;  
And me their lord made dame *Diana's knight*."

This is the lament of Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*. Hall, in his *Chronicles*, says that certain persons who appeared as *foresters* in a pageant exhibited in the reign of King Henry VIII. were called *Diana's knights*.

<sup>4</sup> To *lay by* is to *be still* ; it may be here equivalent to *stand* ! It occurs again in *K. Henry VIII* :—

"Even the billows of the sea  
Hung their heads, and then *lay by*."

Steevens says that it is a term adopted from navigation.

<sup>5</sup> *Bring in*, i. e. *bring in more wine*.

and, by and by, in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

*Fal.* By the Lord, thou say'st true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

*P. Hen.* As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle<sup>6</sup>. And is not a buff jerkin, a most sweet robe of durance<sup>7</sup>?

*Fal.* How now, how now, mad wag, what! in thy quips, and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

*P. Hen.* Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

*Fal.* Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning, many a time and oft.

*P. Hen.* Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part?

*Fal.* No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

*P. Hen.* Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

<sup>6</sup> *Old lad of the castle.* This passage has been supposed to have a reference to the name of Sir John Oldcastle. Rowe says that there was a tradition that the part of Falstaff was originally written by Shakespeare under that name, or that a rude outline of the character under that name existed in an earlier play. It has been most amply discussed in a voluminous controversy, which may be found at the end of this play in Boswell's edition. Mr. Halliwell has placed the matter beyond dispute, in his *Essay on the Character of Sir John Falstaff*.

<sup>7</sup> The *buff*, or leather jerkin, was the common habit of a serjeant, or sheriff's officer, and is called a robe of *durance* on that account, as well as for its durability: an equivoque is intended. In the *Comedy of Errors*, Act iv. Sc. 2, it is called an *everlasting garment*. *Durance* might also have signified some lasting kind of stuff, such as is at present called *everlasting*. Thus, in *Westward Hoe*, 1607, "Where did'st thou buy this buff? Let me live but I will give thee a good suit of durance. Wilt thou take my bond," &c. Sir T. Cornwalleys, in his *Essays*, says—"I refuse to weare *buffe* for the lasting; and shall I be content to apparell my braine in *durance*."

*Fal.* Yea, and so used it, that were it not<sup>8</sup> here apparent that thou art heir apparent,—But, I pr'ythee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king? and resolution thus fobbed as it is, with the rusty curb of old father antick the law? Do not thou, when thou art a king, hang a thief.

*P. Hen.* No; thou shalt.

*Fal.* Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

*P. Hen.* Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of the thieves, and so become a rare hangman.

*Fal.* Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humour, as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

*P. Hen.* For obtaining of suits?

*Fal.* Yea, for obtaining of suits: whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib<sup>9</sup> cat, or a lugg'd bear.

*P. Hen.* Or an old lion; or a lover's lute.

*Fal.* Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe<sup>10</sup>.

*P. Hen.* What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch<sup>11</sup>?

<sup>8</sup> In the folios the negative is omitted.

<sup>9</sup> A *gib cat* is a male cat, from Gilbert, the northern name for a he cat. *Tom cat* is now the usual term. Chaucer has "*gibbe our cat*" in the *Romaunt of the Rose*, as a translation of "*Thibert le chas*." From Thibert, *Tib* was also a common name for a cat. Ray has this proverbial phrase, "as melancholy as a gib'd cat." In Sherwood's *English and French Dictionary* we have "a *gibbe* (or *old male cat*) *Macou*." It was certainly a name not bestowed upon a cat early in life, as we may be assured by the melancholy character ascribed to it.

<sup>10</sup> *Lincolnshire bagpipe* is a proverbial saying, the allusion is as yet unexplained. Perhaps it was a favourite instrument in that country, as well as in the north. Or, as frogs abound in the fens, may not their unceasing croak at certain seasons have been so called?

<sup>11</sup> The *hare* was esteemed a melancholy animal, from her soli-

*Fal.* Thou hast the most unsavoury similes: and art, indeed, the most comparative<sup>12</sup>, rascaldest, — sweet young prince, — But, Hal, I prythee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God, thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir; but I marked him not: and yet he talk'd very wisely; but I regarded him not: and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

*P. Hen.* Thou did'st well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it<sup>13</sup>.

*Fal.* O thou hast damnable iteration<sup>14</sup>; and art, indeed, able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much

tary sitting in her form; and, according to the physis of the times, the flesh of it was supposed to generate melancholy. So in Vittoria Corombona, 1612:—

“Like your *melancholy hare*,  
Feed after midnight.”

And in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song II:—

“The *melancholy hare* is form'd in brakes and briars.”

Pierus, in his *Hieroglyphics*, lib. xii. says that the Egyptians expressed melancholy by a *hare* sitting in her form. *Moor-ditch*, a part of the ditch surrounding the city of London, between Bishopsgate and Cripplegate, opened to an unwholesome, impassable morass, and was consequently not frequented by the citizens, like other suburban fields, and therefore had an air of melancholy. Thus in Taylor's *Pennylesse Pilgrimage*, 1618:—“My body being tired with travel, and my mind attired with moody muddy *Moore-ditch melancholy*.”

<sup>12</sup> *Comparative*, this epithet, which is used here for *one who is fond of making comparisons*, occurs again in Act iii. Sc. 2, of this play, in the sense of *companion*, as if from the Latin *compar*:—

“Stand the push

Of every beardless vain *comparative*.”

In *Love's Labour's Lost*, Rosalind tells Biron that he is a man “full of comparisons and wounding flouts,” i. e. comparisons that are “odious.” The quartos erroneously print *smiles* for *similes*.

<sup>13</sup> This is a scriptural expression. See Prov. i. 20 and 24.

<sup>14</sup> *O thou hast damnable iteration*, i. e. *thou hast a wicked trick of repetition*, and (*by thy misapplication of holy texts*) art indeed able to corrupt a saint.

harm upon<sup>a</sup> me, Hal,—God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, an I do not, I am a villain; I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom.

*P. Hen.* Where shall we take a purse to-morrow Jack?

*Fal.* Where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me villain, and baffle<sup>15</sup> me.

*P. Hen.* I see a good amendment of life in thee: from praying, to purse-taking.

*Enter POINS, at a distance.*

*Fal.* Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labour in his vocation. Poins!—Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match<sup>16</sup>. O, if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain, that ever cried, Stand, to a true man.

*P. Hen.* Good morrow, Ned.

*Poins.* Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar<sup>17</sup>? Jack, how agrees the devil and thee about

<sup>a</sup> So the quarto, 1598. The other copies have *unto*.

<sup>15</sup> *To baffle* is to use contemptuously, or treat with ignominy; to unknights. It was originally a punishment of infamy inflicted on recreant knights, one part of which was *hanging them up by the heels*. Hall, in his Chronicle, p. 40, mentions it as still practised in Scotland. Something of the same kind is implied in a subsequent scene, where Falstaff says—"hang me up by the heels for a rabbit sucker, or a poulterer's hare." See King Richard II. Act i. Sc. 1, p. 374.

<sup>16</sup> *To set a match* is to make an appointment, concert a meeting for a robbery. So in Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair—"Peace, sir, they will be angry if they hear you eaves dropping, now they are setting their match." The folio reads *set a watch*; *match* is the reading of the quarto.

<sup>17</sup> After all the discussion about Falstaff's favourite beverage,



you blue-bottle rogue ! you filthy famish'd correctioner ! if you be not swung, I'll forswear half-kirtles<sup>5</sup>.

1 *Bead*. Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

*Host*. O, that right should thus overcome might !  
Well ; of sufferance comes ease.

*Dol*. Come, you rogue, come ; bring me to a justice.

*Host*. Ay ; come, you starved blood-hound.

*Dol*. Goodman death ! goodman bones !

*Host*. Thou atomy thou !

*Dol*. Come, you thin thing ; come, you rascal !

1 *Bead*. Very well. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE V. *A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

*Enter Two Grooms, strewing Rushes.*

1 *Groom*. More rushes, more rushes !

2 *Groom*. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1 *Groom*. It will be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation : Despatch, despatch.

[*Exeunt* Grooms.]

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.*

*Fal*. Stand here by me, master Robert Shallow ; I will make the king do you grace : I will leer upon him, as he comes by ; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

*Pist*. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

tation necessary for the preservation of health. Instances may be found in Lodge's *Illustrations of English History*, vol. i. p. 141 ; Seward's *Anecdotes*, vol. iv. p. 305, ed. 1796 ; and in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, p. 255, ed. 1825. Beadles usually wore a blue livery.

<sup>5</sup> A *half kirtle* was a kind of *apron* or *fore part* of the dress of a woman. It could not be a cloak, as Malone supposed ; nor a short bedgown, as Steevens imagined. Vide Act ii. Sc. 4.

thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-friday last, for a cup of Madeira, and a cold capon's leg?

*P. Hen.* Sir John stands to his word, the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs, he will give the devil his due.

*Poins.* Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the devil.

*P. Hen.* Else he had been damn'd for cozening the devil.

*Poins.* But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four o'clock, early at Gadshill: There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have visors for you all, you have horses for yourselves; Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap; we may do it as secure as

here mentioned for the first time, it appears to have been the Spanish wine which we now call *sherry*. Falstaff expressly calls it *sherris-sack*, that is, *sack* from *Xeres*. "*Sherry sack*, so called from *Xeres*, a sea-town of Corduba, in Spain, where that kind of *sack* is made."—*Blount's Glossographia*. It derives its name of *sack* probably from being a *dry* wine, *vin sec*. And it was anciently written *seck*. "Your best *sacke*," says Gervase Markham, "are of *Seres* in Spaine."—*Engl. Housewife*. The difficulty about it has arisen from the later importation of sweet wines from Malaga, the Canaries, &c. which were at first called Malaga or Canary *sacks*; *sack* being by that time considered as a name applicable to all white wines. "I read in the reign of Henry VII. that no sweet wines were brought in to this reign but Malmsyes," says Howell, in his *Londinopolis*, p. 103. And soon after, "Moreover no *sacks* were sold but Rumney, and that for medicine more than for drink, but now *many kinds of sacks* are known and used." One of the sweet wines still retaining the name of *sack* has thrown an obscurity over the original *dry sack*; but if further proof were wanting, the following passage affords it abundantly:—"But what I have spoken of mixing *sugar* with *sack*, must be understood of *Sherrie sack*, for to mix *sugar* with other wines, that in a common appellation are called *sack*, and are *sweeter in taste*, makes it unpleasant to the pallet, and fulsome to the taste."—*Venner's Via Recta ad Vitam Longam*, 1637. He afterwards carefully distinguishes Canarie wine, of some termed a *sacke*, with this adjunct *sweete*, from the genuine *sack*.

sleep: If you will ~~go~~, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; If you will not, tarry at home, and be hang'd.

*Fal.* Hear ye, Yedward<sup>a</sup>; if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

*Poins.* You will, chops?

*Fal.* Hal, wilt thou make one?

*P. Hen.* Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

*Fal.* There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou dardest not stand for ten shillings<sup>18</sup>.

*P. Hen.* Well, then once in my days I'll be a madcap.

*Fal.* Why, that's well said.

*P. Hen.* Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

*Fal.* By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

*P. Hen.* I care not.

*Poins.* Sir John, I pr'ythee, leave the prince and me alone; I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure, that he shall go.

*Fal.* Well, may'st thou have the spirit of persuasion, and he the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may (for recreation' sake) prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance. Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell All-hallown summer<sup>19</sup>! [Exit FALSTAFF.]

<sup>a</sup> A familiar corruption of Edward, still current in some of the northern counties.

<sup>18</sup> Falstaff is quibbling on the word *royal*. The *real* or *royal* was of the value of *ten shillings*. The same play upon the words *royal* and *noble* occurs in other places.

<sup>19</sup> *All-hallown summer*, i. e. *late summer*. *All-hallown* tide meaning All Saints, which festival is the first of November. The French have a proverbial phrase of the same import for a late summer. "*Esté de St. Martin*," Martlemas summer. The old copies have "the latter spring." It was corrected by Pope.

*Poins.* Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow; I have a jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gads-hill<sup>20</sup>, shall rob those men that we have already way-laid; yourself, and I, will not be there: and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

*P. Hen.* But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

*Poins.* Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves; which they shall have no sooner achieved, but we'll set upon them.

*P. Hen.* Ay, but, 'tis like, that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

*Poins.* Tut! our horses they shall not see, I'll tie them in the wood; our visors we will change, after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases of buckram for the nonce<sup>21</sup>, to immask our noted outward garments.

*P. Hen.* But, I doubt, they will be too hard for us.

*Poins.* Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the in-

<sup>20</sup> The old copy reads Falstaff, *Harvey*, *Rossil*, and Gadshill. Theobald thinks that Harvey and Rossil might be the names of the actors who played the parts of *Bardolph* and *Peto*.

<sup>21</sup> For the *nonce* signified for the *purpose*, for the *occasion*, for the *once*. Junius and Tooke, in their Etymology of *Anon*, led the way; and Mr. Gifford has since clearly explained its meaning. The editor of the new edition of Warton's History of English Poetry (vol. ii. p. 496), has shown that it is nothing more than a slight variation of the A.S. "for then anes"—"for then anis"—"for then ones, or once." Similar inattention to this form of the prepositive article has produced the phrases "at the nale," "at the nend;" which have been transformed from "at than ale," "at than end."

comprehensible lies that this fat rogue will tell us, when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and, in the reproof<sup>22</sup> of this, lies the jest.

*P. Hen.* Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary, and meet me to-morrow night<sup>23</sup> in Eastcheap, there I'll sup. Farewell.

*Poins.* Farewell, my lord. [*Exit POINS.*]

*P. Hen.* I know you all, and will a while uphold  
The unyok'd humour of your idleness:  
Yet herein will I imitate the sun;  
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds<sup>24</sup>  
To smother up his beauty from the world,  
That, when he please again to be himself,  
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,  
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists  
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle<sup>25</sup> him.  
If all the year were playing holidays,  
To sport would be as tedious as to work;  
But, when they seldom come, they wish'd-for come,  
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.  
So, when this loose behaviour I throw off,  
And pay the debt I never promised,

<sup>22</sup> *Reproof* is *confutation*. To refute, to refell, to disallow, were ancient synonymes of to *reprove*. Thus in Cooper's Dictionary, 1584, "*Testes refutare*" is rendered to "*reproove* witnesses."

<sup>23</sup> We should probably read *to-night*, for the robbery was to be committed, according to Poins, "to-morrow morning by four o'clock." Unless we suppose that the supper at which they were to meet to enjoy the jest of the confutation of Falstaff was to be the night after that of the robbery.

<sup>24</sup> "Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,—  
Anon *permit* the *basest clouds* to ride  
With *ugly* rack on his celestial face."

*Shakespeare's 33d Sonnet.*

<sup>25</sup> Thus in Macbeth:—

"And yet dark night *strangles* the travelling lamp."

By how much better than my word I am,  
 By so much shall I falsify men's hopes<sup>26</sup>;  
 And, like bright metal on a sullen<sup>27</sup> ground,  
 My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,  
 Shall show more goodly, and attract more eyes,  
 Than that which hath no foil to set it off.  
 I'll so offend, to make offence a skill;  
 Redeeming time, when men think least I will. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Another Room in the Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and Others.

*K. Hen.* My blood hath been too cold and temperate,  
 Unapt to stir at these indignities,  
 And you have found me; for, accordingly,  
 You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,  
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,  
 Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition<sup>1</sup>,  
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,  
 And therefore lost that title of respect,  
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays, but to the proud.

*Wor.* Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves  
 The scourge of greatness to be used on it;  
 And that same greatness too which our own hands

<sup>26</sup> i. e. *deceive men's expectations*. *Hopes* is used simply for *expectations*, no uncommon use of the word even at the present day.

<sup>27</sup> So in *King Richard II.*—

“The *sullen* passage of thy weary steps  
 Esteem a *foil*, wherein thou art to set  
 The precious jewel of thy home return.”

<sup>1</sup> *Condition* is used for *nature*, *disposition*, as well as *estate* or *fortune*. It is so interpreted by Phillips, in his *World of Words*. And we find it most frequently used in this sense by Shakespeare and his contemporaries. See *The Merchant of Venice*, Act i. Sc. 2.

Have help to make so portly.

*North.* My lord,——

*K. Hen.* Worcester; get thee gone, for I do see  
Danger and disobedience in thine eye:

O, sir, your presence is too bold and peremptory,  
And majesty might never yet endure  
The moody frontier<sup>2</sup> of a servant brow.

You have good leave to leave us; when we need  
Your use and counsel, we shall send for you.—

[*Exit* WORCESTER.]

You were about to speak.

[*To* NORTH.]

*North.*

Yea, my good lord.

Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,  
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,  
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied  
As is<sup>a</sup> deliver'd to your majesty:

Either envy, therefore, or misprision  
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

*Hot.* My liege, I did deny no prisoners.

But, I remember, when the fight was done  
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,  
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword  
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dress'd,  
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reap'd,  
Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home<sup>3</sup>,  
He was perfumed like a millner:

<sup>2</sup> *Frontier* is said anciently to have meant *forehead*, to prove which the following quotation has been adduced from Stubbe's *Anatomy of Abuses*:—"Then on the edges of their bolster'd hair, which standeth ousted round their *frontiers*, and hangeth over their brow." Mr. Nares has justly observed, that "this does not seem to explain the above passage;" "The moody *forehead* of a servant brow" is not sense. Surely it may be better interpreted, "the moody or threatening *outwork*;" in which sense *frontier* is used in Act ii. Sc. 3:—

"Of palisadoes, *frontiers*, parapets."

See note on that passage, p. 45.

<sup>a</sup> The folio has *was*.

<sup>3</sup> *Show'd like a stubble-land.* To understand this simile the

And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held  
 A pouncet-box<sup>4</sup>, which ever and anon  
 He gave his nose, and took't away again ;—  
 Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,  
 Took it in snuff<sup>5</sup> :—and still he smil'd, and talk'd ;  
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,  
 He call'd them—untaught knaves, unmannerly,  
 To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse  
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.  
 With many holiday and lady terms  
 He question'd me ; among the rest demanded  
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay<sup>6</sup>,  
 Out of my grief<sup>7</sup> and my impatience,  
 Answer'd neglectingly, I know not what ;  
 He should, or he should not ;—for he made me mad,  
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,  
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,  
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds (God save the mark !)  
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was parmaceti, for an inward bruise<sup>8</sup> ;

reader should bear in mind that the courtiers' beard, according to the fashion in the poet's time, would not be closely shaved, but *shorn* or *trimmed*, and would therefore show like a stubble land new reap'd.

<sup>4</sup> *Pouncet box*, i. e. a box perforated with small holes, for carrying perfumes ; quasi *pounced box*. Warburton says that various aromatic powders were used as *snuff*, long before the introduction of tobacco.

<sup>5</sup> *Took it in snuff* means no more than *snuffed it up*, but there is a quibble on the phrase, which was equivalent to *taking huff* at it, in familiar modern speech ; to be angry, to take offence.

<sup>6</sup> A *popinjay* or *popingay* is a parrot. Papegay, *Fr.* Papagallo, *Ital.* The Spaniards have a proverbial phrase, "*Hablar como papagayo*," to designate a chattering ignorant person.

<sup>7</sup> *Grief*, i. e. *pain*, *dolor ventris* is rendered *belly-grief* in the old dictionaries. So Falstaff talks of the *grief* of a wound.

<sup>8</sup> So in Sir T. Overburie's Characters, 1616, [*An Ordinarie*



And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 This<sup>a</sup> villainous salt-petre should be digg'd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
 So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.  
 This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;  
 And, I beseech you, let not his report  
 Come current for an accusation,  
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

*Blunt.* The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,  
 Whate'er Lord Harry Percy then had said<sup>9</sup>,  
 To such a person, and in such a place,  
 At such a time, with all the rest re-told,  
 May reasonably die, and never rise  
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach  
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

*K. Hen.* Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners;  
 But with proviso, and exception,—  
 That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight  
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer<sup>10</sup>;

Fencer], "his wounds are seldom skin-deepe; for an *inward-bruise* lambstones and sweetebreads are his only *spermaceti*."

<sup>a</sup> So all the quartos. The folio has *That*, and lower down, "Made me to answer," and "*this* report."

<sup>9</sup> Thus the quarto. The folio has *Whatever Harry Percy then had said*.

<sup>10</sup> Shakespeare has fallen into some contradictions with regard to this Lord Mortimer. Before he makes his personal appearance in the play, he is repeatedly spoken of as Hotspur's *brother-in-law*. In Act ii. Lady Percy expressly calls him *her brother* Mortimer. And yet when he enters in the third Act, he calls Lady Percy *his aunt*, which in fact she was, and not his sister. This inconsistency may be accounted for as follows; it appears from Dugdale and Sandford's account of the Mortimer family, that there were two of them taken prisoners at different times by Glendower, each of them bearing the name of *Edmund*; one being *Edmund Earl of March*, nephew to *Lady Percy*, and the proper Mortimer of this play; the other Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle

Who, in<sup>a</sup> my soul, hath wilfully betray'd  
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight  
 Against the great magician, damn'd Glendower<sup>11</sup>;  
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March  
 Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then  
 Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home?  
 Shall we buy treason? and indent<sup>12</sup> with fears?  
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves?  
 No, on the barren mountains let him starve;  
 For I shall never hold that man my friend,  
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost  
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

*Hot.* Revolted Mortimer!

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,  
 to the former, and *brother* to *Lady Percy*. The poet has con-  
 founded the two persons.

<sup>a</sup> i. e. *I think, in my opinion.*

<sup>11</sup> Holinshed thus mentions Glendower's reputed magic:—  
 "About mid-August (1402) the king went with a great power of  
 men into Wales, but in effect he lost his labour; for Owen con-  
 veied himselfe out of the waie unto his knowen lurking-places,  
 and, (as was thought,) through art-magiike he caused such foule  
 weather of winds, tempest, raine, snow, and haile to be raised  
 for the annoiance of the king's armie, that the like had not been  
 heard of; in such sort, that the king was constrained to returne  
 home, having caused his people yet to spoile and burne first a  
 great part of the countrie."

<sup>12</sup> All the old copies read: "Shall we buy Treason and indent  
 with *Feares*." Hammer substitutes "with *foes*." *Fears* may  
 mean *objects of fear*; as in the old text of Ant. & C. Act ii. Sc. 3:—

"Near him thy angel becomes a *fear*."

To *indent with* is to *make a covenant* or *compact with*: here it  
 seems to mean to compromise or make terms with. A friend has  
 suggested, that *feares* may be misprinted for *feres* or *pheers*, in  
 the sense of fellows, allies, peers and vassals. But I think we  
 should read *faitors*, a word which was misprinted *faters* and *fates*  
 in the second part of Henry IV. Act ii. Sc. 4. Being an obsolete  
 word of rare usage will account for the mistakes of the printer.  
 The sense in which the word was used suits well the context.  
 Spenser has it more than once:—

"A false infamous *faitor* late befell  
 Me for to meet."

F. Q. II. i. 30.

See Minsheu's Dictionary in v.

But by the chance of war ;—To prove that true,  
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds  
Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,  
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,  
In single opposition, hand to hand,  
He did confound<sup>13</sup> the best part of an hour  
In changing hardiment with great Glendower :  
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they  
drink,

Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood ;  
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,  
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,  
And hid his crisp<sup>14</sup> head in the hollow bank,  
Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.  
Never did base<sup>15</sup> and rotten policy  
Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;  
Nor never could the noble Mortimer  
Receive so many, and all willingly :  
Then let him not be slander'd with revolt.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost  
believe him ;

He never did encounter with Glendower ;  
I tell thee,  
He durst as well have met the devil alone,

<sup>13</sup> Shakespeare again uses *confound* for *spending* or *losing time* in *Coriolanus*, Act i. Sc. 6 :—

"How could'st thou in a mile *confound* an hour."

<sup>14</sup> *Crisp* is *curled*. Thus in Kyd's *Cornelia*, 1595 :—

"O beauteous Tyber, with thine easy streams  
That glide as smoothly as a Parthian shaft,  
Turn not thy *crispy* tides, like silver *curls*,  
Back to thy grass-green banks to welcome us."

Beaumont and Fletcher have the same image in *The Loyal Subject* :—

"The Volga trembled at his terror,  
And hid his seven *curled heads*."

And Ben Jonson, in one of his *Masques* :—

The rivers run as smoothed by his hand,  
Only their *heads* are *crisped* by his stroke."

<sup>15</sup> Thus the folio. The quartos "*bare* and rotten policy."

As Owen Glendower for an enemy.  
 Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth  
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer.  
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means.  
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me  
 As will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,  
 We license your departure with your son.—  
 Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt KING HENRY, BLUNT, and Train.*]

*Hot.* And if the devil come and roar for them,  
 I will not send them;—I will after straight,  
 And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,  
 Albeit<sup>16</sup> it be with hazard of my head.

*North.* What, drunk with choler? stay, and pause  
 awhile;  
 Here comes your uncle.

*Re-enter WORCESTER.*

*Hot.* Speak of Mortimer?  
 'Zounds! I will speak of him; and let my soul  
 Want mercy, if I do not join with him:  
 Yea, on his part,<sup>17</sup> I'll empty all these veins,  
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' the dust,  
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer  
 As high i' the air as this unthankful king,  
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.

*North.* Brother, the king hath made your nephew  
 mad. [To WORCESTER.]

*Wor.* Who struck this heat up, after I was gone?

*Hot.* He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;  
 And when I urg'd the ransom once again  
 Of my wife's brother, then his cheek look'd pale;  
 And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,

<sup>16</sup> Thus the quartos. The folio reads *Although*.

<sup>17</sup> The folio has "on his *behalf*," two lines lower *downfall* instead of *down-trod*, and in a preceding line *Yes* instead of *Zounds*!

Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

*Wor.* I cannot blame him : Was he not proclaim'd,  
By Richard that dead is, the next of blood<sup>18</sup> ?

*North.* He was ; I heard the proclamation :  
And then it was, when the unhappy king  
(Whose wrongs in us God pardon ! ) did set forth  
Upon his Irish expedition ;  
From whence he, intercepted, did return  
To be depos'd, and shortly, murdered.

*Wor.* And for whose death, we in the world's wide  
mouth

Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

*Hot.* But, soft, I pray you ; Did King Richard then  
Proclaim my brother Mortimer  
Heir to the crown ?

*North.* He did ; myself did hear it.

*Hot.* Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,  
That wish'd him on the barren mountains starve<sup>19</sup>  
But shall it be, that you,—that set the crown  
Upon the head of this forgetful man ;  
And, for his sake, wear the detested blot  
Of murd'rous subornation,—shall it be,

<sup>18</sup> Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, was declared heir apparent to the crown in 1385 : but he was killed in Ireland in 1398. The person who was proclaimed heir apparent by Richard II. previous to his last voyage to Ireland, was *Edmund* Mortimer, son of Roger, who was then but seven years old : he was not Lady Percy's brother, but her nephew. He was the undoubted heir to the crown after the death of Richard. Thomas Walsingham asserts that he married a daughter of Owen Glendower, and the subsequent historians copied him. Sandford says that he married Anne Stafford, daughter of Edmund Earl of Stafford. Glendower's daughter was married to his antagonist Lord Grey of Ruthven. Holinshed led Shakespeare into the error. This Edmund, who is the Mortimer of the present play, was born in 1392, and consequently, at the time when this play is supposed to commence, was little more than ten years old. The prince of Wales was not fifteen.

<sup>19</sup> Thus the quartos. The folio has *starv'd*.

That you a world of curses undergo ;  
Being the agents, or base second means,  
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather ?—  
O, pardon me, that I descend so low,  
To show the line, and the predicament,  
Wherein you range under this subtle king.—  
Shall it, for shame, be spoken in these days,  
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,  
That men of your nobility and power,  
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,—  
As both of you, God pardon it ! have done,—  
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,  
And plant this thorn, this canker<sup>20</sup>, Bolingbroke ?  
And shall it, in more shame, be further spoken,  
That you are fool'd, discarded, and shook off  
By him, for whom these shames ye underwent ?  
No ! yet time serves, wherein you may redeem  
Your banish'd honours, and restore yourselves  
Into the good thoughts of the world again :  
Revenge the jeering, and disdain'd<sup>21</sup> contempt,  
Of this proud king ; who studies, day and night,  
To answer all the debt he owes to you,  
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.  
Therefore, I say,——

*Wor.* Peace, cousin, say no more :

And now I will unclasp a secret book,  
And to your quick-conceiving discontents  
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous ;  
As full of peril, and advent'rous spirit,  
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,  
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

*Hot.* If he fall in, good night :—or sink or swim :

<sup>20</sup> The *canker-rose* is the *dog-rose*, the flower of the *Cynosbaton*. So in *Much Ado about Nothing* :—"I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge, than a *rose* in his grace."

<sup>21</sup> i. e. *disdainful*.

Send danger from the east unto the west,  
 So honour cross it from the north to south,  
 And let them grapple :—O ! the blood more stirs,  
 To rouse a lion, than to start a hare.

*North.* Imagination of some great exploit  
 Drives him beyond the bounds of patience.

*Hot.* By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap,  
 To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon ;  
 Or dive into the bottom of the deep<sup>22</sup>,  
 Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
 And pluck up drowned honour by the locks ;  
 So he, that doth redeem her thence, might wear,  
 Without co-rival, all her dignities :  
 But out upon this half-fac'd fellowship<sup>23</sup> !

*Wor.* He apprehends a world of figures<sup>24</sup> here,  
 But not the form of what he should attend.—  
 Good cousin, give me audience for a while.

*Hot.* I cry you mercy.

*Wor.* Those same noble Scots,  
 That are your prisoners,——

*Hot.* I'll keep them all ;  
 By heaven, he shall not have a Scot of them  
 No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not :

<sup>22</sup> Warburton observes that Euripides has put the same sentiment into the mouth of Eteocles :—"I will not, madam, disguise my thoughts ; I would scale heaven, I would descend to the very entrails of the earth, if so be that by that price I could obtain a kingdom." In the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, Beaumont and Fletcher have put this into the mouth of Ralph the apprentice, who, like Bottom, appears to be fond of acting parts *to tear a cat in*.

<sup>23</sup> *Half-faced*, which has puzzled the commentators, seems here meant to convey a contemptuous idea of something imperfect. As in Nashe's *Apology of Pierce Pennilesse* :—"With all other ends of your *half-faced* English."

<sup>24</sup> *A world of figures*, i. e. *shapes created by his imagination*. *Form* and *figures* appear to be borrowed here from the terms of technical logic, and other phrases in the play indicate that Shakespeare had recently been familiar with it.

I'll keep them, by this hand.

*Wor.* You start away,  
And lend no ear unto my purposes.—  
Those prisoners you shall keep.

*Hot.* Nay, I will; that's flat :—  
He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;  
Forbad my tongue to speak of Mortimer;  
But I will find him when he lies asleep,  
And in his ear I'll holla—Mortimer!  
Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak  
Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,  
To keep his anger still in motion.

*Wor.* Hear you, Cousin; a word.

*Hot.* All studies here I solemnly defy<sup>25</sup>,  
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke:  
And that same sword-and-buckler<sup>26</sup> prince of  
Wales,—

But that I think his father loves him not,  
And would be glad he met with some mischance,  
I'd have him poison'd with a pot of ale.

*Wor.* Farewell, kinsman! I will talk to you,  
When you are better temper'd to attend.

<sup>25</sup> To *defy* was sometimes used in the sense of to *renounce*, *reject*, *refuse*, by Shakespeare and his contemporaries. Thus Constance, in *King John*, says :—

“No, I *defy* all counsel, all redress.”

<sup>26</sup> *Sword and buckler prince* is here used as a term of contempt. The following extracts will help us to the precise meaning of the epithet :—“This field, commonly called West Smithfield, was for many years called Ruffians' Hall, by reason it was the usual place for frays and common fighting, during the time that sword and bucklers were in use; when every *serving man*, from the base to the best, carried a *buckler* at his back, which hung by the hilt or pomel of his *sword*.”—*Stowe's Survey of London*. There was a poem, published in 1602, entitled *Sword and Buckler, or Serving-man's Defence*, by William Basse. And John Florio in his *First Fruits*, 1578 :—“What weapons bear they? Some sword and dagger, some *sword and buckler*.—What weapon is that *buckler*? A clownish dastardly weapon. and not fit for a gentleman.”



*North.* Why, what a wasp-stung<sup>27</sup> and impatient fool

Art thou, to break into this woman's mood ;  
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own ?

*Hot.* Why, look you, I am whipp'd and scourg'd  
with rods,

Nettled, and stung with pismires, when I hear  
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

In Richard's time,—What do you call the place ?—  
A plague upon't !—it is in Gloucestershire ;—

'Twas where the mad-cap duke his uncle kept<sup>28</sup>,  
His uncle York ;—where I first bow'd my knee

Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,

'Sblood ! when you and he came back from Ravens-  
purg<sup>29</sup>.

*North.* At Berkley castle.

*Hot.* You say true :—

Why, what a candy deal of courtesy

This fawning greyhound then did proffer me !

Look,—*when his infant fortune came to age*,

And—*gentle Harry Percy*,—and, *kind cousin*,—

O, the devil take such cozeners !—God forgive  
me !—

Good uncle, tell your tale,—I have done.

*Wor.* Nay, if you have not, to't again ;

We'll stay your leisure.

*Hot.*

I have done, i' faith.

<sup>27</sup> The first quarto, 1598, reads *wasp-stung*, which Steevens thought the true reading. The quarto of 1599 reads *wasp tongue*. The folio altered it unnecessarily to *wasp-tongued*. Northumberland says Hotspur is as impatient as if *stung by wasps*. He replies in effect—So I am, or worse and more degrading, *stung with pismires* ; nettled, smarting as if with the whip,—not to speak of wasps.

<sup>28</sup> The reader will no doubt remember that the poet uses *kept* for *dwelt* in other places. See *The Merchant of Venice*, Act iii. Sc. 3.

<sup>29</sup> All the quartos have *'Sblood ! when you*, &c. All the folios omit it.

*Wor.* Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.  
Deliver them up without their ransom straight,  
And make the Douglas' son your only mean  
For powers in Scotland; which, for divers reasons,  
Which I shall send you written,—be assur'd,  
Will easily be granted.—You, my lord,—

[*To NORTHUMBERLAND.*

Your son in Scotland being thus employed,—  
Shall secretly into the bosom creep  
Of that same noble prelate, well belov'd,  
The archbishop.

*Hot.* Of York, is t not?

*Wor.* True; who bears hard  
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.  
I speak not this in estimation<sup>30</sup>,  
As what I think might be, but what I know  
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;  
And only stays but to behold the face  
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.

*Hot.* I smell it; upon my life, it will do well<sup>31</sup>.

*North.* Before the game's a-foot, thou still let'st  
slip<sup>32</sup>.

*Hot.* Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot:—  
And then the power of Scotland, and of York,—  
To join with Mortimer, ha?

*Wor.* And so they shall.

*Hot.* In faith, it is exceedingly well aim'd.

*Wor.* And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,  
To save our heads by raising of a head<sup>33</sup>;

<sup>30</sup> *Estimation*, i. e. *conjecture*.

<sup>31</sup> This is the reading of the quarto. The folio has *wond'rous well*. But the line has more of the spirit of Hotspur and more nerve without it.

<sup>32</sup> *Thou still let'st slip*. This phrase is taken from hunting. To let slip is to loose a greyhound. So in *The Taming of the Shrew*:—  
"Lucentio slipped me, like his greyhound."

<sup>33</sup> *A head*, i. e. *a body of force*.

For, bear ourselves as even as we can,  
 The king will always think him in our debt<sup>34</sup> ;  
 And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,  
 Till he hath found a time to pay us home.  
 And see already, how he doth begin  
 To make us strangers to his looks of love.

*Hot.* He does, he does ; we'll be reveng'd on him.

*Wor.* Cousin<sup>35</sup>, farewell :—No further go in this,  
 Than I by letters shall direct your course.  
 When time is ripe (which will be suddenly),  
 I'll steal to Glendower, and Lord<sup>36</sup> Mortimer ;  
 Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once  
 (As I will fashion it), shall happily meet,  
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,  
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

*North.* Farewell, good brother :—we shall thrive,  
 I trust.

*Hot.* Uncle, adieu :—O, let the hours be short,  
 Till fields, and blows, and groans applaud our sport!

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>34</sup> This is a natural description of the state of mind between those that have conferred, and those that have received obligations too great to be satisfied. That this would be the event of Northumberland's disloyalty was predicted by King Richard in the former play.

<sup>35</sup> This was a common address in Shakespeare's time to nephews, nieces, and grand-children. See Holinshed, *passim*. Hotspur was Worcester's nephew.

<sup>36</sup> *Lord* was contracted *Lo* : in the quarto 1598, became *loe* (=lo!) in that of 1599, and was so repeated in following editions, including the first folio, till the quarto 1639 attempted correction by printing *to*.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. Rochester. *An Inn Yard.*

*Enter a Carrier, with a lantern in his hand.*

1 *Carrier.*

**H**EIGH ho! An't be not four by the day,  
I'll be hanged: Charles' wain<sup>1</sup> is over the  
new chimney, and yet our horse not pack'd.  
What, ostler!

*Ost.* [*Within.*] Anon, anon.

1 *Car.* I pr'ythee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few  
flocks in the point: the poor jade is wrung in the  
withers out of all cess<sup>2</sup>.

*Enter another Carrier.*

2 *Car.* Peas and beans are as dank<sup>3</sup> here as a dog,  
and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots<sup>4</sup>:  
this house is turned upside down, since Robin ostler  
died.

<sup>1</sup> *Charles' wain* was the vulgar name for the constellation called the great bear. It is a corruption of *Charles* or *Churl's wain*. *Chorl* is frequently used for a *countryman* in old books, from the Saxon *ceorl*.

<sup>2</sup> *Out of all cess* is *out of all measure*. Excessively, *præter modum*. To *cess*, or *assess*, was to number, muster, value, *measure*, or appraise.

<sup>3</sup> *As dank as a dog*, i. e. *wet, moist*, and consequently *mouldy*. Mr. Dyce quotes a passage from Taylor's *The World runs on Wheels*, which shows how frequent such unmeaning comparisons were in use:—"But many pretty ridiculous aspersions are cast upon dogges, so that it would make a dogge laugh to heare and understand them. As I have heard a man say, I am as hot as a dogge, or as cold as a dogge; I sweat like a dogge, (when a dogge never sweates) as drunke as a dogge; and one told a man once that his wife was not to be beleev'd, for she would lye like a dogge."

<sup>4</sup> *Bots* are worms; a disease to which horses are very subject.

1 *Car.* Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 *Car.* I think, this be the most villainous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench<sup>5</sup>.

1 *Car.* Like a tench? by the mass, there is ne'er a king in Christendom could be better bit than I have been since the first cock.

2 *Car.* Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in your chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach<sup>6</sup>.

1 *Car.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away.

2 *Car.* I have a gammon of bacon, and two razes<sup>7</sup> of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing Cross.

1 *Car.* 'Odsbody! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved<sup>8</sup>.—What, ostler!—A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to break the pate of thee, I am a very villain.—Come, and be hanged:—Hast no faith in thee?

<sup>5</sup> Dr. Farmer thought *tench* a mistake for *trout*; probably alluding to the red spots with which the trout is covered, having some resemblance to the spots on the skin of a flea-bitten person.

<sup>6</sup> It appears from a passage in Holland's translation of Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* b. ix. c. xlvii. that anciently fishes were supposed to be infested with fleas. "Last of all some fishes there be which of themselves are given to breed fleas and lice; among which the chalcis, a kind of turgot, is one." Mason suggests that "breeds fleas as fast as a loach breeds loaches" may be the meaning of the passage; the loach being reckoned a peculiarly prolific fish.

<sup>7</sup> Theobald asserts that a *raze* is the Indian term for a *bale*. I have somewhere seen the word used for a *fraile* or little rush basket, such as figs, raisins, &c. are usually packed in; but I cannot now recall the book to memory in which it occurred. Such a package was much more likely to be meant than a bale. The poet evidently intended to mark the *petty importance* of the carrier's business.

<sup>8</sup> This is one of the poet's anachronisms. Turkeys were not brought into England until the reign of Henry VIII.

*Enter GADSHILL*<sup>9</sup>.

*Gads.* Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock?

*1 Car.* I think it be two o'clock<sup>10</sup>.

*Gads.* I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

*1 Car.* Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

*Gads.* I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

*2 Car.* Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth a?—marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

*Gads.* Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London?

*2 Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle; I warrant thee.—Come, neighbour Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen; they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt Carriers.*]

*Gads.* What, ho! chamberlain!

*Cham.* [*Within.*] At hand, quoth pick-purse<sup>11</sup>.

*Gads.* That's even as fair as—at hand, quoth the chamberlain: for thou variest no more from picking of purses, than giving direction doth from labouring; thou lay'st the plot how<sup>12</sup>.

<sup>9</sup> Gadshill has his name from a place on the Kentish Road, where robberies were very frequent. A curious narrative of a gang, who appear to have infested that neighbourhood in 1590, is printed from a MS. paper of Sir Roger Manwood's in Boswell's Shakespeare, vol. xvi. p. 431.

<sup>10</sup> The Carrier having just before said, "An't be not *four* by the day I'll be hanged," intends here to mislead Gadshill.

<sup>11</sup> This is a proverbial phrase, frequently used in old plays.

<sup>12</sup> Thus in *The Life and Death of Gamaliel Ratsey*, 1605:—"He dealt with the *chamberlaine* of the house, to learn which way they went in the morning, which the *chamberlaine* performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he should partake of their fortunes if they sped."

*Enter Chamberlain.*

*Cham.* Good morrow, master Gadshill. It holds current, that I told you yesternight: There's a franklin<sup>13</sup> in the weald of Kent, hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company, last night at supper; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already, and call for eggs and butter. They will away presently.

*Gads.* Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clerks<sup>14</sup>, I'll give thee this neck.

*Cham.* No, I'll none of it: I pr'ythee, keep that for the hangman; for, I know, thou worship'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may.

*Gads.* What talkest thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows: for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me; and, thou know'st, he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dream'st not of, the which, for sport' sake, are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit' sake, make all whole. I am joined with no foot land-rakers<sup>15</sup>, no long-staff, sixpenny strikers<sup>16</sup>;

<sup>13</sup> A *franklin*, i. e. a *freeholder* or *yeoman*, a man above a *vassal* or *villain*, but not a *gentleman*. This was the *Franklin* of the age of Elizabeth. In earlier times he was a person of much more dignity. See *Canterbury Tales*, v. 333, and Mr. Tyrwhitt's note upon it. The old copies have *wild* for *weld* or *weald*, a common misprint, which the author of *Dictionarum Rusticum*, 1704, notices.

<sup>14</sup> In a note on *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iii. Sc. 1, is an account of the origin of this expression as applied to scholars. Warburton suggests that as Nicholas or old Nick is a cant name for the devil, so thieves are equivocally called *Saint Nicholas' clerks*. Highwaymen were sometimes termed *Saint Nicholas' Knights*.

<sup>15</sup> *Foot land-rakers*, i. e. *footpads*, *wanderers on foot*.

<sup>16</sup> A *striker* was a *thief*. In Greene's *Art of Coney Catching*, "The cutting a pocket, or picking a purse is called *striking*." Again, "Who taking a *proper youth* to be his prentice, to teach him the order of *striking* and foisting."

none of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued malt-worms: but with nobility, and tranquillity; burgo-masters, and great oneyers<sup>17</sup>; such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray: And yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to her, but prey on her; for they ride up and down on her, and make her their boots<sup>18</sup>.

*Cham.* What, the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

*Gads.* She will, she will; justice hath liquor'd her<sup>19</sup>. We steal as in a castle<sup>20</sup>, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed, we walk invisible.

*Cham.* Nay, by my faith, I think you are more beholding to the night, than to fern-seed<sup>21</sup>, for your walking invisible.

*Gads.* Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase<sup>22</sup>, as I am a true man.

<sup>17</sup> The ludicrous nature of the appellations which Gadshill bestows upon his associates sufficiently shows that Johnson has judiciously explained it. "Gadshill tells the chamberlain that he is joined with no mean wretches, but with 'nobility, burgomasters and great ones,' or, as he terms them in merriment by a cant termination, great *one-y-ers*, or great *one-eërs*, as we say *privateer*, auctioneer, *circuiteer*."

<sup>18</sup> A quibble upon *boots* and *booty*. *Boot* is *profit, advantage*.

<sup>19</sup> Alluding to *boots* in the preceding passage. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Falstaff says:—"They would melt me out of my fat drop by drop, and *liquor* fishermen's boots with me."

<sup>20</sup> *As in a castle* was a proverbial phrase for security. Steevens has adduced several examples of its use in cotemporary writers.

<sup>21</sup> *Fern-seed* was supposed to have the power of rendering persons invisible; the seed of fern is itself invisible; therefore to find it was a magic operation, and in the use it was supposed to communicate its own property. Thus in Ben Jonson's *New Inn*, l. 6:—

"Because, indeed, I had  
No med'cine, sir, to go invisible,  
No *fern-seed* in my pocket."

<sup>22</sup> The folios read *purpose*. *A share in our purchase*, i. e. *what we get*. *Purchase* in our poet's time signified anything *got* or *ob-*



*Cham.* Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief.

*Gads.* Go to; *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The Road by Gadshill.*

*Enter* PRINCE HENRY, and POINS; BARDOLPH and PETO, at some distance.

*Poins.* Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet<sup>1</sup>.

*P. Hen.* Stand close.

*Enter* FALSTAFF.

*Fal.* Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

*P. Hen.* Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal; What a brawling dost thou keep!

*Fal.* Where's Poins, Hal?

*P. Hen.* He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek* POINS.]

*Fal.* I am accursed to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the

*tained or gained by legal means. It is from the O. F. R. pourchas. So in Ben Jonson's Devil is an Ass, Act i. Sc. 1:—*

*"I will share, sir,*

*In your sports only, nothing in your purchase."*

The passage in King Henry V. cited by Mr. Collier proves just the contrary to what he cites it for:—

*"They will steal anything and call it purchase,"*

i. e. they will give it a wrong name.

<sup>1</sup> *He frets like a gummed velvet.* This allusion we often meet with in the old comedies. Thus in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604:—  
*"I'll come among you, like gum into taffeta, to fret, fret."* Velvet and taffeta were sometimes stiffened with gum; but the consequence was, that the stuff being thus hardened quickly rubbed and fretted itself out.

squire<sup>2</sup> further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly, any time this two-and-twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and leave these rogues, I am the veriest varlet that ever chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is three-score and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hang'd.

*P. Hen.* Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

*Fal.* Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt<sup>3</sup> me thus?

*P. Hen.* Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

*Fal.* I pr'ythee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse: good king's son.

*P. Hen.* Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler!

*Fal.* Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent

<sup>2</sup> By the squire, i. e. the square or measure. A carpenter's rule was called a *squire*; from *esquierre*, Fr.

<sup>3</sup> To *colt* is to *trick*, *fool*, or *deceive*; perhaps from the wild tricks of a colt.

garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too,—I hate it.

*Enter GADSHILL.*

*Gads.* Stand!

*Fal.* So I do, against my will.

*Poins.* O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

[*BARDOLPH comes forward.*

*Bard.* What news?

*Gads*<sup>a</sup>. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

*Fal.* You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

*Gads.* There's enough to make us all.

*Fal.* To be hang'd.

*P. Hen.* You four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

*Peto.* But how many be there of them?

*Gads.* Some eight, or ten.

*Fal.* 'Zounds! will they not rob us?

*P. Hen.* What, a coward, Sir John Paunch?

*Fal.* Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

*P. Hen.* We'll leave that to the proof.

*Poins.* Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge; when thou need'st him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

*Fal.* Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

<sup>a</sup> This speech is given to Bardolph in the old copies; and "Bardolph, what news?" is made part of the speech of Poins. But Gadshill being the scout, the speech seems to belong to him.

*P. Hen.* Ned, where are our disguises?

[*Aside to POINS.*

*Poins.* Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. HEN. and POINS.*

*Fal.* Now, my masters, happy man be his dole<sup>4</sup>, say I; every man to his business.

*Enter Travellers.*

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot a while, and ease our legs.

*Thieves.* Stand!

*Trav.* Jesu bless us!

*Fal.* Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

*Fal.* Hang ye, gorbellied<sup>5</sup> knaves; Are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs<sup>6</sup>; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith. [*Exeunt FAL. &c. driving the Travellers out.*

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

*P. Hen.* The thieves have bound the true men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily

<sup>4</sup> *Happy man be his dole*, i. e. *be his lot or portion, happiness*. This proverbial phrase has been already explained in the notes on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *Winter's Tale*.

<sup>5</sup> *Gorbellied* is *big-paunched, corpulent*.

<sup>6</sup> *Chuffs*. A term of reproach usually applied to avaricious old citizens. It is of uncertain derivation. Cotgrave interprets "*Un gros marroufle*, a big cat; also an ouglie luske or clusterfist; also a rich churl or fat chuffe."

to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

*Poins.* Stand close, I hear them coming.

*Re-enter Thieves.*

*Fal.* Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

*P. Hen.* Your money! [*Rushing out upon them.*

*Poins.* Villains!

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and POINS set upon them.—They all run away, and FALSTAFF, after a blow or two, runs away too, leaving the booty behind them.*

*P. Hen.* Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear  
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other;  
Each takes his fellow for an officer.

Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,  
And lards the lean earth as he walks along:  
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.<sup>7</sup>

*Poins.* How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. Warkworth. *A Room in the Castle.*

*Enter HOTSPUR, reading a Letter*<sup>1</sup>.

—But, for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house.—He could be contented,—Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our house:—he shows in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more. *The purpose you un-*

<sup>7</sup> This speech is printed as prose in the old copies.

<sup>1</sup> Upon the authority of a MS. note by Mr. Edwards, this letter is said to have been from George Dunbar, Earl of March, in Scotland.

*dertake is dangerous*;—Why, that's certain; 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink! but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself unsorted; and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.*—Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my lord of York<sup>2</sup> commends the plot, and the general course of the action. 'Zounds! an I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan<sup>3</sup>. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself? Lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month; and are they not, some of them, set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself, and go to buffets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honourable an action! Hang him! let him tell the king: We are prepared: I will set forward to-night.

*Enter LADY PERCY.*

How now, Kate<sup>4</sup>? I must leave you within these two hours.

<sup>2</sup> Richard Scroop, Archbishop of York.

<sup>3</sup> *I could brain him with his lady's fan.* See note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii. Sc. 2, p. 220.

<sup>4</sup> Shakespeare either mistook the name of Hotspur's wife (which

*Lady.* O my good lord, why are you thus alone?  
 For what offence have I, this fortnight, been  
 A banish'd woman from my Harry's bed?  
 Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee  
 Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?<sup>5</sup>  
 Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth;  
 And start so often when thou sit'st alone?  
 Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks:  
 And given my treasures, and my rights of thee.  
 To thick-ey'd musing, and curs'd melancholy?  
 In thy<sup>a</sup> faint slumbers, I by thee have watch'd,  
 And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars:  
 Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed;  
 Cry, *Courage!*—*to the field!* And thou hast talk'd  
 Of sallies, and retires<sup>6</sup>; of trenches, tents,  
 Of palisadoes, frontiers<sup>7</sup>, parapets;  
 Of basilisks<sup>8</sup>, of cannon, culverin;  
 Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain.

was not *Katherine* but *Elizabeth*), or else designedly changed it, out of the remarkable fondness he seems to have had for the name of *Kate*. Hall and Holinshed call her erroneously *Elinor*.

<sup>5</sup> In King Richard III. we have "*leaden slumber*." In Virgil "*ferreus somnus*." Homer terms sleep *brazen*, or, more strictly, *copper*, χαλκεος υπνος.

<sup>a</sup> The first folio following a later quarto has *my* for *thy*, and lower down *beds* for *beads*.

<sup>6</sup> *Retires* are *retreats*. So in Holinshed, p. 960:—"The Frenchmen's flight, for manie so termed their sudden *retire*."

<sup>7</sup> *Frontiers* formerly meant not only the bounds of different territories, but also the *forts* built along or near those limits. Thus in Ives's *Practice of Fortification*, 1589:—"A forte not placed where it were needful, might skantly be accounted for *frontier*." Florio interprets "*frouitiern, a frontire or bounding place; also a skonce, a bastion, a defence, a trench, or block-house upon or about confines or borders*." Vide note on Act i. Sc. 3, p. 21. In *Notes from Blackfryers*, by H. Fitzgeoffrey, 1617:—

"He'll tell of *basilisks*, trenches, and retires,  
 Of palisadoes, parapets, *frontiers*."

<sup>8</sup> *Basilisks* are a species of ordnance, probably so named from the imaginary serpent or dragon, with figures of which it was usual to ornament great guns.

And all the 'currents<sup>9</sup> of a heady fight.  
 Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,  
 And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy sleep,  
 That beads of sweat have stood upon thy brow,  
 Like bubbles in a late-disturbed stream :  
 And in thy face strange motions have appear'd,  
 Such as we see when men restrain their breath  
 On some great sudden haste<sup>10</sup>. O, what portents are  
 these ?

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
 And I must know it, else he loves me not.

*Hot.* What, ho ! is Gilliams with the packet gone ?

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* He is, my lord, an hour ago.

*Hot.* Hath Butler brought those horses from the  
 sheriff ?

*Serv.* One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

*Hot.* What horse ? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not ?

*Serv.* It is, my lord.

*Hot.* That roan shall be my throne.

Well, I will back him straight : O, *espérance*<sup>11</sup> !—  
 Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit Servant.*

*Lady.* But hear you, my lord.

*Hot.* What say'st thou, my lady ?

*Lady.* What is it carries you away ?

*Hot.* Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

*Lady.* Out, you mad-headed ape !

A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen<sup>12</sup>,  
 As you are toss'd with. In faith,  
 I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.

<sup>9</sup> *Currents*, i. e. *occurrences*.

<sup>10</sup> The first quarto reads : *Hest* for *behest*, i. e. *command* ; but the ordinary reading is most probably the true one.

<sup>11</sup> *Espérance*, the motto of the Percy family.

<sup>12</sup> *A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen*. So in *Cymbeline* we have :— "As quarrellous as the weasel."



I fear, my brother Mortimer doth stir  
About his title ; and hath sent for you,  
To line<sup>13</sup> his enterprise : but if you go——

*Hot.* So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

*Lady.* Come, come, you paraquito, answer me  
Directly unto this question that I ask.  
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,  
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away !

Away, you trifler !—Love ? I love thee not,  
I care not for thee, Kate : this is no world,  
To play with mammetts<sup>14</sup>, and to tilt with lips :  
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,  
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse !—  
What say'st thou, Kate ? what would'st thou have  
with me ?

*Lady.* Do you not love me ? do you not indeed ?  
Well, do not then ; for since you love me not,  
I will not love myself. Do you not love me ?  
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride ?  
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear  
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate ;  
I must not have you henceforth question me  
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout :  
Whither I must, I must ; and, to conclude,

<sup>13</sup> *To line his enterprise*, i. e. *to strengthen it*. So in *Macbeth* :—  
“ Did *line* the rebel

With hidden help and vantage.”

<sup>14</sup> *Mammetts* were *puppets* or *dolls*, here used by Shakespeare for a *female plaything* ; a diminutive of *mam*. “ Quasi dicat parvam matrem, seu matronulam.”—“ *Icunculæ*, *mammetts* or *puppets* that goe by devises of wyer or strings, as though they had life and moving.”—*Junius's Nomenclator*, by Fleming, 1585. Mr. Gifford has thrown out a conjecture about the meaning of *mammetts* from the Italian *mammetta*, which signified a *bosom* as well as a *young wench*. See Ben Jonson's *Works*, vol. v. p. 66. I have not found the word used in *English* in that sense ; but *mammet*, for a puppet or dressed up *living doll*, is common enough. Capulet calls Juliet a whining *mammet* in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 5.

This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.  
 I know you wise ; but yet no further wise,  
 Than Harry Percy's wife : constant you are ;  
 But yet a woman : and for secrecy,  
 No lady closer ; for I will believe,  
 Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know ;  
 And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate !

*Lady.* How ! so far ?

*Hot.* Not an inch farther. But hark you, Kate ?  
 Whither I go, thither shall you go too ;  
 To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—  
 Will this content you, Kate ?

*Lady.* It must, of force.

SCENE IV. Eastcheap<sup>1</sup>. *A Room in the Boar's  
 Head Tavern.*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

*P. Hen.* Ned, pr'ythee, come out of that fat room,  
 and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poins.* Where hast been, Hal ?

*P. Hen.* With three or four loggerheads, amongst  
 three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the  
 very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn bro-

<sup>1</sup> *Eastcheap* is selected with propriety for the scene of the prince's merry meetings, as it was near his own residence ; a mansion called Cold Harbour (near All Hallows Church, Upper Thames-street), was granted to Henry Prince of Wales. 11 Henry IV. 1410.—Rymer, vol. viii. p. 628. In the old anonymous play of King Henry V. *Eastcheap* is the place where Henry and his companions meet:—" *Hen. V.* You know the old tavern in Eastcheap ; there is good wine." Shakespeare has hung up a sign for them that he saw daily ; for the Boar's Head tavern was very near Blackfriars' Playhouse.—*Stow's Survey.*

Sir John Fastolfe was in his lifetime a considerable benefactor to Magdalen College, Oxford ; and though the College cannot give the particulars at large, the *Boar's Head* in *Southwark*, and Caldecot Manor in Suffolk were part of the lands, &c. he bestowed.

ther to a leash of drawers; and can call them all by their Christian names, as—Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff; but a Corinthian<sup>2</sup>, a lad of mettle, a good boy,—by the Lord, so they call me; and when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call—drinking deep, dying scarlet: and when you breathe in your watering, they cry—hem! and bid you play it off<sup>3</sup>.—To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honour, that thou wert not with me in this action.

<sup>2</sup> A Corinthian was a *wencher*, a *debauchee*. The fame of Corinth, as a place of resort for loose women, was not yet extinct. Thus Milton, in his *Apology for Smeectymnus*:—"And raps up, without pity, the sage and rheumatic old prelatess with all her young Corinthian laity." Oddly enough this reads metrically.

<sup>3</sup> *To breathe in your watering is to stop and take breath when you are drinking.* Thus in the old MS. play of *Timon of Athens*, cited by Steevens:—

"We also do enact  
That all hold up their heads and laugh aloud,  
*Drink much at one draught; breathe not in their drink,*  
That none go out to —."

So in Rowland's *Letting of Humours Blood in the Head Vaine*, 1600, a passage first pointed out by Sir W. Scott in his edition of those rare satires:—

"Will is a right good fellow by this drinke,

Shall look into your *water* well enough,  
And hath an eye that no man leaves a snuffe;  
A pox of *piece-meal drinking*, William says,  
*Play it away*, we'll have no stoppes and stayes;  
Blown drinke is odious; what man can digest it?  
No faithful drunkard but he should detest it."

Thus also in Peacham's *Compleat Gentleman*, p. 194:—"If he dranke off his cups cleanly, *took not his wind in his draught*, spit not, left nothing in the pot, nor spilt any upon the ground, he had the prize," &c.

But, sweet Ned,—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee this pennyworth of sugar<sup>4</sup>, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker<sup>5</sup>; one that never spake other English in his life, than—*Eight shillings and sixpence*, and—*You are welcome*; with this shrill addition,—*Anon, anon, sir! Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon*, or so. But, Ned, to drive away time till Falstaff come, I pr'ythee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling—Francis, that his tale to me may be nothing but—anon. Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

*Poins.* Francis!

*P. Hen.* Thou art perfect.

*Poins.* Francis!

[*Exit POINS.*]

*Enter FRANCIS.*

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir. Look down into the Pomgarnet, Ralph.

*P. Hen.* Come hither, Francis.

*Fran.* My lord.

*P. Hen.* How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

*Fran.* Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir!

*P. Hen.* Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter. But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and to show it a fair pair of heels, and run from it?

*Fran.* O lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

<sup>4</sup> It appears from two passages cited by Steevens that the drawers kept *sugar* folded up in paper, ready to be delivered to those who called for sack.

<sup>5</sup> An *under-skinker* is a *tapster*, an *under-drawer*. *Skink* is *drink*, *liquor*; from *scenc*, *drink*, Saxon. Hence *Schenk* for a *Tavern-keeper* in German.

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* How old art thou, Francis?

*Fran.* Let me see,—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, sir.—Pray stay a little, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Nay, but hark you, Francis: For the sugar thou gavest me,—'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

*Fran.* O lord, sir! I would it had been two.

*P. Hen.* I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis!

*Fran.* Anon, anon.

*P. Hen.* Anon, Francis? No, Francis: but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis,—

*Fran.* My lord?

*P. Hen.* Wilt thou rob this leather'n-jerkin<sup>6</sup>, crystal-button, nott-pated<sup>7</sup>, agate-ring, puke-stockings<sup>8</sup>, caddis-garter<sup>9</sup>, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch,—

*Fran.* O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

*P. Hen.* Why then, your brown bastard<sup>10</sup> is your

<sup>6</sup> The prince intends to ask the drawer whether he will rob his master, whom he denotes by these contemptuous distinctions.

<sup>7</sup> *Nott-pated* is *shorn-pated*, or *cropped*; having the hair cut close. Chaucer's *Yeman* is thus described:—

“A nott-head had he, with a brown visage.”

“*Tonsus homo*, a man rounded, polled, or *notted*.”—*Cooper's Dict.* The word is derived from the Saxon *hnót*, which means the same.

<sup>8</sup> *Puke stockings* are *dark-coloured stockings*. *Puke* is a colour between russet and black; *pullus*, Lat. according to the dictionaries. It may possibly have been the colour now called *puce*.

<sup>9</sup> *Caddis* was probably a kind of *ferret* or *worsted lace*. A slight kind of serge still bears the name of *cadis* in France. In Glapthorne's Wit in a Constable we are told of “footmen in *caddis*.” *Garters* being formerly worn in sight were often of rich materials; to wear a coarse cheap sort was therefore reproachful.

<sup>10</sup> *Bastard*, i. e. a kind of sweet Spanish wine, of which there were two sorts, brown and white. Baret says that “*bastarde* is

only drink : for, look you, Francis, your white can-vass doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

*Fran.* What, sir ?

*Poins.* [*Within.*] Francis !

*P. Hen.* Away, you rogue ; Dost thou not hear them call ?

[*Here they both call him ; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.*

*Enter Vintner.*

*Vint.* What ! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling ? Look to the guests within. [*Exit FRAN.*] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door ; Shall I let them in ?

*P. Hen.* Let them alone awhile, and then open the door. [*Exit Vintner.*] *Poins !*

*Re-enter POINS.*

*Poins.* Anon, anon, sir.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door ; shall we be merry ?

*Poins.* As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye ; What cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer ? come, what's the issue ?

*P. Hen.* I am now of all humours, that have show'd themselves humours, since the old days of good man Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelve o'clock at midnight. [*Re-enter FRANCIS with wine.*] What's o'clock, Francis ?

*Fran.* Anon, anon, sir.

[*Exit.*

*muscadel, sweete wine, mulsum."* *Bastard wines* are said to be *Spanish wines* in general, by Olaus Magnus. He speaks of them with almost as much enthusiasm as Falstaff does of sack, and concludes by saying, "Nullum vinum majoris pretii est, quam *bastardum*, ob dulcedinis nobilitatem."—*De Gent. Septent.* p. 521.

*P. Hen.* That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman!—His industry is—up-stairs, and down-stairs; his eloquence, the parcel of a reckoning.—I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the north: he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—*Fye upon this quiet life! I want work.* O my sweet Harry, says she, *how many hast thou kill'd to-day?* Give my roan horse a drench, says he; and answers, *Some fourteen,* an hour after; *a trifle, a trifle.* I pr'ythee, call in Falstaff; I'll play Percy, and that damn'd brawn shall play dame Mortimer his wife. *Rivo*<sup>11</sup>, says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow.

*Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH,  
and PETO.*

*Poins.* Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

*Fal.* A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks<sup>12</sup>, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogne.—Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*]

*P. Hen.* Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter? pitiful-hearted butter<sup>13</sup>, that melted at the

<sup>11</sup> *Rivo.* Of this exclamation, which was frequently used in Bacchanalian revelry, the origin or derivation has not been discovered.

<sup>12</sup> *Nether-stocks*, i. e. *stockings*.

<sup>13</sup> The folio has "pitiful-hearted Titan." *Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?* alludes to Falstaff's entering in a great heat, melting with the motion, like butter with the heat of the sun. "*Pitiful hearted*" is used in the sense which Cotgrave gives to "*misericordieux, pitiful, compassionate, tender.*" Theobald's reading, which I have adopted, affords a clear sense. Malone and Steevens have each given a reading, founded upon the quarto of 1598, which has "at the sweet tale of the *sonnes*:" but they differ in their explanations of the passage, neither being satisfactory.

sweet tale of the sun ! if thou didst, then behold that compound.

*Fal.* You rogue, here's lime<sup>14</sup> in this sack too : There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man : Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it ; a villainous coward.—Go thy ways, old Jack ; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring<sup>15</sup>. There live not three good men unhanged in England ; and one of them is fat, and grows old : God help the while ! a bad world, I say ! I would, I were a weaver ; I could sing psalms or any thing<sup>16</sup> : A plague of all cowards, I say still.

*P. Hen.* How now, wool-sack ! what mutter you ?

*Fal.* A king's son ! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath<sup>17</sup>, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You prince of Wales !

*P. Hen.* Why, you whoreson round man ! what's the matter ?

<sup>14</sup> Eliot, in his *Orthoepia*, 1593, speaking of *sack* and *rhenish*, says, "The vintners of London put in lime ; and thence proceed infinite maladies, specially the goutes."

<sup>15</sup> *A shotten herring* is one that has cast its spawn, and therefore very lean and lank.

<sup>16</sup> This is the reading of the first quarto, 1598. The folio reads, "I could sing all manner of songs." The passage was probably altered to avoid the penalty of the statute, 3 Jac. I. cxxi. Weavers are mentioned as lovers of music in the *Twelfth Night*. The protestants who fled from the persecutions of the Duke of Alba were mostly *weavers*, and, being Calvinists, were distinguished for their love of psalmody. Weavers were supposed to be generally good singers : their trade being sedentary, they had an opportunity of practising, and sometimes in parts, while they were at work.

<sup>17</sup> *A dagger of lath* is the weapon given to the Vice in the Old Moralities. In the second part of this play Falstaff calls Shallow a *Vice's dagger*. So in *Twelfth Night*, Act iv. Sc. 2 :—

"In a trice, like to the old *Vice*,  
Your need to sustain,  
Who with *dagger of lath*," &c.



*Fal.* Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

*Poins.* 'Zounds, ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

*Fal.* I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward: but I would give a thousand pound, I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your back: Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack:—I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

*P. Hen.* O villain, thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

*Fal.* All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I.

*P. Hen.* What's the matter?

*Fal.* What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning<sup>18</sup>.

*P. Hen.* Where is it, Jack? where is it?

*Fal.* Where is it? taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

*P. Hen.* What, a hundred, man?

*Fal.* I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scap'd by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet; four, through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hack'd like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak; if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

*P. Hen.* Speak, sirs; how was it?

*Gads.* We four set upon some dozen,——

<sup>18</sup> Thus the two first quartos. The other copies omit *day*.

*Fal.* Sixteen, at least, my lord.

*Gads.* And bound them.

*Peto.* No, no, they were not bound.

*Fal.* You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

*Gads.* As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,—

*Fal.* And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

*P. Hen.* What, fought ye with them all?

*Fal.* All? I know not what ye call, all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legg'd creature.

*P. Hen.* 'Pray God, you have not murdered some of them.

*Fal.* Nay, that's past praying for: for I have peppered two of them: two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal,—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou knowest my old ward;—here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me,—

*P. Hen.* What, four? thou saidst but two, even now.

*Fal.* Four, Hal; I told thee four.

*Poins.* Ay, ay, he said four.

*Fal.* These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

*P. Hen.* Seven? why, there were but four, even now.

*Fal.* In buckram.

*Poins.* Ay, four, in buckram suits.

*Fal.* Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

*P. Hen.* Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear me, Hal?

*P. Hen.* Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

*Fal.* Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of,—

*P. Hen.* So, two more already

*Fal.* Their points being broken,—

*Poins.* Down fell their hose<sup>19</sup>.

*Fal.* Began to give me ground: But I followed me close, came in foot and hand; and, with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

*P. Hen.* O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

*Fal.* But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green<sup>20</sup>, came at my back, and let drive at me;—for it was so dark, Hal, that thou could'st not see thy hand.

*P. Hen.* These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech<sup>21</sup>,—

*Fal.* What! art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

*P. Hen.* Why, how could'st thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou could'st

<sup>19</sup> The same jest has already occurred in *Twelfth Night*, Act i. Sc. 5. To understand it, the double meaning of *point* must be remembered, which signifies a *tagged lace* used by our ancestors to fasten their garments, as well as *the sharp end of a weapon*. So in Sir Giles Goosecap, a comedy, 1606:—"Help me to truss my *points*."—"I had rather see your hose about your heels than I would help you to truss a point."

<sup>20</sup> *Kendal Green* was the livery of Robert Earl of Huntingdon and his followers, when in a state of outlawry, under the name of Robin Hood and his men. The colour took its name from *Kendal*, in Westmoreland, formerly celebrated for its cloth manufacture. *Green* still continues the colour of woodmen and gamekeepers.

<sup>21</sup> A *keech* is a *round lump of fat*, rolled up by the butcher in order to be carried to the chandler, and in its form resembles the rotundity of a fat man's belly. The old editions read *catch*.

not see thy hand? come tell us your reason; What say'st thou to this?

*Poins.* Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

*Fal.* What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado<sup>22</sup>, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

*P. Hen.* I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse-back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh;—

*Fal.* Away, you starveling, you elf-skin<sup>23</sup>, you dried neats-tongue, bull's pizzle, you stock-fish,—O, for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;—

*P. Hen.* Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again: and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

*Poins.* Mark, Jack.

*P. Hen.* We two saw you four set on four; you<sup>24</sup> bound them, and were masters of their wealth.—Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down.—Then did we two set on you four: and, with a word out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house.—And, Falstaff,

<sup>22</sup> The *strappado* was a dreadful punishment inflicted on soldiers and criminals, by drawing them up on high with their arms tied backward. Randle Holme says, that they were suddenly let fall half way with a jerk, which not only broke the arms but shook all the joints out of joint. He adds, which punishment it is better to be hanged than for a man to undergo.—*Academy of Arms and Blazon*. b. iii. p. 310.

<sup>23</sup> It has been proposed to read *eel-skin*, with great plausibility. Shakespeare had historical authority for the *leanness* of the prince. Stowe, speaking of him, says. "He exceeded the mean stature of men, his neck long, body *slender* and *lean*, and his bones small," &c.

<sup>24</sup> The old copies have "*and bound them.*" Pope made the necessary correction.

you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done; and then say, it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole, canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

*Poins.* Come, let's hear, Jack; What trick hast thou now?

*Fal.* By the Lord, I knew ye, as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: Was it for me to kill the heir apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest, I am as valiant as Hercules: but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow.—Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What, shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore?

*P. Hen.* Content;—and the argument shall be, thy running away.

*Fal.* Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lovest me.

*Enter Hostess.*

*Host.* My lord the prince,——

*P. Hen.* How now, my lady the hostess? what say'st thou to me?

*Host.* Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door, would speak with you: he says what comes from your father.

*P. Hen.* Give him as much as will make him. <sup>our kings</sup>

man<sup>25</sup>, and send him back again to my mother.

*Fal.* What manner of man is he?

*Host.* An old man.

*Fal.* What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight?  
—Shall I give him his answer?

*P. Hen.* 'Pr'ythee do, Jack.

*Fal.* 'Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

*P. Hen.* Now, sirs; by'r lady, you fought fair;—  
so did you, Peto;—so did you, Bardolph: you are  
lions too, you ran away upon instinct, you will not  
touch the true prince, no,—fye!

*Bard.* 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

*P. Hen.* Tell me now in earnest, how came Fal-  
staff's sword so hack'd?

*Peto.* Why, he hack'd it with his dagger; and said,  
he would swear truth out of England, but he would  
make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded  
us to do the like.

*Bard.* Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass,  
to make them bleed; and then to beslobber our gar-  
ments with it, and to swear it was the blood of true  
men. I did that I did not this seven year before, I  
blush'd to hear his monstrous devices.

*P. Hen.* O villain, thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen  
years ago, and wert taken with the manner<sup>26</sup>, and ever  
since thou hadst blush'd extempore: Thou hast fire<sup>27</sup>  
and sword on thy side, and yet thou ran'st away;  
What instinct hadst thou for it?

<sup>25</sup> This is a kind of joke upon *noble* and *royal*, two coins, one of the value of 6s. 3d. the other 10s. "Mr. John Blower, in a sermon before her majesty, first said:—'My *royal* queen,' and a little after, 'My *noble* queen.' Upon which says the queen, 'What, am I *ten groats* worse than I was?'"—*Hearne's Discourse* Stowe, *Antiquities between Windsor and Oxford*.

<sup>26</sup> *taken with the manner*, i. e. *taken in the fact*. See Love's La-

<sup>27</sup> The *lost*, Act i. Sc. 1, p. 196.  
necessary *fire* in Bardolph's face.

*Bard.* My lord, do you see these meteors? do you behold these exhalations?

*P. Hen.* I do.

*Bard.* What think you they portend?

*P. Hen.* Hot livers and cold purses<sup>28</sup>.

*Bard.* Choler, my lord, if rightly taken.

*P. Hen.* No, if rightly taken, halter.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF.*

Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now, my sweet creature of *bombast*<sup>29</sup>? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou sawest thine own knee?

*Fal.* My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into any alderman's thumb-ring<sup>30</sup>: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was Sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon<sup>31</sup> the

<sup>28</sup> *Hot livers and cold purses*, i. e. *drunkenness and poverty*.

<sup>29</sup> *My sweet creature of bombast*, i. e. *my sweet stuffed creature*. *Bombast* is cotton. Gerard calls the cotton plant the *bombast tree*. It is here used for the *stuffing of clothes*. See a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. Sc. 2, p. 293.

<sup>30</sup> Aristophanes has the same thought:—

Διὰ δακτυλίσ μὲν ἐν ἐμέ γ' ἄν διελεύσαις.

*Plutus*, v. 1037.

The custom of wearing a ring upon the thumb is very ancient. The rider of the brazen horse in Chaucer's *Squiers Tale*:—

“Upon his *thombe* he had a ring of gold.”

Grave personages, citizens, and aldermen, wore a plain broad gold ring upon the thumb, which often had a motto engraved in the inside of it. An alderman's thumb-ring, and its motto, is mentioned in *The Antipodes*, by Brome. And in his *Northern Lass*:—“A good man in the city, &c. wears nothing rich about him but the gout or a *thumb-ring*.” Again, in *Wit in a Constable*, 1640:—“No more wit than the rest of the bench; what lies in his *thumb-ring*.”

<sup>31</sup> *Amaimon*, a demon; who is described as one of the four kings who rule over all the demons in the world.

bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welsh hook<sup>32</sup>,—What, a plague, call you him?—

*Poins.* O! Glendower.

*Fal.* Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o’horseback up a hill perpendicular.

*P. Hen.* He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol<sup>33</sup> kills a sparrow flying.

*Fal.* You have hit it.

*P. Hen.* So did he never the sparrow.

*Fal.* Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; he will not run.

*P. Hen.* Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running!

*Fal.* O’horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

*P. Hen.* Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

*Fal.* I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there

<sup>32</sup> The *Welsh hook* was a kind of hedging bill made with a hook at the end, and a long handle like the partisan or halbert. “The Welsh glaive” (which appears to be the same thing), Grose says, “is a kind of bill sometimes reckoned among the pole-axes.” Minshew thus describes it:—“*Armorū genus est ære in falcis modum incurvato, perticæ longissimæ præfixo.*” And Florio, in voce *Falcione*, “a *bending forest bill* or *Welch hook*.” So in the old play of Sir John Oldcastle:—“That no man presume to wear any weapons, especially *Welch hooks* and forest bills.” Its long handle is hinted at in Westward Hoe, 1607:—“It will be as good as a *Welch hook* for you, to keep out the other at staves-end.” In The Insatiate Countess, by Marston, they are called:—

“The *ancient hooks* of great Cadwallader.”

And Drayton says:—

“Skeridvaur at last

Caught up his country *hook*.”

I am surprised that Mr. Nares has called it a *sword*.

<sup>33</sup> *Pistols* were not in use in the age of Henry IV. They are said to have been much used by the Scotch in Shakespeare’s time.



too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps<sup>34</sup> more. Worcester is stolen away by night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

*P. Hen.* Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art not thou horribly afraid? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again, as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

*P. Hen.* Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

*Fal.* Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer.

*P. Hen.* Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content.—This chair shall be my state<sup>35</sup>, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

*P. Hen.* Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown, for a pitiful bald crown!

*Fal.* Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be

<sup>34</sup> *Blue-caps*, i. e. *Scotsmen*, on account of their blue bonnets, the national head-dress of Scottish soldiers.

<sup>35</sup> In the old anonymous play of King Henry V. the same strain of humour is discoverable:—"Thou shalt be my lord chief justice, and shalt sit in this chair; and I'll be the young prince, and hit thee a box of the ear," &c. A state is a chair with a canopy over it.

thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King Cambyzes' vein<sup>36</sup>.

*P. Hen.* Well, here is my leg<sup>37</sup>.

*Fal.* And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility.

*Host.* This is excellent sport, i' faith.

*Fal.* Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

*Host.* O, the father, how he holds his countenance!

*Fal.* For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes<sup>38</sup>.

*Host.* O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

*Fal.* Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lieth the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed

<sup>36</sup> The banter is here upon the play called *A Lamentable Tragedie mixed full of pleasant Mirth*, containing the *Life of Cambises, King of Persia*, by Thomas Preston [1570]. There is a marginal direction in this play, "At this tale tolde, let the queen weep;" which is probably alluded to, though the measure in the parody is not the same with that of the original.

<sup>37</sup> *My leg*, i. e. *my obeisance*.

<sup>38</sup> Thus in *Cambyzes*:—

"*Queen.* These words to hear makes stilling tears issue from chrySTALL eyes."

Ritson thinks that the following passage in *Soliman and Perseda* is glanced at:—

"How can mine eyes dart forth a pleasant look,  
When they are stopp'd with floods of flowing tears?"

sun of heaven prove a *micher*<sup>39</sup>, and eat blackberries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also.—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

*P. Hen.* What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

*Fal.* A goodly portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or, by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; And now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

*P. Hen.* Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

*Fal.* Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker<sup>40</sup>, or a poulter's hare

<sup>39</sup> A *micher* here signifies a *truant*. So in an old phrase book, Hormanni Vulgaria, 1509:—"He is a *mychar*; vagus est non disculus." To *mich* was to *skulk*, to *hide*; and hence the word sometimes also signified a *skulking thief*, and sometimes a *miser*. In Lyly's *Mother Bombye*, 1594, we have:—"How like a *micher* he stands, as if he had *truanted* from honesty."

<sup>40</sup>

i. e. a young or sucking

*P. Hen.* Well, here I am set.

*Fal.* And here I stand.—Judge, m, masters.

*P. Hen.* Now, Harry! whence come you?

*Fal.* My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

*Fal.* 'Sblood, my lord, they are false:—nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.

*P. Hen.* Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old man: a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humours, that bolting-hutch<sup>41</sup> of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard<sup>42</sup> of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree<sup>43</sup> ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity

<sup>41</sup> *Bolting-hutch*, i. e. the machine which separates flour from bran.

<sup>42</sup> A *bombard* was a very large leathern vessel to hold drink, perhaps so called from its similarity to a sort of cannon of the same name. That it was not a barrel, as some have supposed, is evident from the following passage:—

“His boots as wide as the black jacks,  
Or *bombards* toss'd by the king's guards.”

*Shirley's Martyr'd Soldier.*

<sup>43</sup> *Manningtree*, in Essex, formerly enjoyed the privilege of fairs, by exhibiting a certain number of stage plays yearly. It appears from other intimations that there were great festivities there, and much good eating at Whitsun ales, &c. We may therefore conclude that roasting an ox whole was not uncommon on those occasions. The pudding sometimes accompanied the ox; as we find in a ballad written in 1658:—

“Just so the people stare  
At an ox in the fair  
Roasted whole with a pudding in's belly.”

*Nicholl's Collection of Poems*, vol. iii. p. 202.

Manningtree oxen were doubtless famous for their size; the pastures of that neighbourhood are remarkable for their excellence. As stage-plays called Moralities were exhibited at this fair, Mr. Collier suggests that this brings to mind the *Vice* and *Iniquity* which were characters in those representations.

in years? Wherein is he good, but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft<sup>44</sup>? wherein crafty, but in villainy? wherein villainous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

*Fal.* I would, your grace would take me with you<sup>45</sup>; Whom means your grace?

*P. Hen.* That villainous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan.

*Fal.* My lord, the man I know.

*P. Hen.* I know, thou dost.

*Fal.* But to say, I know more harm in him than in myself, were to say more than I know. That he is old (the more the pity), his white hairs do witness it: but that he is (saving your reverence) a whore-master, that I utterly deny. If sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No, my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is, old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company, banish not him thy Harry's company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

*P. Hen.* I do, I will. [A knocking heard.]

[Exeunt Hostess, FRANCIS, and BARDOLPH.]

*Re-enter BARDOLPH, running.*

*Bard.* O! my lord, my lord! the sheriff, with a most monstrous watch, is at the door.

*Fal.* Out, you rogue! play out the play; I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

<sup>44</sup> *Wherein cunning, but in craft? i. e. knowing but in trickery.*

<sup>45</sup> *Take me with you, i. e. be more explicit, explain yourself.*

*Re-enter Hostess, hastily.*

*Host.* O ! my lord ! my lord !——

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh ! the devil rides upon a fiddlestick : What's the matter ?

*Host.* The sheriff and all the watch are at the door : they are come to search the house ; Shall I let them in ?

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, Hal ? never call a true piece of gold, a counterfeit : thou art essentially mad<sup>46</sup>, without seeming so.

*P. Hen.* And thou a natural coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your *major*<sup>47</sup> : if you will deny the sheriff, so ; if not, let him enter : if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up ! I hope, I shall as soon be strangled with a halter as another.

*P. Hen.* Go, hide thee behind the arras<sup>48</sup> ;—the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face, and good conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I have had ; but their date is out : and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt all but the Prince and Poins.*

*P. Hen.* Call in the sheriff.——

<sup>46</sup> The old copies read "essentially *made*." Rowe corrected it.

<sup>47</sup> i. e. *your major premiss*, a familiar technical term of logic.

<sup>48</sup> When arras was first brought into England, it was suspended on small hooks driven into the walls of houses and castles ; but this practice was soon discontinued. After the damp of the stone and brickwork had been found to rot the tapestry, it was fixed on frames of wood at such distance from the wall as prevented the damp from being injurious ; large spaces were thus left between the arras and the walls, sufficient to contain even one of Falstaff's bulk. Our old dramatists avail themselves of this convenient hiding place upon all occasions.

*Enter Sheriff and Carrier.*

Now, master Sheriff; what is your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry Hath follow'd certain men unto this house.

*P. Hen.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well known, my gracious lord, A gross fat man.

*Car.* As fat as butter.

*P. Hen.* The man, I do assure you, is not here. For I myself at this time have employ'd him. And, Sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, That I will, by to-morrow dinner time, Send him to answer thee, or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me entreat you leave the house.

*Sher.* I will, my lord: There are two gentlemen Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

*P. Hen.* It may be so: if he have robb'd these men, He shall be answerable; and so, farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble lord.

*P. Hen.* I think it is good morrow: Is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed, my lord, I think it be two o'clock.

*[Exeunt Sheriff and Carrier.]*

*P. Hen.* This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. Go call him forth.

*Poins*<sup>49</sup>. Falstaff!—fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

*P. Hen.* Hark, how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [*POINS searches.*] What hast thou found?

*Poins.* Nothing but papers, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Let's see what be they: read them.

<sup>49</sup> In the old copies the speeches in this scene are given to *Peto*, who has been substituted for *Poins* elsewhere in this play, probably, as Malone suggests, from a *P.* only being used in the MS.

<i>Poins.</i> Item, A capon . . . . .	2s. 2d.
Item, Sauce . . . . .	4d.
Item, Sack, two gallons . . . . .	5s. 8d.
Item, Anchovies, and Sack after supper . . . . .	2s. 6d.
Item, Bread . . . . .	<i>ob.</i> <sup>50</sup>

*P. Hen.* O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack!—What there is else, keep close; we'll read it at more advantage: there let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning; we must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honourable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a match of twelve-score<sup>51</sup>. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, *Poins*.

*Poins.* Good morrow, good my lord. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>50</sup> *Ob.* for *obolus*, the then mode of writing a *halfpenny*. In a very curious letter from Thomas Rainolds, vice chancellor of Oxford, in 1566, to Cardinal Pole, among the Conway Papers, he entreats the suppression of some of the wine taverns in Oxford, and states as one of his reasons that they sell Gascony wine at 16*d.* a gallon, *sacke* at 2*s.* 4*d.* per gallon, and Malvoisie at 2*s.* 6*d.* to the utter ruin of the poor students." In Florio's First Frutes, 1578:—"Claret wine, red and white, is sold for fivepence the quarte, and *sacke* for sixpence; muscadell and malmsey for eight." Twenty years afterwards sack had probably risen to eightpence or eightpence halfpenny a quart, which would make the computation of five shillings and eightpence for two gallons correct. To the note on *sack*, at p. 15, 16, we may add that *sack* is called *Vinum Hispanicum* by Coles, and *Vin d'Espagne* by Sherwood. In Florio's Second Frutes it is *Vino de Spagna*.

<sup>51</sup> A *score*, in the language of Toxopholites, was *twenty yards*. A mark of *twelve score* meant a mark at the distance of *two hundred and forty yards*.



## ACT III.

SCENE I. Bangor. *A Room in the Archdeacon's House.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER,  
and GLENDOWER.

*Mortimer.*

**T**HESE promises are fair, the parties sure,  
And our induction<sup>1</sup> full of prosperous hope.  
*Hot.* Lord Mortimer,—and cousin Glendower,—

Will you sit down?—And, uncle Worcester:—  
A plague upon it! I have forgot the map.

*Glend.* No, here it is.

Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur,  
For by that name as oft as Lancaster  
Doth speak of you, his cheek looks pale; and, with  
A rising sigh, he wisheth you in heaven.

*Hot.* And you in bell, as oft as he hears Owen  
Glendower spoke of.

*Glend.* I cannot blame him: at my nativity,  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *Induction* is used by Shakespeare for *commencement, beginning*. The introductory part of a play or poem was called the *induction*. Such is the prelude of the *Tinker* to the *Taming of the Shrew*. Sackville's *induction* to the *Mirror for Magistrates* is another instance.

<sup>2</sup> Shakespeare has amplified the hint of Holinshed, who says, "Strange wonders happened at the nativity of this man; for the same night that he was born all his father's horses in the stable were found to stand in blood up to their bellies." The poet had probably also heard that, in 1402, a blazing star appeared, which the Welch bards represented as portending good fortune to Owen Glendower.

Of burning cressets<sup>3</sup>; and, at my birth,  
The frame and huge<sup>a</sup> foundation of the earth,  
Shak'd like a coward.

*Hot.* Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitten'd, though yourself had never been born.

*Glend.* I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

*Hot.* And I say, the earth was not of my mind, If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

*Glend.* The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.

*Hot.* O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your nativity.

Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth

In strange eruptions: oft the teeming earth

Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vex'd

By the imprisoning of unruly wind

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,

Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down

Steeple, and moss-grown towers. At your birth,

Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,

In passion shook.

*Glend.* Cousin, of many men

I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave

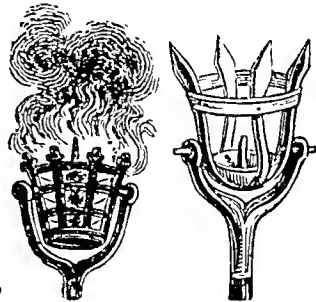
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,

The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;

<sup>3</sup> *Cressets* were open lamps, exhibited on a beacon, carried upon a pole or otherwise suspended.

Cotgrave thus describes them under the word *falot*, "a cresset light (such as they use in playhouses), made of ropes wreathed, pitched, and put into small open cages of iron." Their form will be best understood by this representation, taken from Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 431.

<sup>a</sup> *Huge* is only found in the quarto, 1598.



The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds  
Were strangely clamorous to the frightened fields.  
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary ;  
And all the courses of my life do show,  
I am not in the roll of common men.  
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea  
That chides the banks of England, Scotland,  
Wales,—

Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me ?  
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,  
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,  
And hold me pace in deep experiments.

*Hot.* I think, there's no man speaks better  
Welsh:—

I'll to dinner.

*Mort.* Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.

*Glend.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hot.* Why, so can I; or so can any man :  
But will they come, when you do call for them ?

*Glend.* Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command  
The devil.

*Hot.* And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil,  
By telling truth : tell truth, and shame the devil.—  
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,  
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.  
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.

*Mort.* Come, come,  
No more of this unprofitable chat.

*Glend.* Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made  
head

Against my power : thrice from the banks of Wye,  
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,  
Bootless<sup>4</sup> home, and weather-beaten back.

<sup>4</sup> Shakespeare has already, in Act ii. Sc. 1, quibbled upon  
*boots* and *boot*, *profit*. *Bootelesse* was probably pronounced as a  
trisyllable. Its old orthography seems to mark it as such.

*Hot.* Home without boots, and in foul weather too !  
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name ?

*Glend.* Come, here's the map : shall we divide our  
right,

According to our three-fold order ta'en ?

*Mort.* The archdeacon hath divided it  
Into three limits, very equally<sup>5</sup> :—  
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto<sup>6</sup>,  
By south and east, is to my part assign'd :  
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,  
And all the fertile land within that bound,  
To Owen Glendower :—and, dear coz, to you  
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.  
And our indentures tripartite are drawn ;  
Which being sealed interchangeably,  
(A business that this night may execute),  
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,  
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,  
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,  
As is appointed us at Shrewsbury.  
My father Glendower is not ready yet,  
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days :—  
Within that space [*To GLEND.*] you may have drawn  
together

Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.

*Glend.* A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,  
And in my conduct shall your ladies come :  
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave ;

<sup>5</sup> This is from Holinshed :—"They by their deputies in the house of the Archdeacon of Bangor, divided the realme amongst them, causing a tripartite indenture to bee made and sealed with their seales, by the covenants whereof all England from Severne and Trent, south and eastward, was assigned to the Earle of March ; all Wales and the land beyond Severne, westward, were appointed to Owen Glendower ; and the remnant, from Trent northward, to the Lord Persie."

<sup>6</sup> *Hitherto*, i. e. to this spot (pointing to the map).

For there will be a world of water shed,  
Upon the parting of your wives and you.

*Hot.* Methinks, my moiety<sup>7</sup>, north from Burton  
here,

In quantity equals not one of yours :  
See, how this river comes me cranking<sup>8</sup> in,  
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,  
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle<sup>9</sup> out.  
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up ;  
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,  
In a new channel, fair and evenly :  
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,  
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

*Glend.* Not wind ? it shall, it must ; you see, it doth.

*Mort.* Yea,

But mark, how he bears his course, and runs me up  
With like advantage on the other side ;  
Gelding the opposed continent as much,  
As on the other side it takes from you.

*Wor.* Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,  
And on this north side win this cape of land ;  
And then he runs straight and even.

*Hot.* I'll have it so ; a little charge will do it.

*Glend.* I will not have it alter'd.

*Hot.*

Will not you ?

<sup>7</sup> A *moiety* was frequently used by the writers of Shakespeare's age as a portion of any thing, though not divided into equal parts. Thus Heywood, in his *History of Women*, 1624 :—" I would unwillingly part with the greatest *moiety* of my own means and fortunes."

<sup>8</sup> To *crank* is to crook, to turn in and out. *Crankling* is used by Drayton in the same sense : speaking of a river, he says that Meander—

" Hath not so many turns and *crankling* nooks as she."  
Shakespeare, in his *Venus and Adonis*, says of a hare :—

" He *cranks* and crosses with a thousand doubles."

<sup>9</sup> A *cantle* is a *portion*, a *part*, a *corner*, or *fragment* of any thing. The French had *chanteau* and *chantel*, and the Italians *canto* and *cantone* in the same sense. The quartos have *scantle*.

*Glend.* No, nor you shall not.

*Hot.* Who shall say me nay?

*Glend.* Why, that will I.

*Hot.* Let me not understand you then,  
Speak it in Welsh.

*Glend.* I can speak English, lord, as well as you ;  
For I was train'd up in the English court<sup>10</sup> ;  
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp  
Many an English ditty, lovely well,  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament<sup>11</sup> ;  
A virtue that was never seen in you.

*Hot.* Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart ;  
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,  
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers  
I had rather hear a brazen canstick<sup>12</sup> turn'd,  
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree ;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;  
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

*Glend.* Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.

<sup>10</sup> Owen Glendower's real name was Owen ap-Gryffyth Vaughan. He took the name of Glendower from the lordship of which he was the owner. He hated the Mortimers because Lady Percy's nephew, Edmund Mortimer, was rightfully entitled to the principality of Wales (as well as to the crown of England), being lineally descended from Gladys, the daughter of Llewelyn, and sister of David Prince of Wales. Owen Glendower himself claimed the principality of Wales. He was esquire of the body to King Richard II. upon whom he was in attendance when that king was taken prisoner at Flint Castle by Bolingbroke. Owen Glendower was crowned prince of Wales in 1402, and for near twelve years was a formidable enemy to the English. He died in great distress in 1415.

<sup>11</sup> This disputed passage seems to me to mean that he gave to the language the helpful ornament of *verse*. Hotspur's answer shows that he took it in that sense.

<sup>12</sup> *Canstick*. Thus the quartos, on account of the metre ; a very common contraction of *candlestick*, which is the reading of the folios. The noise to which Hotspur alludes is mentioned in *A New Trick to Cheat the Devil*, 1636 :—

“As if you were to lodge in Lothbury,  
Where they turn brazen candlesticks.”

*Hot.* I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land  
To any well deserving friend;  
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,  
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.  
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

*Glend.* The moon shines fair, you may away by  
night:

I'll haste the writer, and, withal,  
Break with your wives of your departure hence.  
I am afraid, my daughter will run mad,  
So much she doteth on her Mortimer. [*Exit.*

*Mort.* Fye, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!

*Hot.* I cannot choose: sometimes he angers me,  
With telling me of the moldwarp<sup>13</sup> and the ant,  
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies;  
And of a dragon and a finless fish,  
A clip-wing'd griffin, and a moulten raven,  
A couching lion, and a ramping cat,  
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff  
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,—  
He held me, last night, at least nine hours,  
In reckoning up the several devils' names,  
That were his lackeys: I cried, humph,—and well,  
—go to,—

But mark'd him not a word. O, he's as tedious  
As a tir'd horse,—a railing wife;—  
Worse than a smoky house;—I had rather live  
With cheese and garlick, in a windmill, far,  
Than feed on cates, and have him talk to me,  
In any summer-house in Christendom.

<sup>13</sup> The *moldwarp* is the *mole*; A.S. *molde* and *weorpan*; because it warps or renders the surface of the earth uneven by its hillocks. Holinshed is here Shakespeare's authority:—"This was done (as some have sayde) through a foolish credite given to a vaine prophetic, as though King Henry was the *molde warpe*, cursed of God's owne mouth, and they three were the *dragon*, the *lion*, and the *scalf*, which should divide this realm between them.

*Mort.* In faith, he is a worthy gentleman ;  
 Exceedingly well read, and profited  
 In strange concealments<sup>14</sup> ; valiant as a lion,  
 And wondrous affable : and as bountiful  
 As mines of India. Shall I tell you, cousin ?  
 He holds your temper in a high respect,  
 And curbs himself even of his natural scope,  
 When you do cross his humour ; 'faith he does.  
 I warrant you, that man is not alive,  
 Might so have tempted him as you have done,  
 Without the taste of danger and reproof ;  
 But do not use it oft, let me entreat you.

*Wor.* In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame<sup>15</sup> ;  
 And since your coming hither, have done enough  
 To put him quite beside his patience.  
 You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault :  
 Though sometimes it show greatness, courage, blood,  
 And that's the dearest grace it renders you,  
 Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,  
 Defect of manners, want of government,  
 Pride, haughtiness, opinion<sup>16</sup>, and disdain :  
 The least of which, haunting a nobleman,  
 Loseth men's hearts ; and leaves behind a stain  
 Upon the beauty of all parts besides,  
 Beguiling them of commendation.

*Hot.* Well, I am school'd ; good manners be your  
 speed !

Here come our wives, and let us take our leave.

<sup>14</sup> *Exceedingly well read, and profited in strange concealments,*  
 i. e. *skilled in wonderful secrets.* Thus the quartos. The folio has  
*exceeding.*

<sup>15</sup> Shakespeare has several compounds in which the first adjective has the power of an adverb. In *King John*, Act v. Sc. 2, we have—

“The dauphin is *too wilful-opposite.*”

With considerable licence it has been proposed to read :—

“In faith, my wilful lord, you are to blame.”

<sup>16</sup> *Opinion*, i. e. *self-opinion, conceit.*



*Re-enter GLENDOWER, with the Ladies.*

*Mort.* This is the deadly spite that angers me,—  
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

*Glend.* My daughter weeps; she will not part with  
you,

She'll be a soldier too; she'll to the wars.

*Mort.* Good father, tell her,—that she, and my aunt  
Percy,

Shall follow in your conduct<sup>17</sup> speedily.

[*GLEND. speaks to his daughter in Welsh, and  
she answers him in the same.*

*Glend.* She's desperate here; a peevish self-will'd  
harlotry<sup>18</sup>,

One that no persuasion can do good upon.

[*LADY M. speaks to MORTIMER in Welsh.*

*Mort.* I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh  
Which thou pour'st down from these welling<sup>19</sup> hea-  
vens,

I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,  
In such a parley should I answer thee.

[*She speaks again.*

I understand thy kisses, and thou mine,

And that's a feeling disputation:

But I will never be a truant, love,

Till I have learn'd thy language; for thy tongue

Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penn'd,

Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bower,

With ravishing division, to her lute<sup>20</sup>.

<sup>17</sup> *Conduct*, i. e. *guard, escort*.

<sup>18</sup> Capulet, in *Romeo and Juliet*, reproaches his daughter in the same words:—

“A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.”

<sup>19</sup> The old copy has *swelling*. The correction is from Mr. Collier's folio.

<sup>20</sup> A compliment to Queen Elizabeth was perhaps here intended, who was a performer on the lute and virginals. See

*Glend.* Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[*LADY M. speaks again.*]

*Mort.* O, I am ignorance itself in this.

*Glend.* She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down<sup>21</sup>,

And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep<sup>22</sup>,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness;  
Making such difference betwixt wake and sleep,  
As is the difference betwixt day and night,  
The hour before the heavenly-harness'd team  
Begins his golden progress in the east.

*Mort.* With all my heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:  
By that time will our book<sup>23</sup>, I think, be drawn.

*Glend.* Do so;

And those musicians that shall play to you,  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence;  
And straight they shall be here: sit, and attend.

*Hot.* Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down:  
Come, quick, quick; that I may lay my head in thy lap.

Melvil's Memoirs, folio, p. 50. *Divisions*, which were then uncommon in vocal music, are *variations of melody upon some given fundamental harmony*.

<sup>21</sup> *The wanton rushes.* It has been already remarked that it was long the custom in this country to strew the floors with rushes, as we now cover them with carpets.

<sup>22</sup> So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Philaster*:—

“Who shall take his lute  
And touch it till he crown a silent sleep  
Upon my eyelid.”

The God of Sleep is not only to sit on Mortimer's eyelids, but to *sit crowned*, that is, with sovereign dominion.

<sup>23</sup> *Our book*, i. e. *the indentures tripartite*. It was usual to call any manuscript of bulk a *book* in ancient times, such as patents, grants, articles, covenants, &c. In a MS. letter from Sir Richard Sackville, in 1560, to Lady Throckmorton, announcing a *grant* of some land to her husband, Sir Nicholas, he says, “It hath pleased the queen's majesty to sign Mr. Frogmorton's *book*.”—*Conway Papers*.

*Lady P.* Go, ye giddy goose.

[*GLENDOWER speaks some Welsh words, and then the Musick plays.*

*Hot.* Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh :  
And 'tis no marvel, he is so humorous.  
By'r-lady, he is a good musician.

*Lady P.* Then should<sup>24</sup> you be nothing but musical ;  
for you are altogether governed by humours. Lie still,  
ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh.

*Hot.* I had rather hear *Lady*, my brach<sup>25</sup>, howl in  
Irish.

*Lady P.* Would'st have thy head broken ?

*Hot.* No.

*Lady P.* Then be still.

*Hot.* Neither ; 'tis a woman's fault<sup>26</sup>.

*Lady P.* Now God help thee !

*Hot.* To the Welsh lady's bed.

*Lady P.* What's that ?

*Hot.* Peace ! she sings.

[*A Welsh SONG sung by LADY M.*

*Hot.* Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

*Lady P.* Not mine, in good sooth.

*Hot.* Not yours, in good sooth ! 'Heart, you swear  
like a comfit-maker's wife ! Not you, in good sooth :  
and, As true as I live ; and, As God shall mend me ;  
and, As sure as day :

And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths,  
As if thou never walk'dst further than Finsbury<sup>27</sup>.  
Swear me, Kate, like a lady, as thou art,  
A good mouth-filling oath ; and leave in sooth,

<sup>24</sup> The quartos of 1608 and 1613, and the folio, have *would*.

<sup>25</sup> *Brach*, i. e. *hound*.

<sup>26</sup> That this is spoken ironically is sufficiently obvious. *Hot-spur* means that it is a woman's fault neither to listen, nor to cease talking.

<sup>27</sup> *Finsbury*, being then open walks and fields, was the common resort of the citizens, as appears from many old plays.

And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,  
To velvet-guards<sup>28</sup>, and Sunday-citizens.  
Come, sing.

*Lady P.* I will not sing.

*Hot.* 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be red-breast teacher<sup>29</sup>. An the indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so come in when ye will. [*Exit.*]

*Glend.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow,  
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.  
By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal, and then  
To horse immediately.

*Mort.* With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. London. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY, Prince of Wales, and Lords.*

*K. Hen.* Lords, give us leave: the Prince of Wales  
and I  
Must have some private conference: But be near at  
hand,

<sup>28</sup> *Velvet-guards*, or *trimmings of velvet*, being the city fashion in Shakespeare's time, the term was used metaphorically to designate such persons. So in *Histrionmastix*, 1610:—

"Nay, I myself will wear the courtly grace;  
Out on these *velvet-guards*, and black-lac'd sleeves,  
These simp'ring fashions simply followed!"

Again:—

"I like this jewel; I'll have his fellow—

How?—you?—what, fellow it?—gip, *velvet guards*!"

Thus also Fynes Morrison:—"At public meetings the aldermen of London weere skarlet gownes, and their *wives* a close gown of skarlet with *gardes* of black velvet."—*Itinerary*, fol. 1617, p. 179.

<sup>29</sup> 'Tis the next way to turn tailor, or be redbreast teacher. Tailors, like weavers, have ever been remarkable for their vocal skill. Percy is jocular in his mode of persuading his wife to sing, and this is a humorous turn which he gives to his argument, "Come, sing."—"I will not sing."—"Tis the next (i.e. readiest, nearest) way to turn tailor, or red-breast teacher." The meaning is, *to sing* is to *put-yourself upon a level with tailors and teachers of birds*.

For we shall presently have need of you.

[*Exeunt* Lords.]

I know not whether God will have it so,  
For some displeasing service<sup>1</sup> I have done,  
That in his secret doom, out of my blood  
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me ;  
But thou dost, in thy passages of life,  
Make me believe,—that thou art only mark'd  
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven.  
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,  
Could such *inordinate*, and low desires,  
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts<sup>2</sup>,  
Such barren pleasures, rude society,  
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,  
Accompany the greatness of thy blood,  
And hold their level with thy princely heart ?

*P. Hen.* So please your majesty, I would I could  
Quit all offences with as clear excuse,  
As well, as I am doubtless, I can purge  
Myself of many I am charg'd withal :  
Yet such extenuation let me beg<sup>3</sup>,  
As,—in reproof of many tales devis'd,  
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear,—  
By smiling pick-thanks<sup>4</sup> and base newsmongers,  
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth  
Hath faulty wander'd and irregular,  
Find pardon on my true submission.

*K. Hen.* God pardon thee !—yet let me wonder,  
Harry,

<sup>1</sup> *Service*, for *action*.

<sup>2</sup> *Mean attempts* are *mean*, *unworthy undertakings*. *Lewd*, in this place, has its original signification of *idle*, *ungracious*, *naughty*.

<sup>3</sup> The construction of this passage is somewhat obscure, Johnson thus explains it:—"Let me beg so much extenuation that upon confutation of many false charges, I may be pardoned some that are true." *Reproof* means *disproof*.

<sup>4</sup> *Pick-thanks*, i. e. a *sycophant*, a *flatterer*, one who is studious to gain favour, or to pick occasions for obtaining thanks. The word is from Holinshed.

At thy affections, which do hold a wing  
 Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.  
 Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost<sup>5</sup>,  
 Which by thy younger brother is supplied ;  
 And art almost an alien to the hearts  
 Of all the court and princes of my blood :  
 The hope and expectation of thy time  
 Is ruin'd ; and the soul of every man  
 Prophetically does forethink thy fall.  
 Had I so lavish of my presence been,  
 So common-hackney'd in the eyes of men,  
 So stale and cheap to vulgar company ;  
 Opinion, that did help me to the crown,  
 Had still kept loyal to possession<sup>6</sup> ;  
 And left me in reputeless banishment,  
 A fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.  
 By being seldom seen, I could not stir,  
 But, like a comet, I was wonder'd at :  
 That men would tell their children, *This is he ;*  
 Others would say,—*Where ? which is Bolingbroke ?*  
 And then I stole all courtesy from heaven<sup>7</sup>,

<sup>5</sup> This appears to be an anachronism. The prince's removal from council, in consequence of his striking the Lord Chief Justice Gascoigne, was some years after the battle of Shrewsbury (1403). His brother, the Duke of Clarence, was appointed president in his room, and he was not created a Duke till 1411.

<sup>6</sup> *Loyal to possession*, i. e. *true to him that had then possession of the crown.*

<sup>7</sup> Massinger, in *The Great Duke of Florence*, has adopted this expression :—

“ Giovanni,

A prince in expectation, when he lived here  
*Stole courtesy from heaven ;* and would not to  
 The meanest servant in my father's house  
 Have kept such distance.”

Mr. Gifford, in the following note on this passage, gives the best explanation of the phrase, which the commentators have altogether mistaken :—“ the plain meaning of the phrase is that the affability and sweetness of Giovanni were of a heavenly kind, i. e. more perfect than was usually found among men, resembling

And dress'd myself in such humility,  
 That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,  
 Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,  
 Even in the presence of the crowned king.  
 Thus I did keep my person fresh, and new ;  
 My presence, like a robe pontifical,  
 Ne'er seen, but wonder'd at : and so my state,  
 Seldom, but sumptuous, showed like a feast ;  
 And won, by rareness, such solemnity.  
 The skipping king, he ambled up and down  
 With shallow jesters, and rash bayin<sup>8</sup> wits,  
 Soon kindled, and soon burnt : carded<sup>9</sup> his state ;  
 Mingled his royalty with carping<sup>10</sup> fools ;

that divine condescension which excludes none from its regard, and, therefore, immediately derived or *stolen* from heaven, from whence all good proceeds. The word *stolen* here means little else than *to win by imperceptible progression, by gentle violence.*"

<sup>8</sup> *Bavins* are brush-wood, or small faggots used for lighting fires. Thus in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594 :—" *Bavins* will have their flashes, and youth their fancies, the one as soon quenched as the other burnt."

<sup>9</sup> *To card* is to *mix*, or *debase by mixing*. The metaphor is probably taken from *mingling* coarse wool with *fine*, and *carding* them together, thereby diminishing the value of the latter. The phrase is used by other writers for to *mingle* or *mix*. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Tamer Tamed* :—

" But mine is such a drench of balderdash,

Such a strange *carded* cunningness."

And in Greene's *Quip* for an Upstart Courtier :—" You *card* your beer (if you see your guests begin to get drunk), half small, half strong," &c. *Carded ale* is also mentioned by Nashe, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596. Fletcher in his account of the Crim Tartars, in Hackluyt, vol. ii. p. 489, says :—" they drinke milke, or warme blood, and for the most part *card* them both together," and yet Mr. Collier, in his "Notes and Emendations," talks of Warburton's great *sagacity* in proposing to read *discarded*. Shakespeare has a similar thought in *All's Well that Ends Well* :—" The web of our life is of a *mingled yarn*, good and ill together."

<sup>10</sup> The quarto, 1598, reads *capring*. The quarto, 1599, and subsequent old copies, read *carping*, which I have no doubt from the context is the word which Shakespeare wrote. "A carping momus," and "a carping fool," were very common expressions in that age.

Had his great name profaned with their scorns ;  
 And gave his countenance, against his name,  
 To laugh at gibing boys, and stand the push  
 Of every beardless vain comparative<sup>11</sup> :  
 Grew a companion to the common streets,  
 Enfeoff'd<sup>12</sup> himself to popularity :  
 That being daily swallow'd by men's eyes,  
 They surfeited with honey ; and began  
 To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little  
 More than a little is by much too much.  
 So, when he had occasion to be seen,  
 He was but as the cuckoo is in June,  
 Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such eyes,  
 As, sick and blunted with community,  
 Afford no extraordinary gaze,  
 Such as is bent on sunlike majesty,  
 When it shines seldom in admiring eyes :  
 But rather drowz'd, and hung their eyelids down,  
 Slept in his face, and render'd such aspect  
 As cloudy men use to their adversaries ;  
 Being with his presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.  
 And in that very line, Harry, stand'st thou :  
 For thou hast lost thy princely privilege,  
 With vile participation ; not an eye  
 But is a-weary of thy common sight,  
 Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more ;  
 Which now doth that I would not have it do,  
 Make blind itself with foolish tenderness. .

*P. Hen.* I shall hereafter, my thrice-gracious lord,  
 Be more myself.

*K. Hen.* For all the world,  
 As thou art to this hour, was Richard then

<sup>11</sup> *Comparative*, i. e. every beardless, vain, young fellow who affected wit, or was a dealer in comparisons. Vide Act i. Sc. 2. p. 14. *Push* in the preceding line seems to be the old form of *pish* !

<sup>12</sup> *Enfeoff'd*, i. e. gave himself up, absolutely and entirely, to popularity. *To enfeoff* is a law term, signifying to give or grant anything to another in fee simple.



When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;  
 And even as I was then, is Percy now.  
 Now by my sceptre, and my soul to boot,  
 He hath more worthy interest to the state<sup>13</sup>,  
 Than thou, the shadow of succession:  
 For, of no right, nor colour like to right,  
 He doth fill fields with harness in the realm;  
 Turns head against the lion's armed jaws;  
 And, being no more in debt to years than thou<sup>14</sup>  
 Leads ancient lords and reverent bishops on,  
 To bloody battles, and to bruising arms.  
 What never-dying honour hath he got  
 Against renowned Douglas; whose high deeds,  
 Whose hot incursions, and great name in arms,  
 Holds from all soldiers chief majority,  
 And military title capital,  
 Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ  
 Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes.  
 This infant warrior in his enterprises  
 Discomfited great Douglas; ta'en him once,  
 Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,  
 To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,  
 And shake the peace and safety of our throne.  
 And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,  
 The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,  
 Capitulate<sup>15</sup> against us, and are up.

<sup>13</sup> *Interest to the state*; we should now write *in the state*, but this was the phraseology of the poet's time. So in *The Winter's Tale*, "He is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly." "Thou hast but the shadow of succession, compared with the more worthy interest in the state (i. e. great popularity) which he possesses."

<sup>14</sup> *And, being no more in debt to years than thou*. Hotspur was however some twenty years older than the prince. Shakespeare approximates their age with great dramatic propriety, and renders the noble emulation between them more probable.

<sup>15</sup> To *capitulate*, according to the old dictionaries, formerly signified *to make articles of agreement*. The nobles enumerated had entered into such articles, or *confederated* against the king.

But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?  
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,  
Which art my near'st and dearest<sup>16</sup> enemy?  
Thou that art like enough,—through vassal fear,  
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,—  
To fight against me under Percy's pay,  
To dog his heels, and court'sy at his frowns,  
To show how much thou art degenerate.

*P. Hen.* Do not think so, you shall not find it so;  
And God forgive them, that so much have sway'd  
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!  
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,  
And, in the closing of some glorious day,  
Be bold to tell you, that I am your son;  
When I will wear a garment all of blood,  
And stain my favours<sup>17</sup> in a bloody mask,  
Which, wash'd away, shall scour my shame with it.  
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,  
That this same child of honour and renown,  
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight,  
And your unthought-of Harry, chance to meet.  
For every honour sitting on his helm,  
'Would they were multitudes; and on my head  
My shames redoubled! for the time will come,  
That I shall make this northern youth exchange  
His glorious deeds for my indignities.  
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,  
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;  
And I will call him to so strict account,  
That he shall render every glory up,  
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,  
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart.

<sup>16</sup> See vol. iii. p. 437.

<sup>17</sup> *Favours* is probably here used for *colours*; the *scarf* by which a knight of rank was distinguished. In the last scene the Prince says:—

“But let my *favours* hide thy mangled face.”

This, in the name of God, I promise here :  
The which if he be pleas'd I shall perform<sup>18</sup>,  
I do beseech your majesty, may salve  
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance :  
If not, the end of life cancels all bands ;  
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths,  
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

*K. Hen.* A hundred thousand rebels die in this :—  
Thou shalt have charge, and sovereign trust herein.

*Enter BLUNT.*

How now, good Blunt ? thy looks are full of speed.

*Blunt.* So hath the business that I come to speak of.  
Lord Mortimer of Scotland<sup>19</sup> hath sent word,—  
That Douglas, and the English rebels, met,  
The eleventh of this month, at Shrewsbury :  
A mighty and a fearful head they are,  
If promises be kept on every hand,  
As ever offer'd foul play in a state.

*K. Hen.* The earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day ;  
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster ;  
For this advertisement is five days old :—  
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward ;

<sup>18</sup> The folio, in consequence of the change of *God* for *Heaven* in the preceding line, reads :—

“The which, if I perform and do survive.”

Below it has *intemperature* for *intemperance*.

<sup>19</sup> There was no such person as *Lord Mortimer of Scotland* ; but there was a Lord March of Scotland (George Dunbar), who having quitted his own country in disgust, attached himself so warmly to the English, and did them such signal services in their wars with Scotland, that the parliament petitioned the king to bestow some reward on him. He fought on the side of King Henry in this rebellion, and was the means of saving his life at the battle of Shrewsbury. The poet recollected that there was a Scottish lord on the king's side, who bore the same title with the English family on the rebels' side (one being *Earl of March* in England, the other *Earl of March* in Scotland), but his memory deceived him as to the particular name which was common to both. He took it to be *Mortimer* instead of *March*.

On Thursday, we ourselves will march :  
 Our meeting is Bridgnorth : and, Harry, you  
 Shall march through Glostershire ; by which account,  
 Our business valued, some twelve days hence  
 Our general forces at Bridgnorth shall meet.  
 Our hands are full of business : let's away ;  
 Advantage feeds him fat, while men delay. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. Eastcheap. *A Room in the Boar's  
 Head Tavern.*

*Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action ? do I not bate ? do I not dwindle ? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose gown ; I am wither'd like an old apple-John. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking<sup>1</sup> ; I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse<sup>2</sup> : the inside of a church ! Company, villainous company, hath been the spoil of me.

*Bard.* Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it :—come, sing me a bawdy song ; make me merry. I was as virtuously given, as a gentleman need to be ; virtuous enough : swore little ; diced, not above seven times a week ; went to a bawdy-house, not above once in a quarter—of an

<sup>1</sup> *Liking is condition, plight of body.* “If one be in better plight of body, or better *liking*.” *Si qua habitior paulo pugilem esse aiunt.* *Baret.* L. 435.

<sup>2</sup> That Falstaff was unlike a *brewer's horse* may be collected from a conundrum in *The Devil's Cabinet Opened* :—“What is the difference between a drunkard and a *brewer's horse* ?—Because one carries all his liquor on his back, and the other in his belly.” *Malt horse*, which is the same thing, was a common term of reproach, and is used elsewhere by Shakespeare, and by Ben Jonson.

hour; paid money that I borrowed, three or four times; lived well, and in good compass: and now I live out of all order, out of all compass.

*Bard.* Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass; out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: Thou art our admiral<sup>3</sup>, thou bearest the lantern in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lamp.

*Bard.* Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm.

*Fal.* No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a death's head, or a *memento mori*: I never see thy face, but I think upon hell-fire, and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face: my oath should be, By this fire that's God's angel<sup>4</sup>: but thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou ran'st up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O, thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light! Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern<sup>5</sup>: but the sack that thou hast drunk

<sup>3</sup> So Decker, in his *Wonderful Year*, 1605:—"An antiquary might have pickt rare matter out of his *nose*.—The *Hamburghers* offered I know not how many dollars for his company in an *East Indian voyage*, to have a stood a nights in the *poope of their admiral*, only to save the charges of candles." That it was an old joke appears from a passage in *Bullein's Dialogue against the Fever Pestilence*, 1578, cited by Malone.

<sup>4</sup> The folio omits "*that's God's angel*," words necessary to explain the meaning of the oath. The allusion seems to be to *Psalm civ.* 4.

<sup>5</sup> Steevens has taken occasion here to mention that *candles and*

me, would have bought me lights as good cheap<sup>6</sup>, at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintain'd that salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirty years; Heaven reward me for it!

*Bard.* 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly!

*Fal.* God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

*Enter Hostess.*

How now, dame Partlet the hen? have you inquired yet, who pick'd my pocket?

*Host.* Why, Sir John! what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before.

*Fal.* You lie, hostess; Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair: and I'll be sworn, my pocket was pick'd: Go to, you are a woman, go.

*Host.* Who I? I defy thee: I was never called so in mine own house before.

*Fal.* Go to, I know you well enough.

*Host.* No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of 'it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

*Fal.* Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them

*lanterns to let* were then cried about London, the streets not being then lighted.

<sup>6</sup> *Cheap* being derived from KAVPON, Gothic, is the past participle of cypan, ceapan, Sax. to traffic, to bargain, to buy and sell. *Good cheap* was therefore a *good bargain*. Our ancestors not only used GOOD CHEAP, but BETTER CHEAP, in the sense which we now use CHEAP and CHEAPER. Baret translates the *ova vilia* of Horace by *good cheap eggs*; and the *minoris vendere aliquid*, of Plautus, by *to sell better-cheap*. *Cheap* and *cheaping* therefore came to signify *a market*. Florio has "buon-mercato, *good-cheape*, a good bargain."

away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters<sup>7</sup> of them.

*Host.* Now, as I am a true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell<sup>8</sup>. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your diet, and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four and twenty pound.

*Fal.* He had his part of it; let him pay.

*Host.* He? alas, he is poor; he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How! poor? look upon his face; What call you rich? let them coin his nose, let them coin his cheeks; I'll not pay a denier. What, will you make a younker<sup>9</sup> of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn<sup>10</sup>, but I shall have my pocket pick'd? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

*Host.* O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

*Fal.* How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; and, if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he would say so.

<sup>7</sup> *Bolters*, i. e. *sieves for bolting meal*.

<sup>8</sup> *Eight shillings an ell*, for *holland* linen, appears a high price for the time, but hear Stubbes in his *Anatomic of Abuses*:—"In so much as I have heard of shirtes that have cost some ten shillings, some twentie, some fortie, some five pound, some twentie nobles, and (whiche is horrible to heare) some ten pound a peece, yea the meanest shirte that commonly is worne of any doest cost a crowne or a noble at the least; and yet that is scarcely thought fine enough for the simplest person."

<sup>9</sup> *Younker* is here used for a *novice*, a *dupe*, or a *person thoughtless through inexperience*. So in the *Merchant of Venice*:—

"How like a *younker*, and a prodigal,

The scarfed bark puts from her native bay."

<sup>10</sup> *Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?* This was a common phrase for *enjoying one's self in quiet, as if at home*; not very different in its application from that maxim, *Every man's house is his castle*. *Inne* originally signified a *house* or *habitation*. When the word began to change its meaning, and to be used for a house of public entertainment, the proverb still continuing in force, was applied in the latter sense. Falstaff puns upon the word *inn*, in order to represent the wrong done him the more strongly. Old Heywood has one or two epigrams which turn upon this phrase.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS, marching. FALSTAFF meets the Prince, playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

*Fal.* How now, lad? is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

*Bard.* Yea, two and two, Newgate-fashion.

*Host.* My lord, I pray you, hear me.

*P. Hen.* What sayest thou, mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man.

*Host.* Good my lord, hear me.

*Fal.* Pr'ythee, let her alone, and list to me.

*P. Hen.* What sayest thou, Jack?

*Fal.* The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras, and had my pocket pick'd: this house is turn'd bawdy-house, they pick pockets.

*P. Hen.* What didst thou lose, Jack?

*Fal.* Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece. and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

*P. Hen.* A trifle, some eight-penny matter.

*Host.* So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your grace say so: And, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd man as he is; and said, he would cudgel you.

*P. Hen.* What! he did not?

*Host.* There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

*Fal.* There's no more faith in thee than in a stew'd prune<sup>11</sup>; nor no more truth in thee, than in a drawn

<sup>11</sup> Steevens has been too abundantly copious on the subject of stewed prunes. They were a refecton particularly common in brothels in Shakespeare's time, perhaps from mistaken notions of their antisymphilitic properties. It is not easy to understand Falstaff's similes, perhaps he means as faithless as a *strumpet* or a *bawd*. A drawn fox is surely neither an exenterated fox! nor



fox; and for womanhood, maid Marian<sup>12</sup> may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing<sup>13</sup>, go.

*Host.* Say, what thing? what thing?

*Fal.* What thing? why a thing to thank God on.

*Host.* I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou should'st know it; I am an honest man's wife: and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

*Fal.* Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise.

*Host.* Say, what beast, thou knave thou?

*Fal.* What beast? why an otter.

*P. Hen.* An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

*Fal.* Why? she's neither fish, nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

*Host.* Thou art an unjust man in saying so; thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave thou.

*P. Hen.* Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

*Host.* So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day, you ought him a thousand pound.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, do I owe you a thousand pound?

a fox drawn over the grounds to exercise the hounds; but a *hunted fox*, a fox *drawn* from his cover, whose cunning in doubling and deceiving the hounds makes the simile perfectly appropriate. Beaumont and Fletcher, in the *Tamer Tamed*, call Moroso, a cunning avaricious old man, "that *drawn fox*." "*Drawing* is a term used in hunting, when they beat the bushes, &c. after a fox."—*Country Dict.* 1704.

<sup>12</sup> *Maid Marian.* One of the characters in the ancient morris dance, generally a inan dressed like a woman, sometimes a strumpet; and therefore forms an allusion to describe women of a masculine character. A curious tract entitled "Old Meg of Herefordshire for a *Mayd Marian*, and Hereford Town for a Morris-dance, 1609," was reprinted in 1816.

<sup>13</sup> The folio has, "you *nothing*."



state of innocency, Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do, in the days of villainy? Thou seest, I have more flesh than another man; and therefore more frailty.—You confess then, you pick'd my pocket?

*P. Hen.* It appears so by the story.

*Fal.* Hostess, I forgive thee: Go, make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest, I am pacified.—Still?—Nay, pr'ythee, be gone. [*Exit Hostess.*] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad,—How is that answered?

*P. Hen.* O, my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee:—The money is paid back again.

*Fal.* O, I do not like that paying back, 'tis a double labour.

*P. Hen.* I am good friends with my father, and may do any thing.

*Fal.* Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and do it with unwash'd hands too.

*Bard.* Do, my lord.

*P. Hen.* I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

*Fal.* I would, it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O for a fine thief, of the age of two and twenty, or thereabout! I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous; I laud them, I praise them.

*P. Hen.* Bardolph——

*Bard.* My lord.

*P. Hen.* Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,—to my brother John;—this to my lord of Westmoreland.—Go, Poins<sup>16</sup>, to horse, to horse; for thou

<sup>16</sup> The old copies have *Peto* by mistake.

and I have thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time. — Jack, meet me to-morrow i'the Temple-hall at two o'clock i'the afternoon : there shalt thou know thy charge ; and there receive money, and order for their furniture<sup>17</sup>.

The land is burning ; Percy stands on high ;  
And either they, or we, must lower lie.

[*Exeunt* Prince, POINS, and BARDOLPH.

*Fal.* Rare words ! brave world ! — Hostess, my  
breakfast ; come : —

O, I could wish, this tavern were my drum. [*Exit*

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, and DOUGLAS.

*Hotspur.*

**W**ELL said, my noble Scot : If speaking truth,  
In this fine age, were not thought flattery,  
Such attribution should the Douglas<sup>1</sup> have,  
As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
Should go so general current through the world.  
By heaven, I cannot flatter ; I defy  
The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place  
In my heart's love, hath no man than yourself :  
Nay, task me to my word ; approve<sup>2</sup> me, lord.

*Doug.* Thou art the king of honour :

<sup>17</sup> I have followed Mr. Douce's suggestion in printing thus much of this speech in prose. No correct ear will ever receive it as blank verse, notwithstanding the efforts by omission, &c. to convert it into metre.

<sup>1</sup> *The Douglas.* This expression is frequent in Holinshed, and is applied by way of preeminence to the head of the Douglas family.

<sup>2</sup> *Approve, i. e. prove me.*

No man so potent breathes upon the ground,  
But I will beard<sup>3</sup> him.

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well:—

*Enter a Messenger, with Letters.*

What letters hast thou there?—I can but thank you.

*Mess.* These letters come from your father.—

*Hot.* Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

*Mess.* He cannot come, my lord; he is grievous sick.

*Hot.* 'Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick<sup>4</sup>,  
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?

Under whose government come they along?

*Mess.* His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord<sup>5</sup>.

*Wor.* I pr'ythee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

*Mess.* He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth:  
And at the time of my departure thence,  
He was much fear'd by his physician.

*Wor.* I would, the state of time had first been whole,  
Ere he by sickness had been visited;  
His health was never better worth than now.

*Hot.* Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect

The very life-blood of our enterprise;  
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—  
He writes me here,—that inward sickness—  
And that his friends by deputation could not  
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet,

<sup>3</sup> To *beard* is to *oppose face to face*, in a daring and hostile manner, to threaten even to his *beard*. Thus in Marlowe's *King Edward II.*—

“Suffer uncontrol'd

These barons thus *to beard* me in my land.”

<sup>4</sup> Epaminondas being told, on the evening before the battle of Leuctra, that an officer of distinction had died in his tent, exclaimed, “Good gods! how could any body find time to die in such a conjuncture?”—*Xenophon Hellenic*, l. vi.

<sup>5</sup> The folio reads “not I his mind.” The quarto, 1598, “not I my mind.” The emendation is Capell's.

To lay so dangerous and dear a trust  
 On any soul remov'd<sup>6</sup>, but on his own.  
 Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,—  
 That with our small conjunction, we should on.  
 To see how fortune is dispos'd to us ·  
 For, as he writes, there is no quailing<sup>7</sup> now ;  
 Because the king is certainly possess'd  
 Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

*Hot.* A perilous gash, a very limb lopp'd off :—  
 And yet, in faith, 'tis not ; his present want  
 Seems more than we shall find it.—Were it good,  
 To set the exact wealth of all our states  
 All at one cast ? to set so rich a main  
 On the nice hazard of one doubtful hour ?  
 It were not good ; for therein should we read  
 The very bottom and the soul of hope :  
 The very list, the very utmost bound  
 Of all our fortunes.

*Doug.* 'Faith, and so we should ;  
 Where<sup>8</sup> now remains a sweet reversion ;  
 We may boldly spend upon the hope  
 Of what is to come in :—  
 A comfort of retirement<sup>9</sup> lives in this.

*Hot.* A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,  
 If that the devil and mischance look big  
 Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

*Wor.* But yet, I would your father had been here,

<sup>6</sup> *On any soul remov'd*, that is, *on any less near to himself*, or *whose interest is remote*.

<sup>7</sup> *Quailing* is *fainting*, *slackening*, *flagging* ; or *failing in vigour* or *resolution* ; *going back*. Cotgrave renders it by *alachissement*. So in the Third Part of King Henry VI. Act ii. Sc. 3 :—

“ This may plant courage in their *quailing* breasts.”

<sup>8</sup> *Where*, for *whereas*. As in *Pericles*, Act i. Sc. 1 :—

“ *Where* now you are both a father and a son.”

<sup>9</sup> *A comfort of retirement*, i. e. *a support to which we may have recourse*.

The quality and hair<sup>10</sup> of our attempt  
 Brooks no division : It will be thought  
 By some, that know not why he is away,  
 That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike  
 Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence ;  
 And think, how such an apprehension  
 May turn the tide of fearful faction,  
 And breed a kind of question in our cause :  
 For, well you know, we of the offering<sup>11</sup> side  
 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement ;  
 And stop all sight-holes, every loop, from whence  
 The eye of reason may pry in upon us.  
 This absence of your father draws a curtain<sup>12</sup>,  
 That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
 Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.*

You strain too far.

I, rather, of his absence make this use ;—  
 It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,  
 A larger dare to our great enterprise,

<sup>10</sup> *Hair* was anciently used metaphorically for the colour, complexion, or nature of a thing. *Pelo* (in Italian) is used for the colour of a horse, also for the countenance of a man : and *poil*, in French, has the same significations, *esser d'un pelo, estre d'un poil*. To be of the same *hair, complexion, or condition*. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Nice Valour* :—

“ A lady of my *hair* cannot want pitying.”

And in the old comedy of *The Family of Love* :—“ They say I am of the right *haire*, and indeed they may stand to't.” So in the Interlude of *Tom Tyler and his Wife* :—

“ But I bridled a colt of a contrary *haire*.”

Mr. Collier strangely misunderstands this passage, explaining it “ that there ought to be no splitting or division of their power, already small enough for the attempt. ‘The hair of our attempt brooks no division.’”

<sup>11</sup> *The offering side* is the *assailing side*. Baret renders “ *Attentare pudicitiam puellæ, to assaile a maydens chastitie : to offer.*”

<sup>12</sup> To draw a curtain had anciently the same meaning as to undraw one at present. Thus in the Second Part of *King Henry VI.* quarto, 1600 :—“ Then the *curtain*es being drawne, Duke Humphrey is discovered in his bed.” And Portia bids Nerissa draw the curtain, in order to display the caskets to the Prince of Arragon.

Than if the earl were here : for men must think,  
 If we, without his help, can make a head,  
 To push against the kingdom ; with his help,  
 We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—  
 Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think : there is not such a word  
 Spoke of in Scotland, as this term<sup>13</sup> of fear.

*Enter* SIR RICHARD VERNON.

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon ! welcome, by my soul.

*Ver.* 'Pray God, my news be worth a welcome, lord.  
 The earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
 Is marching hitherwards ; with him, Prince John.

*Hot.* No harm : What more ?

*Ver.* And further, I have learn'd,  
 The king himself in person is set forth,  
 Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
 With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
 The nimble-footed<sup>14</sup> mad-cap prince of Wales,  
 And his comrâdes, that daff'd the world aside,  
 And bid it pass ?

*Ver.* All furnish'd, all in arms,  
 All plum'd like estridges, that with the wind  
 Bated, like eagles having lately bath'd<sup>15</sup> ;  
 Glittering in golden coats, like images ;

<sup>13</sup> Thus the earlier quartos. The folio and later quartos read "dream of fear." In Vernon's first speech the folio omits *him*, and in his second speech substitutes *hath* for *is*.

<sup>14</sup> *The nimble-footed, mad-cap Prince of Wales.* Shakespeare rarely bestows his epithets at random. Stowe says of the prince :—"He was passing swift in running, insomuch that he, with two other of his lords, without hounds, bow, or other engine, would take a wilde bucke, or doe, in a large parke."

<sup>15</sup> This is the reading of the old copies, which Hanmer not understanding, altered to :—

"All plum'd like estridges, *and* with the wind  
*Bating* like eagles, &c."



As full of spirit as the month of May,  
 And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer ;  
 Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.  
 I saw young Harry,—with his beaver<sup>16</sup> on,  
 His cuisses<sup>17</sup> on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,—  
 Rise from the ground like feather'd Mercury,  
 And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
 As if an angel dropp'd down from the clouds,

Then came Johnson, who supposed that there must be necessity for emendation, as it had already been attempted: he changed it thus:—

“ All plum'd like estridges, that wing the wind ;  
 Bated like eagles, &c.”

This reading has been adopted by Malone, and by Steevens, with a voluminous commentary to show its necessity. But surely, if a clear sense can be deduced from the passage as it stands, no conjectural alteration of the text should be admitted. The meaning of the passage is obviously this:—“ The prince and his comrades were all furnish'd, all in arms, all plum'd: like estridges that bated (i. e. fluttered or beat) the wind *with their wings*; like eagles having lately bathed.” The plumage of the ostrich would be more likely to occur to the poet, from the circumstance of its being the cognizance of the Prince of Wales. So in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 22:—

“ Prince Edward all in gold, as he great Jove had been,

The Mountford's *all in plumes like estridges* were seen.”

Spenser has a like simile from the Bathing of the Eagle, F. Q. B. l. C. xi. St. 34:—

“ As eagle fresh, out of the ocean wave,  
 Where he hath left his plumes all hory grey,  
 And deckt himselfe with feathers youthly gay.”

*Bating*, or to *bate*, in falconry, is the *unquiet fluttering of a hawk*. All birds *bate*, i. e. *flutter, beat or flap their wings to dry their feathers after bathing*; and the mode in which the ostrich uses its wings to assist itself in running with the wind, is of this character: it is a fluttering or a flapping, not a flight. The fluttering motion and flapping of the plumed crests of the prince and his associates naturally excited these images. There is great propriety in representing the feathers of the helmets flouting the air to the plumage of the ostrich when its wings were in motion.

<sup>16</sup> The *beaver* of a helmet was a moveable piece, which lifted up or down to enable the wearer to drink or to take breath more freely. It is frequently, though improperly, used to express the *helmet* itself.

<sup>17</sup> *Cuisses*, i. e. *armour for the thighs*

To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Hot.* No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,  
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-ey'd maid of smoky war,  
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,  
And yet not ours.—Come, let me taste<sup>18</sup> my horse,  
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,  
Against the bosom of the prince of Wales:  
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,  
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—  
O, that Glendower were come!

*Ver.* There is more news:  
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

*Doug.* That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.

*Wor.* Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.

*Hot.* What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be;  
My father and Glendower being both away,  
The powers of us may serve so great a day.  
Come, let us take<sup>19</sup> a muster speedily:  
Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

*Doug.* Talk not of dying; I am out of fear  
Of death, or death's hand, for this one half year.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>18</sup> To *taste* from *taster*, Fr. to *try*, is the phraseology of the poet's time.

<sup>19</sup> The quartos of 1598 and 1599 have *make*. The two later quartos and the folio have *take*.

SCENE II. *A Publick Road near Coventry.**Enter FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack; our soldiers shall march through; we'll to Sutton-Cop-hill to-night<sup>1</sup>.

*Bard.* Will you give me money, captain?

*Fal.* Lay out, lay out.

*Bard.* This bottle makes an angel.

*Fal.* An if it do, take it for thy labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

*Bard.* I will, captain: farewell. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* If I be not ashamed of my soldiers, I am a soused gurnet<sup>2</sup>. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons: inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the bans; such a commodity of warm slaves, as had as lief hear the devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver, worse than a struck fowl, or a hurt wild-duck. I press'd me none but such toasts and butter<sup>3</sup>, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glut-

<sup>1</sup> The modern name of this place is *Sutton-Colfield*, which may be a corruption of *Sutton Cop-hill*.

<sup>2</sup> The *gurnet*, or *gurnard*, was a fish of the piper kind. It was probably deemed a vulgar dish when soused or pickled, hence *soused gurnet* was a common term of reproach.

<sup>3</sup> "Londoners, and all within the sound of Bow bell, are in reproach called cockneys, and eaters of buttered toasts."—*Moryson's Itin.* 1617. So in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Wit without Money*:—

"They love young toasts and butter, Bow bell suckers."

ton's dogs licked his sores : and such as, indeed, were never soldiers ; but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters, and ostlers trade-fallen ; the cankers of a calm world, and long peace ; ten times more dishonourable ragged than an old faced ancient<sup>4</sup> : and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tattered prodigals, lately come from swine keeping, from eating draff and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and press'd the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat.—Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on ; for indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's but<sup>5</sup> a shirt and a half in all my company : and the half-shirt is two napkins, tacked together, and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves ; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host of St. Albans, or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one ; they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and WESTMORELAND.*

*P. Hen.* How now, blown Jack ? how now, quilt ?

*Fal.* What, Hal ? How now, mad wag ? what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire ?—My good lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy ; I thought, your honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

<sup>4</sup> *An old faced ancient is an old patched standard.* *Ancient* was used both for the standard and for the person who bore it, as *Ensign* since. To *face* a garment was to *trim* it, or decorate it with facings. Thus in the present play :—

“ To *face* the garment of rebellion  
With some fine colour.”

In the *Puritan*, a Comedy, 1607, we have “ full of holes like a shot *ancient*.” *Dishonourable* for *dishonourably*, is in Shakespeare's manner, who often uses adjectives adverbially.

<sup>5</sup> The old copies have “ *not* a shirt and a half.”

*West.* 'Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already: The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all to-night<sup>6</sup>.

*Fal.* Tut, never fear me; I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

*P. Hen.* I think, to steal cream indeed; for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack; Whose fellows are these that come after?

*Fal.* Mine, Hal, mine.

*P. Hen.* I did never see such pitiful rascals.

*Fal.* Tut, tut; good enough to toss; food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

*West.* Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly.

*Fal.* 'Faith, for their poverty,—I know not where they had that: and for their bareness,—I am sure, they never learn'd that of me.

*P. Hen.* No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs, bare. But, sirrah, make haste; Percy is already in the field.

*Fal.* What, is the king encamped?

*West.* He is, Sir John; I fear, we shall stay too long.

*Fal.* Well,  
To the latter end of a fray, and the beginning of a feast,  
Fits a dull fighter, and a keen guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The Rebel Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, DOUGLAS,  
and VERNON.

*Hot.* We'll fight with him to-night.

*Wor.* It may not be.

*Doug.* You give him then advantage.

<sup>6</sup> Thus the folio. The quartos have *all night*.

*Ver.* Not a whit.

*Hot.* Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

*Ver.* So do we.

*Hot.* His is certain, ours is doubtful.

*Wor.* Good cousin, be advis'd; stir not to-night.

*Ver.* Do not, my lord.

*Doug.* You do not counsel well;  
You speak it out of fear, and cold heart.

*Ver.* Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life  
(And I dare well maintain it with my life),  
If well-respected honour bid me on,  
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,  
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this day lives:—  
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle,  
Which of us fears.

*Doug.* Yea, or to-night.

*Ver.* Content.

*Hot.* To-night, say I.

*Ver.* Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much  
Being men of such great leading as you are,  
That you foresee not what impediments  
Drag back our expedition. Certain horse  
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up:  
Your uncle Worcester's horse came but to-day;  
And now their pride and mettle is asleep,  
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,  
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

*Hot.* So are the horses of the enemy  
In general, journey-bated, and brought low;  
The better part of ours is full of rest.

*Wor.* The number of the king exceedeth ours:  
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in.

[*The trumpet sounds a parley.*]

*Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.*

*Blunt.* I come with gracious offers from the king.  
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

*Hot.* Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; And 'would to God,

You were of our determination!  
Some of us love you well: and even those some  
Envy your great deservings and good name;  
Because you are not of our quality<sup>1</sup>,  
But stand against us like an enemy.

*Blunt.* And God defend, but still I should stand so,  
So long as, out of limit, and true rule,  
You stand against anointed majesty!  
But, to my charge.—The king hath sent to know  
The nature of your griefs; and whereupon  
You conjure from the breast of civil peace  
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land  
Audacious cruelty? If that the king  
Have any way your good deserts forgot,—  
Which he confesseth to be manifold,—  
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,  
You shall have your desires, with interest;  
And pardon absolute for yourself, and these,  
Herein misled by your suggestion.

*Hot.* The king is kind; and, well we know, the king  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.  
My father, and my uncle, and myself,  
Did give him that same royalty he wears:  
And,—when he was not six and twenty strong,  
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,  
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,—  
My father gave him welcome to the shore:  
And,—when he heard him swear, and vow to God,  
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,  
To sue his livery<sup>2</sup>, and beg his peace

<sup>1</sup> *Quality*, in its general sense, anciently signified *profession*, *occupation*. Shakespeare here uses it in the Latin sense for *sort* or *kind*. Vide note on *Hamlet*, Act ii. Sc. 2. In the *Tempest* we have "Ariel and all his *quality*."

<sup>2</sup> *To sue his livery*, that is, *to sue out the delivery or possession of*

With tears of innocency, and terms of zeal,—  
 My father, in kind heart and pity mov'd,  
 Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.  
 Now, when the lords, and barons of the realm  
 Perceiv'd Northumberland did lean to him,  
 The more and less came in with cap and knee ;  
 Met him in boroughs, cities, villages ;  
 Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,  
 Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oaths,  
 Gave him their heirs as pages ; follow'd him,  
 Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.  
 He presently,—as greatness knows itself,—  
 Steps me a little higher than his vow  
 Made to my father, while his blood was poor,  
 Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh<sup>3</sup> :  
 And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform  
 Some certain edicts, and some strait decrees,  
 That lie too heavy on the commonwealth :  
 Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep  
 Over his country's wrongs ; and, by this face,  
 This seeming brow of justice, did he win  
 The hearts of all that he did angle for.  
 Proceeded further ; cut me off the heads  
 Of all the favourites, that the absent king  
 In deputation left behind him here,  
 When he was personal in the Irish war.

*Blunt.* Tut, I came not to hear this.

*Hot.*

Then, to the point.—

In short time after, he depos'd the king ;  
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his life ;  
 And, in the neck of that, task'd the whole state<sup>4</sup> :

*his lands.* This law term has been already explained in King Richard II. Act ii. Sc. 1, p. 402.

<sup>3</sup> The whole of this speech alludes to passages in K. Richard II.

<sup>4</sup> *Task'd the whole state.* So in Painter's Palace of Pleasure :—  
 "Great mischiefes succedyng one in another's necke." "*Task'd* is here used for *taxed* : it was common to use these words indis-



To make that worse, suffer'd his kinsman March  
 (Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,  
 Indeed his king) to be engag'd<sup>5</sup> in Wales,  
 There without ransome to lie forfeited :  
 Disgrac'd me in my happy victories ;  
 Sought to entrap me by intelligence :  
 Rated my uncle from the council-board ;  
 In rage dismiss'd my father from the court ;  
 Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong :  
 And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out  
 This head of safety ; and, withal, to pry  
 Into his title, the which we find  
 Too indirect for long continuance.

*Blunt.* Shall I return this answer to the king ?

*Hot.* Not so, Sir Walter ; we'll withdraw awhile.  
 Go to the king ; and let there be impawn'd  
 Some surety for a safe return again,  
 And in the morning early shall my uncle  
 Bring him our purposes : and so farewell.

*Blunt.* I would, you would accept of grace and love.

*Hot.* And 't may be, so we shall.

*Blunt.*

Pray heaven, you do !

[*Exeunt.*

criminally," says Steevens. *Tuskes* were *tributes* or *subsidies*. Baret interprets "*telonium*, the place where *tasks* or *tributes* are paid." Phillips, in his *World of Words*, says, "*Tusck* is an old *Welsh* word, signifying *tribute*, from whence haply cometh our word *task*, which is a duty or labour *imposed* upon any one."

<sup>5</sup> The old copies read *engag'd*, which Theobald altered to *incap'd* without reason: to be engaged is to be pledged as an hostage. So in Act v. Sc. 2:—

"And Westmoreland that was *engag'd* did bear it."

SCENE IV. York. *A Room in the Archbishop's House.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, and SIR MICHAEL*<sup>1</sup>.

*Arch.* Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealed brief,  
With winged haste, to the lord marshal<sup>2</sup>;  
This to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest  
To whom they are directed. If you knew  
How much they do import, you would make haste.

*Sir M.* My good lord,  
I guess their tenor.

*Arch.* Like enough, you do.  
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day,  
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men  
Must 'bide the touch: for, sir, at Shrewsbury,  
As I am truly given to understand,  
The king, with mighty and quick-raised power,  
Meets with Lord Harry: and I fear, Sir Michael,—  
What with the sickness of Northumberland,  
Whose power was in the first proportion,  
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,—  
Who with them was a rated sinew too<sup>3</sup>,  
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies,—  
I fear, the power of Percy is too weak  
To wage an instant trial with the king.

*Sir M.* Why, my good lord, you need not fear;  
there is Douglas,  
And Lord Mortimer.

*Arch.* No, Mortimer is not there.

*Sir M.* But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry  
Percy,

<sup>1</sup> We know not who this Sir Michael was, and the modern editions have substituted *a Gentleman*.

<sup>2</sup> Thomas Lord Mowbray.

<sup>3</sup> *A rated sinew*, i. e. *a strength on which we reckoned, a help of which we made account*. The folio reads: "rated firmly."

And there's my lord of Worcester; and a head  
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.

*Arch.* And so there is: but yet the king hath drawn  
The special head of all the land together:—  
The prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster,  
The noble Westmoreland, and warlike Blunt;  
And many more corrivals, and dear men  
Of estimation and command in arms.

*Sir M.* Doubt not, my lord, he shall be well oppos'd

*Arch.* I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;  
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed:  
For, if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king  
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,—  
For he hath heard of our confederacy.—  
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him,  
Therefore, make haste: I must go write again  
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael.  
[*Exeunt severally.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *The King's Camp near Shrewsbury.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE  
JOHN of Lancaster, SIR WALTER BLUNT, and  
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

*King Henry.*

**H**OW bloodily the sun begins to peer  
Above yond' busky<sup>1</sup> hill! the day looks pale  
At his distemperature.

*P. Hen.* The southern wind  
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;  
And, by his hollow whistling in the leaves,

<sup>1</sup> "I do not know," says Mr. Blakeway, "whether Shakespeare ever surveyed the ground of Battlefield, but he has described the sun's rising over Haughmound Hill from that spot as accurately

Foretells a tempest, and a blustering day.

*K. Hen.* Then with the losers let it sympathize;  
For nothing can seem foul to those that win.—

*Trumpet. Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

How now, my lord of Worcester? 'tis not well,  
That you and I should meet upon such terms  
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our trust;  
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,  
To crush our old limbs<sup>2</sup> in ungentle steel;  
This is not well, my lord, this is not well.  
What say you to it? will you again unknit  
This churlish knot of all-abhorred war?  
And move in that obedient orb again,  
Where you did give a fair and natural light;  
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,  
A prodigy of fear, and a portent  
Of broached mischief to the unborn times?

*Wor.* Hear me, my liege;  
For mine own part, I could be well content  
To entertain the lag-end of my life  
With quiet hours; for, I protest,<sup>a</sup>  
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

*K. Hen.* You have not sought it! how comes it  
then?

*Fal.* Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

as if he had. It still merits the name of a *busky* hill." Milton writes the word, perhaps more properly, *bosky*; it is from the Low Lat. *boscus*, or the French *bosque*.

<sup>2</sup> *To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel.* Shakespeare forgot that he was not at this time *old*, it was only four years since the deposition of King Richard. The poet had little regard to dates, if he could bring the substance of historic truth within the conditions of dramatic effect. It was necessary to anticipate the king's age, that Prince Henry should be represented as arrived at manhood.

<sup>a</sup> The folio has "I *do* protest." The reading of the quartos gives us an unexceptionable eight syllable verse without the expletive.

*P. Hen.* Peace, chewet<sup>3</sup>, peace !

*Wor.* It pleas'd your majesty, to turn your looks  
Of favour, from myself, and all our house ;  
And yet I must remember you, my lord ;  
We were the first and dearest of your friends.  
For you, my staff of office did I break  
In Richard's time ; and posted day and night  
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,  
When yet you were in place and in account  
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.  
It was myself, my brother, and his son,  
That brought you home, and boldly did outdare  
The danger of the time : You swore to us,—  
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,—  
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state ;  
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,  
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster :  
To this we swore our aid. But, in short space,  
It rain'd down fortune showering on your head ;  
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,—  
What with our help ; what with the absent king ;  
What with the injuries of a wanton time ;  
The seeming sufferances that you had borne ;  
And the contrarious winds, that held the king  
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,  
That all in England did repute him dead,—  
And, from this swarm of fair advantages,

<sup>3</sup> A *chewet* was (as Theobald justly observes) a noisy chattering bird, a *pie* or *jackdaw* ; called also in French *chouette*. This simple and satisfactory explanation would not do for Steevens and Malone, who finding that *chewets* were also little round *pies* made of minced meat, thought that the prince compared Falstaff, for his unseasonable chattering, to a minced pie ! The word is a diminutive of *chough*, pronounced *chouh*, from the Saxon *ceo. Graculus Monedula*. *Belon*, in his *History of Birds*, describes the *chouette* as the smallest kind of chough or crow, and this will account for the diminutive termination of its name. Mr. Collier seems inclined to favour the *minced pie*, or to substitute *suet*.

You took occasion to be quickly woo'd  
 To gripe the general sway into your hand :  
 Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster ;  
 And, being 'fed by us, you us'd us so  
 As that ungentle gull, the cuckoo's bird<sup>4</sup>,  
 Useth the sparrow : did oppress our nest ;  
 Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk,  
 That even our love durst not come near your sight,  
 For fear of swallowing : but with nimble wing  
 We were enforc'd, for safety' sake, to fly  
 Out of your sight, and raise this present head :  
 Whereby we stand opposed<sup>5</sup> by such means  
 As you yourself have forg'd against yourself ;  
 By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,  
 And violation of all faith and troth  
 Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

*K. Hen.* These things, indeed, you have articulated<sup>6</sup>,  
 Proclaim'd at market-crosses, read in churches ;  
 To face the garment of rebellion  
 With some fine colour, that may please the eye  
 Of fickle changelings, and poor discontents,  
 Which gape, and rub the elbow, at the news  
 Of hurlyburly innovation :

<sup>4</sup> *A gull is an unfledged bird.* Shakespeare seems to speak from his own observation, and to have been the first to notice how the *hedge sparrow* was used by the young cuckoo. A curious fact now well known and established by the observations of ornithologists. Something of the same kind is related of the cuckoo and the tit-lark by Pliny, but Holland's translation was not published before 1602. "The Tittling, therefore, that sitteth, being thus deceived, hatcheth the egge, and bringeth up the chicke of another bird : —and this she doth so long, untill the young *cuckow* being once fledged and readie to flie abroad, is so bold as to seize upon the old tittling, and eat up her that hatched her."—*Pliny's Nat. Hist.* by Holland, b. x. ch. 9.

<sup>5</sup> *We stand opposed, i. e. we stand in opposition to you.*

<sup>6</sup> The quartos read *articulate*. To *articulate* is to set down in articles.

And never yet did insurrection want  
Such water colours, to impaint his cause ;  
Nor moody beggars, starving<sup>7</sup> for a time  
Of pellmell havock and confusion.

*P. Hen.* In both our armies, there is many a soul  
Shall pay full dearly for this encounter,  
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,  
The prince of Wales doth join with all the world  
In praise of Henry Percy. By my hopes,—  
This present enterprise set off his head<sup>8</sup>,—  
I do not think, a braver gentleman,  
More active-valiant, or more valiant-young,  
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,  
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.  
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,  
I have a truant been to chivalry ;  
And so, I hear, he doth account me too :  
Yet this before my father's majesty,—  
I am content, that he shall take the odds  
Of his great name and estimation ;  
And will, to save the blood on either side,  
Try fortune with him in a single fight.

*K. Hen.* And, prince of Wales, so dare we venture  
thee,  
Albeit, considerations infinite  
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no<sup>9</sup>,  
We love our people well : even those we love,  
That are misled upon your cousin's part :  
And, will they take the offer of our grace,  
Both he, and they, and you, yea, every man  
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his :

<sup>7</sup> *Starving for a time*, i. e. *anxiously expecting a time*. So in *The Comedy of Errors* :—

“And now again clean *starved* for a look.”

<sup>8</sup> *Set off his head*, that is, *taken from his account*.

<sup>9</sup> Mason suggests that we should read “*know*, good Worcester, know,” &c.

So tell your cousin, and bring me word  
 What he will do :—But if he will not yield,  
 Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,  
 And they shall do their office. So, be gone ;  
 We will not now be troubled with reply :  
 We offer fair, take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* WORCESTER and VERNON.]

*P. Hen.* It will not be accepted, on my life ;  
 The Douglas and the Hotspur both together  
 Are confident against the world in arms.

*K. Hen.* Hence, therefore, every leader to his  
 charge ;

For, on their answer, will we set on them :  
 And God befriend us, as our cause is just !

[*Exeunt* KING, BLUNT, and PRINCE JOHN.]

*Fal.* Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and  
 bestride me<sup>10</sup>, so ; 'tis a point of friendship.

*P. Hen.* Nothing but a colossus can do thee that  
 friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

*Fal.* I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

*P. Hen.* Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*]

*Fal.* 'Tis not due yet ; I would be loath to pay him  
 before his day. What need I be so forward with him  
 that calls not on me ? Well, 'tis no matter ; Honour  
 pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off  
 when I come on ? how then ? Can honour set to a  
 leg ? No. Or an arm ? No. Or take away the grief  
 of a wound ? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery  
 then ? No. What is honour ? A word. What is  
 that word honour ? Air<sup>11</sup>. A trim reckoning !—  
 Who hath it ? He that died o' Wednesday. Doth

<sup>10</sup> In the battle of Agincourt Henry, when king, did this *act of friendship* for his brother the Duke of Gloucester. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act v. Sc. 1, and *Macbeth*, Act iv. Sc. 3.

<sup>11</sup> So the fifth quarto and the first folio. The two first quartos read redundantly, "What is honour ? A word. What is in that word honour ? *What is that honour ? Air.*"



he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it:—therefore I'll none of it: Honour is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The Rebel Camp.*

*Enter WORCESTER and VERNON.*

*Wor.* O, no, my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,  
The liberal kind offer of the king.

*Ver.* 'Twere best, he did.

*Wor.*

Then we are all undone.

It is not possible, it cannot be,  
The king would keep his word in loving us;  
He will suspect us still, and find a time  
To punish this offence in other faults:  
Suspicion<sup>1</sup> all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes:  
For treason is but trusted like the fox;  
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherish'd, and lock'd up,  
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.  
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,  
Interpretation will misquote our looks;  
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,  
The better cherish'd, still the nearer death.  
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot.  
It hath the excuse of youth, and heat of blood;  
And an adopted name of privilege,—  
A hare-brain'd Hotspur, govern'd by a spleen:  
All his offences live upon my head,  
And on his father's;—we did train him on;  
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,  
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.  
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,

<sup>1</sup> The old copies have erroneously, *supposition*. Pope made the correction.

In any case, the offer of the king.

*Ver.* Deliver what you will, I'll say, 'tis so.  
Here comes your cousin.

*Enter HOTSPUR and DOUGLAS; and Officers and Soldiers, behind.*

*Hot.* My uncle is return'd :—Deliver up  
My lord of Westmoreland<sup>2</sup>.—Uncle, what news?

*Wor.* The king will bid you battle presently.

*Doug.* Defy him by the lord of Westmoreland.

*Hot.* Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.

*Doug.* Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit.*

*Wor.* There is no seeming mercy in the king.

*Hot.* Did you beg any? God forbid!

*Wor.* I told him gently of our grievances,  
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,—  
By now forswearing that he is forsworn :  
He calls us rebels, traitors; and will scourge  
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

*Re-enter DOUGLAS:*

*Doug.* Arm, gentlemen; to arms! for I have thrown  
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth,  
And Westmoreland, that was engag'd<sup>3</sup>, did bear it;  
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.

*Wor.* The prince of Wales stepp'd forth before the  
king,

And, nephew, challeng'd you to single fight.

*Hot.* O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads ;  
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,  
But I, and Harry Monmouth! Tell me, tell me.  
How show'd his tasking<sup>4</sup>? seem'd it in contempt?

<sup>2</sup> Westmoreland was impawned as a surety for the safe return of Worcester. See Act iv. Sc. 3.

<sup>3</sup> *Engaged*, i. e. *held as an hostage*.

<sup>4</sup> *Tasking* as well as *tazing* was used for *reproof*. We still say "he took him to *task*." Most of the old copies have *talking*.

*Ver.* No, by my soul ; I never in my life  
Did hear a challenge urg'd more modestly,  
Unless a brother should a brother dare  
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.  
He gave you all the duties of a man ;  
Trimm'd up your praises with a princely tongue ;  
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle ;  
Making you ever better than his praise,  
By still dispraising praise, valued with you :  
And, which became him like a prince indeed,  
He made a blushing cital<sup>5</sup> of himself ;  
And chid his truant youth with such a grace,  
As if he master'd<sup>6</sup> there a double spirit,  
Of teaching, and of learning, instantly.  
There did he pause : But let me tell the world,—  
If he outlive the envy of this day,  
England did never owe<sup>7</sup> so sweet a hope,  
So much misconstrued in his wantonness.

*Hot.* Cousin, I think thou art enamoured  
On his follies ; never did I hear  
Of any prince, so wild o' liberty<sup>8</sup> :  
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night  
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,  
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.——  
Arm, arm, with speed :——And, fellows, soldiers,  
                    friends,  
Better consider what you have to do,

<sup>5</sup> *Cital*, i. e. *mention of himself*. To *cite* is to *quote*, *allege*, or *mention any passage or incident*. The mistakes of Pope and others have induced me to give an explanation of this word, which I should otherwise have thought sufficiently intelligible.

<sup>6</sup> As if he master'd, that is, *was master of*.

<sup>7</sup> *Once, i. e. own.*

<sup>6</sup> *So wild o' liberty* (which is the reading of the three earliest quartos) may mean *so wild and licentious*, or *loose in his conduct*. Johnson misunderstood and wrongly pointed this passage. The quarto of 1613 and the folio read, "so wild at libertie." Steevens suggests that perhaps the author wrote, "so wild a libertine."

Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,  
Can lift your blood up with persuasion.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord, here are letters for you.

*Hot.* I cannot read them now.—

O gentlemen, the time of life is short ;  
To spend that shortness basely, were too long,  
If life did ride upon a dial's point,  
Still ending at the arrival of an hour :  
An if we live, we live to tread on kings ;  
If die, brave death, when princes die with us !  
Now for our consciences,—the arms are fair,  
When the intent of bearing them is just—

*Enter another Messenger.*

*Mess.* My Lord, prepare : the king comes on apace.

*Hot.* I thank him, that he cuts me from my tale,  
For I profess not talking ; Only this—  
Let each man do his best : and here I draw  
A sword, whose<sup>9</sup> temper I intend to stain  
With the best blood that I can meet withal  
In the adventure of this perilous day.  
Now—*Esperance*<sup>10</sup> !—Percy !—and set on.—  
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,  
And by that musick let us all embrace :  
For here<sup>11</sup> on earth, some of us never shall  
A second time do such a courtesy.

*[The Trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.]*

<sup>9</sup> The folio inserts *worthy* before *temper*.

<sup>10</sup> *Espérance*, or *Esperanza*, has always been the motto of the Percy family. Shakespeare uses *espérance* as a word of four syllables, the *e* final having the same power as in French verse.

<sup>11</sup> The old copies have "For heaven to earth," which could hardly be tortured to mean, as Warburton paraphrases it, "one might wager heaven to earth;" a strange thought to enter Hotspur's mind at such a moment! Whoever reads this and the preceding speech with attention will, I think, be convinced that the context requires we should read "For here on earth." There is no comma at *For* in the old copies.

SCENE III. *Plain near Shrewsbury.**Excursions, and Parties fighting. Alarum to the Battle.**Then enter DOUGLAS and BLUNT, meeting.*

*Blunt.* What is thy name, that in the battle thus  
Thou crossest me? what honour dost thou seek  
Upon my head?

*Doug.* Know then, my name is Douglas;  
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus,  
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

*Blunt.* They tell thee true.

*Doug.* The lord of Stafford dear to-day hath bought  
Thy likeness: for, instead of thee, King Harry  
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,  
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

*Blunt.* I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot<sup>1</sup>;  
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge  
Lord Stafford's death.

*[They fight, and BLUNT is slain.]*

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hot.* O Douglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon  
thus,  
I never had triumph'd upon a Scot.

*Doug.* All's done, all's won; here breathless lies  
the king.

*Hot.* Where?

*Doug.* Here.

*Hot.* This, Douglas? no, I know this face full well:  
A gallant knight he was, his name was Blunt;  
Semblably<sup>2</sup> furnish'd like the king himself.

<sup>1</sup> Thus the first two quartos, and the fourth. The folio reads:—  
"I was not born to yield, thou haughty Scot."

<sup>2</sup> *Semblably*, that is, in seeming or outward appearance.

*Doug.* A fool go with thy soul, whither<sup>3</sup> it goes!  
A borrow'd title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?

*Hot.* The king hath many marching in his coats.

*Doug.* Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats<sup>4</sup>:  
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,  
Until I meet the king.

*Hot.* Up, and away;  
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the day. *Exeunt.*

*Other Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Though I could 'scape shot-free at London,  
I fear the shot here; here's no scoring, but upon the  
pate.—Soft! who are you? Sir Walter Blunt;—  
there's honour for you: here's no vanity<sup>5</sup>!—I am as  
hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead  
out of me! I need no more weight than mine own  
bowels.—I have led my ragamuffins where they are  
pepper'd; there's but<sup>a</sup> three of my hundred and fifty  
left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg  
during life. But who comes here?

*Enter PRINCE HENRY.*

*P. Hen.* What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me  
thy sword:

<sup>3</sup> *Whither* for *whithersoever*. Thus Baret, "*Whether, or to what place you will.*" Quovis. *Any-whether* also signified to *any place*. In the last scene of the second act, Hotspur says to his wife:—" *Whither* I go, thither shalt thou go too." The old copies have, "*Ah fool.*" Steevens made the correction.

<sup>4</sup> The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would read "*masking* in his coats;" a very plausible conjecture, but, perhaps, unnecessary. In the *Mirror for Magistrates* we have in one line both words:—"O fyre on wolves that *march* in *masking* clothes."

<sup>5</sup> *Here's no vanity!* the negative is here used ironically, to designate the excess of a thing. So in the *Taming of a Shrew*:—"Here's *no knavery!*" And in Ben Jonson's *Every Man* in his Humour:—"O here's *no foppery!*"

'Death, I can endure the stocks better.'

<sup>a</sup> Here again the old copies misprint *not* for *but*.

Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff  
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,  
Whose deaths are yet<sup>a</sup> unreveng'd. Pr'ythee, lend me  
thy sword.

*Fal.* O Hal, I pr'ythee give me leave to breathe a while.—Turk Gregory<sup>6</sup> never did such deeds in arms, as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure.

*P. Hen.* He is, indeed; and living to kill thee.  
I pr'ythee, lend me thy sword.

*Fal.* Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou get'st not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

*P. Hen.* Give it me: What, is it in the case?

*Fal.* Ay, Hal: 'tis hot, 'tis hot; there's that will sack a city. [*The Prince draws out a bottle of sack.*]

*P. Hen.* What, is it a time to jest and dally now?  
[*Throws it at him, and exit.*]

*Fal.* Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him<sup>7</sup>. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado<sup>8</sup> of me. I like not such grinning honour as Sir Walter hath:

<sup>a</sup> Thus all the quartos. The folio omits yet.

<sup>6</sup> *Turk Gregory* means *Gregory the Seventh*, called *Hildebrand*. This furious friar surmounted almost invincible obstacles to deprive the emperor of his right of investiture of bishops, which his predecessors had long attempted in vain. Fox, in his *Martyrology*, has made Gregory so odious that the Protestants would be well pleased to hear him thus characterized, as uniting the attributes of their two great enemies, the Turk and the Pope, in one. There was an old tragedy on the subject of Hildebrand, but not even the title of it has come down to us.

<sup>7</sup> *Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him*, is addressed to the prince as he goes out; the rest of the speech is a soliloquy. Shakespeare perhaps ridiculed the serious etymology of the Scottish historian: but this kind of heraldic pun was so common that instances of *Pierce-eye* may have been current:—"Piercy a penestrando oculum Regis Scotorum ut fabulatur Boetius."—*Skinner*.

<sup>8</sup> A carbonado, i. e. a rasher or collop of meat cut crosswise for the gridiron.

Give me life : which if I can save, so ; if not, honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an end. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarums : Excursions. Enter the KING, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, and WESTMORELAND.*

*K. Hen.* I pr'ythee,  
Harry, withdraw thyself ; thou bleed'st too much<sup>1</sup> :—  
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

*P. John.* Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too.

*P. Hen.* I beseech your majesty, make up,  
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.

*K. Hen.* I will do so :  
My lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.

*West.* Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.

*P. Hen.* Lead me, my lord ? I do not need your help :  
And heaven forbid, a shallow scratch should drive  
The prince of Wales from such a field as this ;  
Where stain'd nobility lies trodden on,  
And rebels' arms triumph in massacres !

*P. John.* We breathe too long :—Come, cousin  
Westmoreland,  
Our duty this way lies ; for God's sake, come.

[*Exeunt P. JOHN and WESTMORELAND.*]

*P. Hen.* By heaven, thou hast deceiv'd me, Lan-  
caster,  
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit ;  
Before, I lov'd thee as a brother, John ;  
But now, I do respect thee as my soul.

*K. Hen.* I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point,  
With lustier maintenance than I did look for  
Of such an ungrown warrior<sup>2</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> History says that the prince was wounded in the face by an arrow.

<sup>2</sup> "The Earle of Richmond withstood his violence, and kept him at the sword's point, without advantage, longer than his companions either thought or judged."—*Holinshed*, p. 759.



*P. Hen.* O, this boy  
Lends mettle to us all ! *[Exit.*

*Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.*

*Doug.* Another king ! they grow like Hydra's  
heads ;

I am the Douglas, fatal to all those  
That wear those colours on them.—What art thou,  
That counterfeit'st the person of a king ?

*K. Hen.* The king himself ; who, Douglas, grieves  
at heart,

So many of his shadows thou hast met,  
And not the very king. I have two boys,  
Seek Percy and thyself, about the field :  
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,  
I will assay thee ; so defend thyself.

*Doug.* I fear, thou art another counterfeit ;  
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king :  
But mine, I am sure, thou art, whoe'er thou be,  
And thus I win thee.

*[They fight ; the King being in danger, enter  
PRINCE HENRY.*

*P. Hen.* Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art  
like

Never to hold it up again ! the spirits  
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms :  
It is the prince of Wales, that threatens thee ;  
Who never promiseth, but he means to pay.—

*[They fight ; DOUGLAS flies.*  
Cheerly, my lord : How fares your grace ?—  
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succour sent,  
And so hath Clifton ; I'll to Clifton straight.

*K. Hen.* Stay, and breathe a while :—  
Thou hast redeem'd thy lost opinion<sup>3</sup> ;

<sup>3</sup> *Opinion for estimation, reputation, the opinion of the world.* The word was then used in that sense. So in Thierry and Theodoret :—

“What opinion will the managing

And show'd, thou mak'st some tender of my life,  
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me.

*P. Hen.* O heaven! they did me too much injury,  
That ever said, I hearken'd for your death.  
If it were so, I might have let alone  
The insulting hand of Douglas over you ;  
Which would have been as speedy in your end,  
As all the poisonous potions in the world,  
And sav'd the treacherous labour of your son.

*K. Hen.* Make up to Clifton, I'll to Sir Nicholas  
Gawsey. *[Exit KING HENRY.]*

*Enter HOTSPUR.*

*Hot.* If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.

*P. Hen.* Thou speak'st as if I would deny my  
name.

*Hot.* My name is Harry Percy.

*P. Hen.* Why, then I see

A very valiant rebel of that name.

I am the prince of Wales ; and think not, Percy,  
To share with me in glory any more :  
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;  
Nor can one England brook a double reign,  
Of Harry Percy, and the prince of Wales.

*Hot.* Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come  
To end the one of us ; And 'would to God,  
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine !

*P. Hen.* I'll make it greater, ere I part from thee ;  
And all the budding honours on thy crest  
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

*Hot.* I can no longer brook thy vanities.

*[They fight.]*

Of this affair bring to my wisdom! my invention  
Tickles with approbation on't."

And in the Gamester, by Shirley:—"Patience: I mean you have  
the *opinion* of a valiant gentleman; one that dares fight and main-  
tain your honour against odds."

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* Well said, Hal ! to it, Hal !—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

*Enter DOUGLAS ; he fights with FALSTAFF, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR is wounded, and falls<sup>4</sup>.*

*Hot.* O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth,  
I better brook the loss of brittle life,  
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me ;  
They wound my thoughts, worse than thy sword my  
flesh :——

But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool ;  
And time, that takes survey of all the world,  
Must have a stop<sup>5</sup>. O, I could prophesy,  
But that the earthy and cold hand of death  
Lies on my tongue :—No, Percy, thou art dust,  
And food for—— *[Dies.*

*P. Hen.* For worms, brave Percy : Fare thee well,  
great heart !——

Ill weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !  
When that this body did contain a spirit,  
A kingdom for it was too small a bound<sup>6</sup> ;  
But now, two paces of the vilest earth

<sup>4</sup> Shakespeare had no authority for making Hotspur fall by the hand of the prince. Holinshed says, "The king slew that day with his own hand six and thirty persons of his enemies. The other of his party, encouraged by his doings, fought valiantly, and slew the Lord Percy, called Henry Hotspur." Speed says that Percy was killed by an unknown hand.

<sup>5</sup> Hotspur, in his last moments, endeavours to console himself. The glory of the prince wounds his thoughts ; but *thought*, being dependent on *life*, must cease with it, and will soon be at an end. *Life*, on which *thought* depends, is itself of no great value, being the fool and sport of *time* ; of time which, with all its dominion over sublunary things, must itself at last be stopped.—*Johnson*. So in Shakespeare's one hundred and sixth sonnet :—

"Love's not *Time's* fool."

<sup>6</sup> "Carminibus confide bonis—jacet ecce Tibullus ;

Vix manet è toto parva quod urna capit."—*Ovid*.

Juvenal's "Expende Hannibalem" is a still closer parallel.

Is room enough :—This earth, that bears thee dead,  
 Bears not alive so stout a gentlem  
 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
 I should not make so dear<sup>7</sup> a show of zeal :—  
 But let my favours<sup>8</sup> hide thy mangled face ;  
 And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !  
 Thy ignomy<sup>9</sup> sleep with thee in the grave,  
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph !—

[*He sees FALSTAFF on the ground.*

What ! old acquaintance ! could not all this flesh  
 Keep in a little life ? Poor Jack, farewell !  
 I could have better spar'd a better man.  
 O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,  
 If I were much in love with vanity.  
 Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,  
 Though many dearer, in this bloody fray :—  
 Embowell'd<sup>10</sup> will I see thee by and by ;  
 Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* [*Rising slowly.*] Embowell'd ! if thou em-  
 bowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me,  
 and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to  
 counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me

<sup>7</sup> Thus the first quarto; all the other old copies have *great* instead of *dear*.

<sup>8</sup> *My favours*, i. e. *his scarf*, with which he covers Percy's face.

<sup>9</sup> *Ignomy*, thus the folio. The quartos read *ignominy*. Shakespeare writes the word *ignomy* in *Troilus and Cressida*, Act v. Sc. 3 :—

“Hence, broker lacquey ! *ignomy* and shame.”

And in Lord Cromwell, 1602 :

“With scandalous *ignomy* and slanderous speeches.”

<sup>10</sup> To *imbowell* was the old term for *embalming* the body, as was usually done by those of persons of rank. Thus in Aulicus Coquinariae, 1650 :—“The next day was solemnly appointed for *imbowellling* the corps, in the presence of some of the counsell, all the physicians, chirurgions, apothecaries, and the Palsgrave's physician.” To *powder* is to *salt*.

scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. 'Zounds, I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise? By my faith, I am afraid, he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah [*stabbing him*], with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me. [*Takes HOTSPUR on his back.*]

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY and PRINCE JOHN.*

*P. Hen.* Come, brother John, full bravely hast thou flesh'd

Thy maiden sword.

*P. John.* But, soft! who have we here?  
Did you not tell me, this fat man was dead?

*P. Hen.* I did; I saw him dead, breathless and bleeding

On the ground.—

Art thou alive? or is it phantasy  
That plays upon our eyesight? I pr'ythee, speak;  
We will not trust our eyes, without our ears:—  
Thou art not what thou seem'st.

*Fal.* No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]: if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*P. Hen.* Why, Percy I kill'd myself, and saw thee dead.

*Fal.* Didst thou?—Lord, lord, how this world is given to lying!—I grant you, I was down, and out of breath; and so was he: but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them, that should reward valour, bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

*P. John.* This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

*P. Hen.* This is the strangest fellow, brother John. Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back: For my part, if a lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A Retreat is sounded.*]

The trumpets sound retreat, the day is ours.  
Come, brother, let's to the highest of the field,  
To see what friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt P. HEN. and P. JOHN.*]

*Fal.* I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do.

[*Exit, bearing off the Body.*]

SCENE V. *Another Part of the Field.*

*The Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, PRINCE HENRY, PRINCE JOHN, WESTMORELAND, and others, with WORCESTER and VERNON prisoners.*

*K. Hen.* Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—  
Ill spirited Worcester! did we not send grace,  
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?  
And would'st thou turn our offers contrary?

Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?  
Three knights upon our party slain to-day,  
A noble earl, and many a creature else,  
Had been alive this hour,  
If, like a christian, thou hadst truly borne  
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.

*Wor.* What I have done, my safety urg'd me to;  
And I embrace this fortune patiently,  
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.

*K. Hen.* Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon  
too:

Other offenders we will pause upon.—

[*Exeunt WOR. and VERNON, guarded.*]

How goes the field?

*P. Hen.* The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he  
saw

The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,  
The noble Percy slain, and all his men  
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;  
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised,  
That the pursuers took him. At my tent  
The Douglas is; and I beseech your grace,  
I may dispose of him.

*K. Hen.* With all my heart.

*P. Hen.* Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you  
This honourable bounty shall belong:  
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him  
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free:  
His valour, shown upon our crests to-day,  
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds,  
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.

*Lan.* I thank your grace for this high courtesy,  
Which I shall give away immediately<sup>1</sup>.

*K. Hen.* Then this remains,—that we divide our  
power.—

<sup>1</sup> This speech of Lancaster is omitted in the folio.

You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland,  
Towards York shall bend you, with your dearest speed,  
To meet Northumberland, and the prelate Scroop,  
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms :  
Myself,—and you, son Harry,—will towards Wales,  
To fight with Glendower, and the earl of March.  
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway,  
Meeting the check of such another day :  
And since this business so fair is done,  
Let us not leave till all our own be won.     [*Exeunt.*







SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.





# KING HENRY IV.

## PART II.



*Pistol.* Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king ;  
Harry the Fifth's the man.

ACT V. SC. 3.





## THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**T**HE following entry appears on the books of the Stationers' Company:—

"23 Aug. 1600.

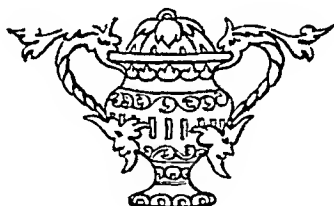
And. Wise. Wm. Apsley.] Two books, the one called *Much Adoe about Nothings*, and the other *The Seconde Parte of the History of King Henry the iiiith*, with the *Humours of Sir John Falstaff*: written by Mr. Shakespeare."

And accordingly this second part of King Henry IVth was published by Wise and Apsley in 1600. It was sometimes supposed that there were two impressions of that date, from the copies varying in some particulars, a whole scene being omitted at the commencement of Act III. in some copies, but the error appears to have been discovered and sheet E reprinted with two additional leaves to supply the defect. There is, then, but one quarto impression. The folio has many lines which are not found in the quarto, and the quarto contains passages which are omitted in the folio. These passages, sometimes important, it has been thought right to preserve. They are distinguished by being printed within brackets, and are pointed out in the notes.

From the circumstance of one speech in the second scene of Act II. bearing the prefix *Old*. i.e. *Oldcastle*, we gather that *Falstaff* was still called *Oldcastle* when the play was written; and as we know that the name was altered previous to the entry of the first part on the book of the Stationers' Company on the 25th February, 1597-8, we may fairly conclude that this second part was written previous to that date, and therefore most probably in 1597.

The transactions comprised in this play take up about nine years. The action commences with the account of Hotspur's being defeated and killed [1403]; and closes with the death of King Henry IV. and the coronation of King Henry V. [1412-13.]

“Upton thinks these two plays improperly called *The First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. ‘The first play ends,’ he says, ‘with the peaceful settlement of Henry in the kingdom by the defeats of the rebels.’ This is hardly true; for the rebels are not yet finally suppressed. The second, he tells us, shows Henry the Fifth in the various lights of a good natured rake, till, on his father’s death, he assumes a more manly character. This is true; but this representation gives us no idea of a dramatic action. These two plays will appear to every reader, who shall peruse them without ambition of critical discoveries, to be so connected, that the second is merely a sequel to the first; to be two only to be one.”—*Johnson*.



## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH :

HENRY, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Henry V. ;  
 THOMAS, Duke of Clarence ;  
 PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, afterwards (2 Henry V.) Duke of Bedford ;  
 PRINCE HUMPHREY of Gloster, afterwards (2 Henry V.) Duke of Gloster ;

} his Sons.

Earl of Warwick ;  
 Earl of Westmoreland ; } of the King's Party.  
 GOWER ; HARCOURT ;

Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.

A Gentleman attending on the Chief Justice.

Earl of Northumberland ;  
 SCROOP, Archbishop of York ;  
 LORD MOWBRAY ; LORD HASTINGS ;  
 LORD BARDOLPH ; SIR JOHN COLEVILE ;

} Enemies to the King.

TRAVERS and MORTON, Domesticicks of Northumberland.

FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and Page.

POINS and PETO, Attendants on Prince Henry.

SHALLOW and SILENCE, Country Justices.

DAVY, Servant to Shallow.

MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, and BULLCALF, Recruits.

FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers.

RUMOUR. A Porter.

A Dancer, Speaker of the Epilogue.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND. LADY PERCY.

Hostess QUICKLY. DOLL TEAR-SHEET.

Lords and other Attendants ; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger,  
 Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE, England.







## INDUCTION.

Warkworth. *Before Northumberland's Castle.*

*Enter RUMOUR, painted full of Tongues*<sup>1</sup>.

*Rumour.*

**O**PEN your ears; For which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing, when loud Rumour  
speaks?

I, from the orient to the drooping<sup>2</sup> west,  
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
The acts commenced on this ball of earth :  
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride ;  
The which in every language I pronounce,  
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
I speak of peace while covert enmity,  
Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :  
And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
Make fearful musters, and prepar'd defence ;  
Whilst the big year, swol'n with some other grief,

<sup>1</sup> This was the common way of representing this personage, no unfrequent character in the masques of the poet's time. In a masque on St. Stephen's Night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a skin coat *full of winged tongues*. Several other instances are cited in the *Variorum Shakespeare*.

<sup>2</sup> *The drooping west*. The force of this epithet will be best explained by the following passage in *Macbeth* :—

“Good things of day begin to *droop* and drowse,  
And night's black agents to their preys do rouse.”

Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,  
 And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe  
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,  
 And of so easy and so plain a stop<sup>3</sup>,  
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,  
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus  
 My well known body to anatomize  
 Among my household? Why is Rumour here?  
 I run before King Harry's victory;  
 Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,  
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur, and his troops,  
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
 Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I  
 To speak so true at first? my office is  
 To noise abroad,—that Harry Monmouth fell  
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;  
 And that the king before the Douglas' rage  
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.  
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns<sup>4</sup>  
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury  
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone<sup>5</sup>,  
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
 Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,  
 And not a man of them brings other news  
 Than they have learn'd of me; from Rumour's tongues  
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true  
 wrongs. [Exit.

<sup>3</sup> The *stops* are the *holes* in a *flute* or *pipe*. So in Hamlet:—  
 "Govern these *ventages* with your finger and thumb; look you,  
 these are the *stops*."

<sup>4</sup> The old copies have *peasant towns*. Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *pleasant*; in the next line but one the old copies misprint *hole* for hold.

<sup>5</sup> Northumberland's castle.



## SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. *The same. The Porter above the Gate.*

*Enter LORD BARDOLPH.*

*L. Bardolph.*

**W**HO keeps the gate here, ho?—Where is the earl?

*Port.* What shall I say you are?

*L. Bard.* Tell thou the earl,  
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

*Port.* His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard;  
Please it your honour, knock but at the gate,  
And he himself will answer.

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*L. Bard.*

Here comes the earl.

*North.* What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute  
now

Should be the father of some stratagem;  
The times are wild; contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him.

*L. Bard.* Noble earl,  
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

*North.* Good, an heaven will !

*L. Bard.* As good as heart can wish : —  
The king is almost wounded to the death ;  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright ; and both the Blunts  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas : young prince John,  
And Westmoreland, and Stafford, fled the field ;  
And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir John,  
Is prisoner to your son : O, such a day,  
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,  
Came not, till now, to dignify the times,  
Since Cæsar's fortunes !

*North.* How is this deriv'd ?  
Saw you the field ? came you from Shrewsbury ?

*L. Bard.* I spake with one, my lord, that came from  
thence ;

A gentleman well bred, and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these news for true.

*North.* Here comes my servant, Travers, whom I sent  
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

*L. Bard.* My lord, I over-rode him on the way ;  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties,  
More than he haply may retail from me.

*Enter TRAVERS.*

*North.* Now, Travers, what good tidings comes<sup>a</sup>  
with you ?

*Tra.* My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back  
With joyful tidings ; and, being better hors'd,  
Outrode me. After him, came, spurring hard,

<sup>a</sup> *Tidings*, like news, was used either as singular or plural by old writers, although they had the singular *tidings*, now obsolete. Thus Udal :—" Jesus perceyvynge that the father of the mayde was muche amazed with *this tydinges*, couforted hym."—Matth. ch. 9.

A gentleman almost forspent with speed,  
 That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse :  
 He ask'd the way to Chester ; and of him  
 I did demand, what news from Shrewsbury.  
 He told me, that rebellion had bad luck,  
 And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold :  
 With that, he gave his able horse the head,  
 And, bending forward, struck his armed heels<sup>1</sup>  
 Against the panting sides of his poor jade<sup>2</sup>  
 Up to the rowel-head ; and, starting so,  
 He seem'd in running to devour the way<sup>3</sup>,  
 Staying no longer question.

*North.* Ha !——Again.

Said he, young Harry Percy's spur was cold ?  
 Of Hotspur<sup>4</sup>, coldspur ? that rebellion  
 Had met ill luck !

*L. Bard.* My lord, I'll tell you what ;—

<sup>1</sup> *His armed heels.* So the quarto. The folio misprints it "*able* heels;" the word *able* having been caught from a preceding line.

<sup>2</sup> Malone was mistaken in saying that Shakespeare does not use the word *jade* as a term of contempt, for in the instance he cites from K. Richard II.—

"That *jade* hath eat bread from my royal hand,"  
 Richard was angry with his favourite Roan Barbary. In every other instance it seems to be used in the sense of Baret's definition :—"a *Jade*, a naughtie horse."

<sup>3</sup> So in the book of Job, ch. xxxix :—"He *swalloweth the ground* in fierceness and rage." The same expression occurs in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* :—

"But with that speed and heat of appetite  
 With which they greedily *devour the way*  
 To some great sports."

In the *Tempest*, Ariel, to describe his alacrity in obeying Prospero's commands, says, "*I drink the air* before me." Nemesian has the same thought :—

"*Latumque fuga consumere campum.*"

Hotspur seems to have been a very common term for a man of vehemence and precipitation. Stanyhurst renders the following line of Virgil :—

"*Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile.*"

"To couch not mounting of mayster vanquisher *hoatspur*

If my young lord your son have not the day,  
Upon mine honour, for a silken point<sup>5</sup>  
I'll give my barony: never talk of it.

*North.* Why should the gentleman, that rode by  
Travers,

Give then such instances of loss?

*L. Bard.*

Who, he?

He was some hilding<sup>6</sup> fellow, that had stol'n  
The horse he rode on; and, upon my life,  
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

*Enter MORTON.*

*North.* Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,  
Foretells the nature of a tragick volume:  
So looks the strond, whereon the imperious flood  
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.—

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

*Mor.* I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord;  
Where hateful death put on his ugliest mask,  
To fright our party.

*North.* How doth my son, and brother?  
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,  
And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd:  
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,  
And I my Percy's death, ere thou report'st it.  
This thou would'st say,—Your son did thus, and thus;  
Your brother, thus; so fought the noble Douglas;  
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds:  
But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,

<sup>5</sup> A silken point is a tagged lace.

<sup>6</sup> *Hilding*, i. e. *hilderling*, base, low fellow.

Ending with—brother, son, and all are dead.

*Mor.* Douglas is living, and your brother, yet :  
But, for my lord your son,——

*North.* Why, he is dead.  
See, what a ready tongue suspicion hath !  
He, that but fears the thing he would not know,  
Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others eyes,  
That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet speak, Morton ;  
Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies ;  
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

*Mor.* You are too great to be by me gainsaid :  
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

*North.* Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.  
I see a strange confession in thine eye :  
Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,  
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so :  
The tongue offends not, that reports his death :  
And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead ;  
Not he, which says the dead is not alive.  
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,  
Remember'd knolling a departing friend<sup>7</sup>.

*L. Bard.* I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

*Mor.* I am sorry, I should force you to believe

<sup>7</sup> So in Shakespeare's seventy-first Sonnet :—

“ You shall hear the surly *sullen* bell  
Give warning to the world that I am fled.”

Milton has adopted this expressive epithet :—

“ I hear the far-off curfew sound  
Over some wide-watered shore,  
Swinging slow with *sullen* roar.”

The *bell* anciently was rung before the dying person had expired, and thence was called the *passing* bell. Mr. Douce thought it probable that this bell might have been originally used with a view to drive away demons, who were supposed to watch for the parting soul ; but it was most probably to bespeak the prayers of the faithful, and as a solemn warning to the living.

That, which I would to heaven I had not seen :  
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,  
 Rend'ring faint quittance<sup>8</sup>, wearied and outbreath'd,  
 To Harry Monmouth : whose swift wrath beat down  
 The never daunted Percy to the earth,  
 From whence with life he never more sprung up.  
 In few, his death (whose spirit lent a fire  
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp),  
 Being bruited<sup>9</sup> once, took fire and heat away  
 From the best temper'd courage in his troops :  
 For from his metal was his party steel'd ;  
 Which once in him abated, all the rest  
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.  
 And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
 Upon enforcement, flies with greatest speed ;  
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,  
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,  
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
 Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worcester  
 Too soon ta'en prisoner : and that furious Scot,  
 The bloody Douglas, whose well labouring sword  
 Had three times slain the appearance of the king,  
 'Gan vail<sup>10</sup> his stomach, and did grace the shame  
 Of those that turn'd their backs ; and, in his flight,  
 Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all  
 Is,—that the king hath won ; and hath sent out

<sup>8</sup> By *faint quittance* a *faint return* of blows is meant. So in King Henry V.—

“We shall forget the office of our hand  
 Sooner than *quittance* of desert and merit.”

<sup>9</sup> *Bruited*, i. e. *reported*, *noised abroad*. Vide Macbeth, Act v Sc. 7.

<sup>10</sup> ‘*Gan vail his stomach*, i. e. *began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune*. To *vail* is to *lower*, to *cast down*. So in the Taming of the Shrew, Act v:—

“Then *vail your stomachs*, for it is no boot,  
 And place your hands below your husband's foot.”



A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,  
Under the conduct of young Lancaster,  
And Westmoreland : this is the news at full.

*North.* For this I shall have time enough to mourn.  
In poison there is physick ; and these news<sup>a</sup>,  
Having been well, that would have made me sick,  
Being sick, have in some measure made me well :  
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,  
Like strengthless hinges, buckle<sup>11</sup> under life,  
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
Out of his keeper's arms ; even so my limbs,  
Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief<sup>12</sup>,  
Are thrice themselves : hence therefore, thou nice<sup>13</sup>  
crutch ;

A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,  
Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly quoif ;  
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,  
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.  
Now bind my brows with iron ; And approach  
The ragged'st<sup>14</sup> hour that time and spite dare bring,  
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland !  
Let heaven kiss earth ! Now let not nature's hand  
Keep the wild flood confin'd ! let order die !  
And let the world no longer be a stage,  
To feed contention in a lingering act ;

<sup>a</sup> Thus the quarto. The folio treats *news* as singular, and has "*this newes*."

<sup>11</sup> *Buckle*, i. e. *bend*. So in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News*:—

"And teach his body

To bend, and these my aged knees to *buckle*

In adoration and just worship to you."

<sup>12</sup> *Grief*, in the latter part of this line, is used, in its present sense, for *sorrow* ; in the former part for *bodily pain*.

<sup>13</sup> Steevens explains *nice* here by *trifling* ; but Shakespeare, like his cotemporaries, uses it in the sense of *effeminate*, *delicate*, *tender*.

<sup>14</sup> *Ragged* and *rugged* were formerly used with the same meaning. Theobald substituted *rugged'st* here, i. e. *roughest*. See *As You Like It*, Act ii. Sc. 5.

But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
 And darkness be the burier of the dead<sup>15</sup>!

*Tra.* This strained passion doth you wrong, my  
 lord<sup>16</sup>.

*L. Bard.* Sweet earl, divorce not wisdom from your  
 honour.

*Mor.* The lives of all your loving complices  
 Lean on your health; the which, if you give o'er  
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.  
 You cast the event of war, my noble lord<sup>17</sup>,  
 And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,—  
 Let us make head. It was your presurmise,  
 That in the dole<sup>18</sup> of blows your son might drop:  
 You knew, he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge,  
 More likely to fall in, than to get o'er<sup>19</sup>:  
 You were advis'd<sup>20</sup>, his flesh was capable

<sup>15</sup> "The conclusion of this noble speech," says Johnson, "is extremely striking. There is no need to suppose it exactly philosophical; *darkness*, in poetry, may be *absence of eyes*, as well as privation of light. Yet we may remark that, by an ancient opinion, it has been held that if the human race, for whom the world was made, were extirpated, the whole system of sublunary nature would cease at once." Mr. Boswell remarks that a passage resembling this, but feeble in comparison, is found in *The Double Marriage of Beaumont and Fletcher*:—

"That we might fall,

And in our ruins swallow up this kingdom,  
 Nay, the whole world, and make a second chaos."

<sup>16</sup> This line is omitted in the folio. In the quarto it is by mistake given to *Umfrevile*, who is spoken of in this very scene as absent. It is given to *Travers* at Steevens's suggestion.

<sup>17</sup> This and the thirteen following lines, and a number of others in this play, were not in the quarto edition.

<sup>18</sup> *Dole*, i. e. *dealing*, or *distribution*.

<sup>19</sup> So in *King Henry IV. Part I*:—

"As full of peril and adventurous spirit,  
 As to o'erwalk a current roaring loud,  
 On the unsteadfast footing of a spear."

<sup>20</sup> *You were advis'd*, that is, *you were warned or aware*.

Of wounds, and scars ; and that his forward spirit  
 Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd ;  
 Yet did you say,—Go forth ; and none of this,  
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
 The stiff-borne action : What hath then befallen,  
 Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,  
 More than that being which was like to be ?

*L. Bard.* We all, that are engaged to this loss<sup>21</sup>,  
 Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas,  
 That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one  
 And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd  
 Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;  
 And, since we are o'erset, venture again.  
 Come, we will all put forth ; body, and goods.

*Mor.* 'Tis more than time : And, my most noble lord,  
 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth<sup>22</sup>,——  
 The gentle archbishop of York is up,  
 With well appointed powers ; he is a man,  
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.  
 My lord your son had only but the corps,  
 But shadows, and the shows of men, to fight .  
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide  
 The action of their bodies from their souls ;  
 And they did fight with queasiness<sup>23</sup>, constrain'd,  
 As men drink potions ; that their weapons only  
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,  
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
 As fish are in a pond : But now the bishop  
 Turns insurrection to religion :  
 Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,

<sup>21</sup> This mode of expression has before been noticed. Thus in the first part of King Henry IV.—

“Hath a more worthy interest to this state.”

<sup>22</sup> *I hear for certain and do speak the truth.* The quarto reads, “and dare speak the truth.” The following twenty-one lines are omitted in the quarto.

<sup>23</sup> *With queasiness*, i. e. *against their stomachs.*

He's follow'd both with body and with mind ;  
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood  
 Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret stones :  
 Derives from heaven his quarrel, and his cause ;  
 Tells them, he doth bestride a bleeding land<sup>24</sup>,  
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;  
 And more<sup>25</sup>, and less, do flock to follow him.

*North.* I knew of this before ; but, to speak truth,  
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.  
 Go in with me ; and counsel every man  
 The aptest way for safety, and revenge :  
 Get posts, and letters, and make friends with speed ;  
 Never so few, and<sup>26</sup> never yet more need. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. London. *A Street.*

*Enter SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing  
 his Sword and Buckler.*

*Fal.* Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water<sup>1</sup> ?

*Page.* He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water : but for the party that owed<sup>2</sup> it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

<sup>24</sup> *Bestride a bleeding land*, that is, *stand over his country, as she lies bleeding and prostrate, to protect her.* It was the office of a friend to protect his fallen comrade in battle in this manner. Shakespeare has alluded to it in other places.

<sup>25</sup> *More and less*, i. e. *great and small, all ranks.* So in *Macbeth* :—

“ Both *more and less* have given him the revolt.”

<sup>26</sup> The folio has *nor* for *and*.

<sup>1</sup> This quackery was once so much in fashion that Linacre, the founder of the College of Physicians, devised a statute to restrain apothecaries from carrying the *water* of their patients to a doctor, and afterwards giving medicines in consequence of the opinions pronounced concerning it. This statute was followed by another, which forbade the doctors themselves to pronounce on any disorder from such an uncertain diagnostic. But this did not extinguish the practice, which has had its dupes in more enlightened times.

<sup>2</sup> *Owed*, i. e. *owned*.

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird<sup>3</sup> at me : The brain of this foolish-compounded clay-man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is inveuted on me : I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee, like a sow, that hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake<sup>4</sup>, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap, than to wait at my heels. I was never manned with an agate<sup>5</sup> till now : but I will in-set<sup>a</sup> you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel ; the juvenal<sup>6</sup> ; the prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged ; I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand, than he shall get one on<sup>b</sup> his cheek ; and yet he will not stick to say, his face is a face-royal. God

<sup>3</sup> "Gird," Mr. Gifford says, "is a mere metathesis of *gride*, and means a thrust, a blow ; the metaphorical use of the word for a smart stroke of wit, taunt, reproachful retort, &c. is justified by a similar application of kindred terms in all languages."

<sup>4</sup> *Mandrake*, i. e. a root supposed to have the shape of a man. Quacks and impostors counterfeited, with the root briony, figures resembling parts of the human body, which were sold to the credulous as endued with specific virtues. See Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, p. 72, edit. 1686, for some very curious particulars.

<sup>5</sup> An *agate* is used metaphorically for a very diminutive person, in allusion to the small figures cut in agate for rings and brooches. Thus Florio explains "Formaglio: ouches, broaches, or tablets and jewels, that yet some old men wear in their hats, with *agath-stones*, cut and graven with some formes and images on them, namely of famous men's heads." So in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

"In shape no bigger than an *agate stone*,  
On the fore finger of an alderman."

<sup>a</sup> So the first quarto. The folio reads "I will set you."

<sup>6</sup> *Juvenal* occurs in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and in *Love's Labour's Lost*. It is also used in many places by Chaucer for a young man.

<sup>b</sup> The quarto has here *off* his cheek ; and in a similar passage, at p. 162, *of* instead of *on*, which is the reading of the folio. The idiom had evidently changed in the interval.

may finish it when he will, it is not a hair amiss yet : he may keep it still as a face-royal<sup>7</sup>, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it ; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can assure him.—What said master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak, and slops ?

*Page.* He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph : he would not take his bond and yours ; he liked not the security.

*Fal.* Let him be damn'd like the glutton ! may his tongue be hotter !—A whoreson Achitophel ! a rascally yea-forsooth knave ! to bear a gentleman in hand<sup>8</sup>, and then stand upon security !—The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles ; and if a man is thorough<sup>9</sup> with them in honest taking up, then they must stand upon—security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth, as offer to stop it with security. I looked he should have sent me two and twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me security. Well, he may sleep in security ; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it : and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.—Where's Bardolph ?

*Page.* He's gone into Smithfield, to buy your worship a horse.

<sup>7</sup> *A face-royal.* Steevens imagines that there may be a quibble intended on the coin called a real, or *royal* ; that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his face, than by the face stamped on the coin, the one requiring as little shaving as the other.

<sup>8</sup> To bear in hand is to keep in expectation by false persuasions. So in *Macbeth* :—

“How you were borne in hand, how crossed.”

<sup>9</sup> *Thorough*, i. e. *urgent in trying to take up goods on credit.*

*Fal.* I bought him in Paul's<sup>10</sup>, and he'll buy me a horse in Smithfield : an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, horsed, and wived.

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice<sup>11</sup>, and an Attendant.*

*Page.* Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the prince for striking him about Bardolph.

*Fal.* Wait close, I will not see him.

*Ch. Just.* What's he that goes there ?

*Atten.* Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

*Ch. Just.* He that was in question for the robbery ?

*Atten.* He, my lord : but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury ; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the lord John of Lancaster.

*Ch. Just.* What, to York ? Call him back again.

*Atten.* Sir John Falstaff !

*Fal.* Boy, tell him I am deaf.

*Page.* You must speak louder, my master is deaf.

*Ch. Just.* I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow : I must speak with him.

*Atten.* Sir John,——

*Fal.* What ! a young knave, and beg<sup>12</sup> ! Is there

<sup>10</sup> The body of old *St. Paul's* Church, in London, was a constant place of resort for business and amusement, and consequently frequented by idle people of all descriptions. Advertisements were fixed up there, bargains made, servants hired, &c. The scene of the chief part of the third act of Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* is laid there. In the *Choice of Change*, 1598, quarto, it is said that "A man must not make choyse of three things in three places. Of a wife in Westminster ; of a servant in Paule's ; of a horse in Smithfield ; lest he chuse a queane, a knave, or a jade."

<sup>11</sup> This judge was Sir Wm. Gascoigne, chief justice of the King's Bench. He died Dec. 17, 1413, and was buried in Harewood Church, in Yorkshire. His effigy is on his monument, and may be seen in Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments*, vol. ii.

<sup>12</sup> The quarto has *begging*, and just below the folio has *want* instead of *need*.

not wars? is there not employment? Doth not the king lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

*Atten.* You mistake me, sir.

*Fal.* Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat if I had said so.

*Atten.* I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside; and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou get'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hanged. You hunt-counter<sup>13</sup>, hence! avaunt!

*Atten.* Sir, my lord would speak with you.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good lord!—God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say, your lordship was sick: I hope, your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you, some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship, to have a reverend care of your health.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

<sup>13</sup> To hunt counter was to hunt the wrong way, to trace the scent backwards; to hunt it by the heel is the technical phrase. Falstaff may mean to tell the man that he is on a wrong scent. The folio prints *hunt-counter* with a hyphen; but in the quartos the words are disjoined—*hunt counter*. Cotgrave explains "*contrepied*, that which we call *counter* in *hunting*." There is no doubt allusion to the counter-prison here; as such allusions were very common in the poet's age.



*Fal.* An't please your lordship, I hear his majesty is return'd with some discomfort from Wales.

*Ch. Just.* I talk not of his majesty.— You would not come when I sent for you.

*Fal.* And I hear moreover, his highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

*Ch. Just.* Well, heaven mend him ! I pray. let me speak with you.

*Fal.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship ; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

*Ch. Just.* What tell you me of it ? be it as it is.

*Fal.* It hath its<sup>a</sup> original from much grief ; from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen ; it is a kind of deafness.

*Ch. Just.* I think, you are fallen into the disease ; for you hear not what I say to you.

*Fal.*<sup>14</sup> Very well, my lord, very well : rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening. the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

*Ch. Just.* To punish you by the heels, would amend the attention of your ears ; and I care not. if I do become<sup>15</sup> your physician.

*Fal.* I am as poor as Job, my lord ; but not so patient : your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me, in respect of poverty ; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions,

<sup>a</sup> In the old copies this stands "It hath *it* original." The neuter possessive pronoun *its* was but just finding its way into use, and it is remarkable that in the latter part of this speech we have the personal pronoun *his* supplying *its* place. In the poet's time *his* or *hers* was constantly used for *its*. He has only two or three passages where we have *it's* thus printed.

<sup>14</sup> In the quarto edition this speech stands thus :—

*Old.* Very well, my lord, very well."

This is a strong corroboration of the tradition that Falstaff was first called *Oldcastle*. See the First Part of King Henry IV. p. 12, note 8.

<sup>15</sup> The folio has only *If I be*.

the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

*Ch. Just.* I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

*Fal.* As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt, cannot live in less.

*Ch. Just.* Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

*Fal.* I would it were otherwise ; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

*Ch. Just.* You have misled the youthful prince.

*Fal.* The young prince hath misled me : I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

*Ch. Just.* Well, I am loath to gall a new-healed wound ; your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gad's-hill : you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'erposting that action.

*Fal.* My lord—

*Ch. Just.* But since all is well, keep it so ; wake not a sleeping wolf.

*Fal.* To wake a wolf, is as bad as to smell a fox.

*Ch. Just.* What ! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

*Fal.* A wassel<sup>16</sup> candle, my lord ; all tallow : if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

*Ch. Just.* There is not a white hair on your face, but should have his effect of gravity.

<sup>16</sup> A wassel candle is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a quibble upon the word *wax*, which signifies increase as well as the matter of the honeycomb. We have the same quibble in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act v. Sc. 2 :—

“ That was the way to make his godhead *wax*.”

*Fal.* His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

*Ch. Just.* You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel.

*Fal.* Not so, my lord ; your ill angel<sup>17</sup> is light ; but, I hope, he that looks upon me, will take me without weighing : and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell<sup>18</sup> : Virtue is of so little regard in these coster-monger times<sup>19</sup>, that true valour is turned bear-herd : Pregnancy<sup>20</sup> is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings : all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You, that are old, consider not the capacities of us that are young : you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls : and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too.

*Ch. Just.* Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age ? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly ? Is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single<sup>21</sup>, and

<sup>17</sup> *Your ill angel is light.* "As light as a clipt angel," is a comparison frequent in the old comedies. So in *Ram Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611 :—

"The law speaks profit, does it not?—

Faith, some *bad angels* haunt us now and then."

<sup>18</sup> *I cannot tell*, Johnson explains, "I cannot be taken in a reckoning, I cannot pass current." Mr. Gifford objects to this explanation, and says that it merely means, "I cannot tell what to think of it." The phrase, with that signification, was certainly common (says Mr. Boswell) ; but as it will also bear the sense which Dr. Johnson assigned to it, Falstaff no doubt intended to convey both meanings.

<sup>19</sup> *Coster-monger times* are *petty peddling times* ; when the prevalence of trade has produced that meanness that rates the merit of every thing by money. The folio omits *times* after *costermongers*.

<sup>20</sup> *Pregnancy* is *readiness, fertility of thoughts*. So in *Hamlet* :—

"How *pregnant* his replies are."

<sup>21</sup> *Single* is *simple, silly*. How much has been written about

every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fye, fye, fye, Sir John!

*Fal.* My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon<sup>22</sup>, with a white head, and something a round belly. For my voice,—I have lost it with hollaing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding: and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box o' the ear that the prince gave you,—he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have checked him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes, and sackcloth; but in new silk and old sack.

*Ch. Just.* Well, heaven send the prince a better companion!

*Fal.* Heaven send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the king hath sever'd you and Prince Harry: I hear, you are going with lord John of Lancaster, against the archbishop, and the earl of Northumberland.

*Fal.* Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day! for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it:

this phrase, and to how little purpose! *Single-witted* and *single-soul'd* were common epithets with our ancestors, to designate *simple persons*. Vide note on *Romeo and Juliet*, Act ii. Sc. 4.

<sup>22</sup> *About three of the clock of the afternoon.* These words and some others in this scene are omitted in the folio.

Well, I cannot last ever<sup>23</sup>. [But it was always yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say, I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God } my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is. I were better to be eaten to death with rust, than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.]

*Ch. Just.* Well, be honest, be honest; And God bless your expedition!

*Fal.* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound, to furnish me forth?

*Ch. Just.* Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses<sup>24</sup>. Fare you well: Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Attendant.*]

*Fal.* If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle<sup>25</sup>.—A man can no more separate age and covetousness, than he can part young limbs and lechery: but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other; and so both the degrees prevent<sup>26</sup> my curses.—Boy!—  
*Page.* Sir?

<sup>23</sup> The rest of this speech, which is not in the folio, is restored from the quarto copy.

<sup>24</sup> *To bear crosses.* A quibble is here intended between *crosses*, *contraryings*, and *money*, so called from the reverse being impressed with a cross. In *As You Like It* we have it again:—

“If I should bear you, I should bear no cross.”

<sup>25</sup> *Fillip me with a three-man beetle.* This alludes to a common but cruel diversion of boys, called *filliping* the toad. They lay a board two or three feet long, at right angles over a transverse piece two or three inches thick; then placing the toad at one end of the board, the other end is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the poor toad forty or fifty feet perpendicularly from the earth; and the fall generally kills it. A *three-man beetle* is a heavy beetle, with three handles, used in driving piles, &c. which required three men to lift it.

<sup>26</sup> *To prevent* is to anticipate.

“Mine eyes prevent the night watches.”—*Ps.* cxix.  
One of our old translators renders the “Noctem quæ instabat interpræcapere; to prevent the night that was at hand.” It has been

*Fal.* What money is in my purse?

*Page.* Seven groats and two-pence.

*Fal.* I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse: borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my lord of Lancaster; this to the prince; this to the earl of Westmoreland; and this to old mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on<sup>27</sup> my chin: About it; you know where to find me. [*Exit Page.*] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this pox! for the one, or the other, plays the rogue with my great toe. It is no matter, if I do halt; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable: A good wit will make use of any thing; I will turn diseases to commodity<sup>28</sup>. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III. York. *A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, the LORDS HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and LORD BARDOLPH.*

*Arch.* Thus have you heard our cause, and known our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,  
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes:—  
And first, lord marshal, what say you to it?

*Mowb.* I well allow the occasion of our arms;  
But gladly would be better satisfied,  
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves

proposed to change *degrees* to *diseases*. But there is wit in speaking of a diseased sinner as *graduating* with honours.

<sup>27</sup> Thus the folio. The quarto has “of my chin.” See note on p. 153.

<sup>28</sup> *Commodity* is *profit, interest*. Vide note on King John, Act ii. Sc. 2, p. 306.

To look with forehead bold and big enough  
Upon the power and puissance of the king.

*Hast.* Our present musters grow upon the file  
To five and twenty thousand men of choice ;  
And our supplies live largely in the hope  
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns  
With an incensed fire of injuries.

*L. Bard.* The question then, Lord Hastings, stand-  
eth thus :—

Whether our present five and twenty thousand  
May hold up head without Northumberland.

*Hast.* With him, we may.

*L. Bard.* Ay, marry, there's the point :  
But if without him we be thought too feeble,  
My judgment is, we should not step too far  
Till we had his assistance by one hand :  
[For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this<sup>1</sup>,  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids uncertain, should not be admitted.]

*Arch.* 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,  
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

*L. Bard.* It was, my lord ; who lin'd himself with  
hope,  
Eating the air on promise of supply,  
Flattering himself with project of a power  
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts<sup>2</sup> :  
And so, with great imagination,  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

*Hast.* But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt,  
To lay down likelihoods, and forms of hope.

<sup>1</sup> Three lines, included in brackets, are here only to be found in the folio.

<sup>2</sup> That is, "Flattering himself that the power he had to contend with was smaller than he had even thought."

*L. Bard.* [Yes, in<sup>3</sup> this present quality of war ;—  
 Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot,  
 Lives so in hope, as in an early spring  
 We see the appearing buds ; which, to prove fruit,  
 Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair,  
 That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build  
 We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;  
 And when we see the figure of the house,  
 Then must we rate the cost of the erection :  
 Which if we find outweighs ability,  
 What do we then, but draw anew the model  
 In fewer offices ; or, at last<sup>4</sup>, desist  
 To build at all ? Much more, in this great work  
 (Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,  
 And set another up), should we survey  
 The plot of situation, and the model ;  
 Consent upon a sure foundation ;  
 Question surveyors ; know our own estate,  
 How able such a work to undergo,  
 To weigh against his<sup>5</sup> opposite ; or else,]  
 We fortify in paper, and in figures,  
 Using the names of men instead of men

<sup>3</sup> The first twenty lines of Lord Bardolph's speech are not in the quarto ; they were first inserted in the folio 1623. The old copy reads:—

“ *Bard.* Yes, *if* this present quality of war,  
 Indeed the instant action : a cause on foot,  
 Lives so in hope,” &c.

Malone substituted *in* for *if*, at the suggestion of Johnson. Lord Bardolph means, “ Yes, such course hath done hurt ; namely, in such a condition of matters military as we are now to deal with.”

<sup>4</sup> The old copy has *least* ; Steevens corrected it.

<sup>5</sup> Much more in this great work, says Lord Bardolph, should we examine our plan, our situation, and the frame of it. Agree upon a secure foundation of it. Question lookers-on, know our position ; how far we are able to undertake such a work and preponderate against what is opposed to it. We have here again the personal pronoun *his* for *its* ; and, not perceiving this, the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio botched the passage with an interpolated line of his own invention.



Like one, that draws the model of a house  
Beyond his power to build it; who, half through,  
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost  
A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant, that our hopes (yet likely of fair birth),  
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd  
The utmost man of expectation;  
I think, we are a body strong enough,  
Even as we are, to equal with the king.

*L. Bard.* What! is the king but five and twenty  
thousand?

*Hast.* To us, no more; nay, not so much, Lord  
Bardolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
Are in three heads: one power against the French<sup>7</sup>,  
And one against Glendower; perforce, a third  
Must take up us: So is the unfirm king  
In three divided; and his coffers sound  
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

*Arch.* That he should draw his several strengths  
together,  
And come against us in full puissance,  
Need not be dreaded.

*Hast.* If he should do so,  
He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and Welsh  
Baying him at the heels: never fear that.

[*Bard.* Who, is it like, should lead his forces hither?

*Hast.* The duke of Lancaster<sup>8</sup>, and Westmoreland:

<sup>7</sup> During this rebellion of Northumberland and the Archbishop, a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven in aid of Owen Glendower. See Holinshed, p. 531.

<sup>8</sup> Prince John of Lancaster was not created a duke till the second year of the reign of his brother, King Henry V. At this time Prince Henry was actually duke of Lancaster. Shakespeare was misled by Stow, who, speaking of the first parliament of King Henry IV. says, "Then the king rose, and made his eld-

Against the Welsh, himself, and Harry Monmouth :  
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,  
I have no certain notice.

*Arch.*

Let us on<sup>9</sup> ;

And publish the occasion of our arms.  
The commonwealth is sick of their own choice,  
Their over greedy love hath surfeited :—  
An habitation giddy and unsure  
Hath he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart.  
O thou fond many ! with what loud applause  
Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,  
Before he was what thou would'st have him be !  
And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,  
Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,  
That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.  
So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge  
Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;  
And now thou would'st eat thy dead vomit up,  
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times ?  
They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him die,  
Are now become enamour'd on his grave :  
Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head,  
When through proud London he came sighing on  
After the admired heels of Bolingbroke,  
Cry'st now, *O earth, yield us that king again,*  
*And take thou this !* O thoughts of men accurst !  
Past, and to come, seem<sup>10</sup> best ; things present, worst.

*Mowb.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on<sup>11</sup> ?

*Hast.* We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

est sonne prince of Wales, &c. ; his *second sonne* was there made duke of Lancaster." *Annales*, 1631.—He seems to have consulted Stow (p. 323) between the times of finishing the last play and beginning of the present.

<sup>9</sup> This speech first appeared in the folio.

<sup>10</sup> The old copy has *seems*.

<sup>11</sup> This line is printed in italics with inverted commas, in the folio.

## ACT II.

SCENE I. London. *A Street.*

*Enter Hostess; FANG, and his Boy, with her; and SNARE following.*

*Hostess.*

**M**ASTER FANG, have you entered the ac-  
tion?

*Fang.* It is enter'd.

*Host.* Where is your yeoman<sup>1</sup>? Is it a lusty yeoman? will a' stand to't?

*Fang.* Sirrah, where's Snare?

*Host.* O lord, ay: good master Snare.

*Snare.* Here, here.

*Fang.* Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

*Host.* Yea, good master Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

*Snare.* It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

*Host.* Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabbed me in mine own house, and that most beastly. In good faith, he cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin<sup>2</sup> like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

*Fang.* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

*Host.* No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

*Fang.* An I but fist him once; an a' come but within my vice<sup>3</sup>;—

*Host.* I am undone by his going; I warrant you,

<sup>1</sup> *A bailiff's follower* was formerly called a *serjeant's yeoman*.

<sup>2</sup> *Foin*, i. e. *thrust*.

<sup>3</sup> The quarto reads *view*. *Vice* is used for *grasp* or *clutch*. The *fist* is vulgarly called the *vice* in the west of England.

he's an infinitive thing upon my score. — Good master Fang, hold him sure ;—good master Snare, let him not 'scape. He comes continually to Pie-corner (saving your manhoods), to buy a saddle ; and he's indited to dinner to the lubbar's head in Lumbert-street, to master Smooth's the silkman : I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long one<sup>4</sup> for a poor lone woman to bear : and I have borne, and borne, and borne ; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing ; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong.——

*Enter* SIR JOHN FALSTAFF, Page, and  
BARDOLPH.

Yonder he comes ; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave, Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your offices, master Fang, and master Snare ; do me, do me, do me your offices.

*Fal.* How now ? whose mare's dead ? what's the matter ?

*Fang.* Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

*Fal.* Away, varlets !—Draw, Bardolph ; cut me off the villain's head ; throw the quean in the channel.

*Host.* Throw me in the channel ? I'll throw thee in the channel. Wilt thou ? wilt thou ? thou bastardly rogue !—Murder, murder ! O thou honey-suckle<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Douce thought the alteration unnecessary : and that the hostess means to say that a hundred *mark* is a long *score*, or *reckoning*, for her to bear. Theobald supposed *one* to be a corruption of *lone* or *loan*.

<sup>5</sup> It is scarcely necessary to remark that *honey-suckle* and *honey-seed* are Dame Quickly's corruptions of *homicidal* and *homicide*. To

villain ! wilt thou kill God's officers, and the king's ?  
O thou honey-seed<sup>d</sup>5 rogue ! thou art a honey-seed ;  
a man-queller<sup>d</sup>5, and a woman-queller.

*Fal.* Keep them off, Bardolph.

*Fang.* A rescue ! a rescue !

*Host.* Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou wo't, wo't thou ? thou wo't, wo't thou ? do, do, thou rogue ! do, thou hemp-seed !

*Fal.* Away, you scullion ! you rampallian ! you fustilarian ! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

*Enter the Lord Chief Justice, attended.*

*Ch. Just.* What's the matter ? keep the peace here, ho !

*Host.* Good my lord, be good to me ! I beseech you, stand to me !

*Ch. Just.* How now, Sir John ? what, are you  
brawling here ?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business ?  
You should have been well on your way to York.—  
Stand from him, fellow ; wherefore hang'st upon him ?

*Host.* O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

*Ch. Just.* For what sum ?

*Host.* It is more than for some, my lord : it is for all, all I have : he hath eaten me out of house and home ; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his :—but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

*Fal.* I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

*Ch. Just.* How comes this, Sir John ? Fye ! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of

*quell* was anciently used for to kill. "A manqueller, a manslayer, or murderer ; homicida."—*Junius's Nomenclator*, 1585.

exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

*Fal.* What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

*Host.* Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself, and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt<sup>6</sup> goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson-week<sup>7</sup>, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not good-wife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us, she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it if thou canst<sup>8</sup>.

*Fal.* My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says,

<sup>6</sup> *Parcel-gilt* is *partly-gilt*, or *gilt only in parts*. Laneham, in his Letter from Kenilworth, describing a bride-cup, says, "It was formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a faire turn'd foot set to it, all seemly be-sylvered and *parcel gilt*." The expression is too common in old writers to need further illustration.

<sup>7</sup> The folio reads *Whitsun-week*: but the corruption is in the hostess's manner. It also has "for *likening him* to," &c. and *familiar* instead of the intended blunder *familiarity*.

<sup>8</sup> In his Essay on Method, Coleridge quotes this speech as an instance of narrative "fermenting o'er with frothy circumstance." He says: "The poor soul's thoughts and sentences are more closely interlinked than the truth of nature would have required, but that the connections and sequence which the habit of Method can alone give, have in this instance a substitute in the fusion of passion. For the absence of Method, which charac-

up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you : she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But for these foolish officers, I beseech you, I may have redress against them.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration : you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, [and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.]<sup>9</sup>

*Host.* Yea, in troth, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* 'Pr'ythee, peace :—Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her ; the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance.

*Fal.* My lord, I will not undergo this sneap<sup>10</sup> without reply. You call honourable boldness, impudent sauciness : if a man will make court'sy, and say nothing, he is virtuous : No, my lord, my humble

terizes the uneducated, is occasioned by an habitual submission of the understanding to mere events and images as such, and independent of any power in the mind to classify and appropriate them. The general accompaniments of time and place are the only relations which persons of this class appear to regard in their statements."

<sup>9</sup> The words in brackets are from the quarto, 1600.

<sup>10</sup> *Sneap* is *reproof*, *rebuke*. Thus in Brome's *Antipodes* :—

"Do you *sneap* me, my lord?"

And again :—

"No need to come hither to be *sneap'd*."

"Even as now I was not,

When you *sneap'd* me, my lord."

Snip, snib, sneb, and snub, are different forms of the same word. To *sneap* was originally to *check* or pinch by frost. Shakespeare has *sneaping* frost and *sneaping* winds in other places.

duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor ; I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the king's affairs.

*Ch. Just.* You speak as having power to do wrong : but answer in the effect of your reputation<sup>11</sup>, and satisfy the poor woman.

*Fal.* Come hither, hostess.      [*Taking her aside.*]

*Enter GOWER.*

*Ch. Just.* Now, master Gower ; What news ?

*Gow.* The king, my lord, and Harry prince of Wales Are near at hand : the rest the paper tells.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman :—

*Host.* Nay, you said so before.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman ;—Come, no more words of it.

*Host.* By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate, and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

*Fal.* Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking : and for thy walls,—a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work<sup>12</sup>, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go wash thy face, and 'draw thy action ; Come, thou must not be in this humour with me ; dost not know me ? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

<sup>11</sup> *But answer in the effect of your reputation, i. e. suitably to your character.*

<sup>12</sup> *Water work is water colour paintings or hangings.* The painted cloth was generally oil colour ; but a cheaper sort, probably resembling in their execution some modern paper-hangings, was brought from Holland or Germany, executed in water colour, or distemper. The German hunting, or wild boar hunt, would consequently be a prevalent subject.



*Host.* 'Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles ; i' faith I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la.

*Fal.* Let it alone ; I'll make other shift : you'll be a fool still.

*Host.* Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper ; you'll pay me all together.

*Fal.* Will I live ?—Go, with her, with her ; [*To BARDOLPH.*] hook on, hook on.

*Host.* Will you have Doll Tear-sheet meet you at supper ?

*Fal.* No more words ; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Page.*]

*Ch. Just.* I have heard better news<sup>13</sup>.

*Fal.* What's the news, my good lord ?

*Ch. Just.* Where lay the king last night ?

*Gow.* At Basingstoke, my lord.

*Fal.* I hope, my lord, all's well : What is the news, my lord ?

*Ch. Just.* Come all his forces back ?

*Gow.* No ; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse, Are march'd up to my lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland, and the archbishop.

*Fal.* Comes the king back from Wales, my noble lord ?

*Ch. Just.* You shall have letters of me presently : Come, go along with me, good master Gower.

*Fal.* My lord !

*Ch. Just.* What's the matter ?

*Fal.* Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner ?

<sup>13</sup> The folio has "bitter news," and below the quarto misprints *to-night* for *last night*, and *Billingsgate* for *Basingstoke*. There are several other variations, but too unimportant to trouble the reader with them.

*Gow.* I must wait upon my good lord here : I thank you, good Sir John.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

*Fal.* Will you sup with me, master Gower?

*Ch. Just.* What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

*Fal.* Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord ; tap for tap, and so part fair.

*Ch. Just.* Now the lord lighten thee ! thou art a great fool. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The same. Another Street.*

*Enter PRINCE HENRY and POINS.*

*P. Hen.* Trust me, I am exceeding weary.

*Poins.* Is it come to that ? I had thought, weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

*P. Hen.* 'Faith, it does me ; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer ?

*Poins.* Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied, as to remember so weak a composition.

*P. Hen.* Belike then, my appetite was not princely got ; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me, to remember thy name ! or to know thy face to-morrow ! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast ! *viz.* these and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones ? or to bear the inventory of thy shirts ; as, one for superfluity, and one other for use ?—but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I ; for it is a low ebb of

linen with thee, when thou keepest not racket there<sup>a</sup>; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland: [and God knows, whether those that bawl out the ruins of thy linen<sup>1</sup>, shall inherit his kingdom: but the midwives say, the children are not in the fault; whereupon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.]

*Poins.* How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is<sup>b</sup>?

*P. Hen.* Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins?

*Poins.* Yes; and let it be an excellent good thing.

*P. Hen.* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

*Poins.* Go to; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

*P. Hen.* Why, I tell thee,—it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend), I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

*Poins.* Very hardly, upon such a subject.

*P. Hen.* By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book, as thou, and Falstaff, for obduracy and persistency: ~~Let the end try the man.~~ But I tell thee,—my heart bleeds inwardly, that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art, hath in reason taken from me all ostentation<sup>2</sup> of sorrow.

<sup>a</sup> That is, when Poins has no shirt to wear; a game of activity and exertion requiring the coat or doublet to be taken off.

<sup>1</sup> His *bastard children*, wrapt up in his old shirts. The ellipsis out for out of, Steevens says, is sometimes used. The passage is not in the folio.

<sup>b</sup> The folio has "lying so sick as yours is."

<sup>2</sup> *Ostentation* is not here used for *boastful* show, but for mere outward show:—

*Poins.* The reason?

*P. Hen.* What would'st thou think of me, if I should weep?

*Poins.* I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

*P. Hen.* It would be every man's thought: and thou art a blessed fellow, to think as every man thinks; never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me a hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

*Poins.* Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

*P. Hen.* And to thee.

*Poins.* By this light, I am well spoken of, I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands<sup>3</sup>; and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

*P. Hen.* And the boy that I gave Falstaff: he had him from me christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

*Enter BARDOLPH and Page.*

*Bard.* "Save your grace!

*P. Hen.* And yours, most noble Bardolph!

*Bard.* Come, you virtuous ass<sup>a</sup> [*To the Page*], you

"Like one well studied in a sad ostent

To please his grandam."—*Merchant of Venice*.

<sup>3</sup> *A proper fellow of my hands* is the same as *a tall fellow of his hands*, which has been already explained in a note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 4, p. 206. That *a tall* or *a proper fellow* was sometimes used in an equivocal sense for *a thief*, there can be no doubt. Cotgrave has a proverb, "*Les beaux hommes au gibet: The gibbet makes an end of proper men.*" A *striker* is one of its meanings, according to Cotgrave, "who taking a *proper* youth to be his apprentice, to teach him the order of *striking* and foisting."—*Greene's Art of Cony Catching*.

<sup>a</sup> The folio has "*pernicious ass.*" All the old editions give the speech to Poins. Theobald set it right.

bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man at arms are you become! Is it such a matter, to get a pottle-pot's maidenhead?

*Page.* He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red-lattice<sup>4</sup>, and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last, I spied his eyes; and, methought, he had made two holes in the ale-wife's new petticoat, and peeped through.

*P. Hen.* Hath not the boy profited?

*Bard.* Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away!

*Page.* Away, you rascally Althea's dream, away!

*P. Hen.* Instruct us, boy: What dream, boy?

*Page.* Marry, my lord, Althea dream'd she was deliver'd of a fire-brand; and therefore I call him her dream<sup>5</sup>.

*P. Hen.* A crown's worth of good interpretation.  
—There it is, boy. [Gives him money.]

*Poins.* O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

*Bard.* An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

*P. Hen.* And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Well, my lord. He heard of your grace's coming to town; there's a letter for you.

*Poins.* Deliver'd with good respect.—And how doth the martlemas<sup>6</sup>, your master?

*Bard.* In bodily health, sir.

*Poins.* Marry, the immortal part needs a physician:

*A red lattice, i. e. an alehouse window.*

<sup>5</sup> Johnson has remarked that the poet has confounded *Althea's* firebrand with *Hecuba's*. It was the latter who dreamed of it.

<sup>6</sup> Falstaff is before called thou *latter spring*, *all-hallown summer*, and Poins now calls him *martlemas*, a corruption of *martinmas*, which means the same thing; the feast of St. Martin being considered the latter end of autumn. *Esté de St. Martin* is a French proverb for a *late summer*. It means therefore an old fellow with juvenile passions.

but that moves not him ; though that be sick, it dies not.

*P. Hen.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog : and he holds his place ; for, look you, how he writes.

*Poins.* [*Reads.*] John Falstaff, *knight*,—Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself. Even like those that are kin to the king ; for they never prick their finger, but they say, *There is some of the king's blood spilt : How comes that ?* says he that takes upon him not to conceive : the answer is as ready as a borrower's<sup>7</sup> cap ; *I am the king's poor cousin, sir.*

*P. Hen.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But the letter :—

*Poins.* *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the king, nearest his father, Harry, Prince of Wales, greeting.*—Why, this is a certificate.

*P. Hen.* Peace !

*Poins.* *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity:—he sure means brevity in breath ; short-winded. —I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Poins : for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears, thou art to marry his sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may'st, and so farewell.*

*Thine, by yea and no (which is as much as to say, as thou usest him),  
Jack Falstaff, with my familiars ;  
John, with my brothers and sisters ;  
and Sir John, with all Europe.*

My lord, I will steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

*P. Hen.* That's to make him eat twenty of his

<sup>7</sup> The old copies read a *borrowed* cap. The emendation is Warburton's.

words. But do you use me thus. Ned? must I marry your sister?

*Poins.* May the wench have no worse fortune! but I never said so.

*P. Hen.* Well, thus we play the fools with the time: and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds, and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

*Bard.* Yes, my lord.

*P. Hen.* Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank<sup>8</sup>?

*Bard.* At the old place, my lord; in Eastcheap.

*P. Hen.* What company?

*Page.* Ephesians, my lord; of the old church<sup>9</sup>.

*P. Hen.* Sup any women with him?

*Page.* None, my lord, but old mistress Quickly, and mistress Doll Tear-sheet.

*P. Hen.* What pagan<sup>10</sup> may that be?

*Page.* A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

*P. Hen.* Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull.—Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

*Poins.* I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you.

*P. Hen.* Sirrah, you boy,—and, Bardolph;—no word to your master, that I am yet come to town: There's for your silence.

*Bard.* I have no tongue, sir.

<sup>8</sup> A *frank* is a *sty* or *coop*, a place to fatten a boar in. To *frank* was to fatten. We have *frank'd up*, for *cooped up*, twice in King Richard III. See Mr. Way's Edition of the Promptorium, or Baret's *Alvearie v. Francke*.

<sup>9</sup> A cant phrase probably signifying *topers*, or *jolly companions of the old sort*. The Host in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* says, "It is thine host, thine *Ephesian*, calls."

<sup>10</sup> Massinger, in *The City Madam*, has used this phrase for a *wench*:—

"In all these places  
I've had my several *pagans* billeted.

*Page.* And for mine, sir,—I will govern it.

*P. Hen.* Fare ye well ; go. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*]—This Doll Tear-sheet should be some road.

*Poins.* I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Albans and London.

*P. Hen.* How might we see Falstaff bestow<sup>11</sup> himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen ?

*Poins.* Put on two leather jerkins, and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

*P. Hen.* From a god to a bull ? a heavy descension<sup>12</sup> ! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice ? a low transformation ! that shall be mine : for, in every thing, the purpose must weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned. [*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III. Warkworth. *Before the Castle.*

*Enter NORTHUMBERLAND, LADY NORTHUMBERLAND, and LADY PERCY.*

*North.* I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,

Give even way unto my rough affairs ;  
Put not you on the visage of the times,  
And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

*Lady N.* I have given over, I will speak no more :  
Do what you will ; your wisdom be your guide.

*North.* Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn ;

<sup>11</sup> i. e. *act*. In a MS. letter from Secretary Conway to Buckingham, at the Isle of Woe, "also what the lords have advanced for the expedition towards you, since Saturday that they returned from Windsor with charge to *bestowe themselves* seriously in it."—*Conway Papers*. In *As You Like It*, Act iv. Sc. 3 :—

"The boy *bestows himself* like a ripe sister."

Strictly speaking, it means *employ*. Palsgrave renders *bestowing* by the French word *employment*.

<sup>12</sup> *Descension*, so the quarto ; the folio reads *declension*.



And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

*Lady P.* O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your word,  
 When you were more endear'd to it than now;  
 When your own Percy, when my heart-dear Harry,  
 Threw many a northward look, to see his father  
 Bring up his powers: but he did long in vain.  
 Who then persuaded you to stay at home?  
 There were two honours lost; yours, and your son's.  
 For yours,—may heavenly glory brighten it!  
 For his,—it stuck upon him, as the sun  
 In the grey vault of heaven: and, by his light,  
 Did all the chivalry of England move  
 To do brave acts; he was, indeed, the glass  
 Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.  
 He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait<sup>1</sup>:  
 And speaking thick<sup>2</sup>, which nature made his blemish,  
 Became the accents of the valiant;  
 For those that could speak low, and tardily,  
 Would turn their own perfection to abuse,  
 To seem like him: So that, in speech, in gait,  
 In diet, in affections of delight,  
 In military rules, humours of blood,  
 He was the mark and glass, copy and book<sup>3</sup>,  
 That fashion'd others. And him,—O wondrous him!  
 O miracle of men!—him did you leave

<sup>1</sup> This and the twenty-one following lines were first given in the folio.

<sup>2</sup> Speaking *thick* is speaking *quick*, rapidity of utterance. Baret translates the *anhelitus creber* of Virgil *thicke-breathing*. So in *Cymbeline*:—

“ Say and *speak thick*,

Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing.”

See note on *Macbeth*, Act i. Sc. 3. *Became the accents of the valiant*; that is, *came to be affected by them*.

<sup>3</sup> Thus in the *Rape of Lucrece*:—

“ For princes are the *glass*, the school, the *book*  
 Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.”

(Second to none, unseconded by you),  
 To look upon the hideous god of war  
 In disadvantage ; to abide a field,  
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name  
 Did seem defensible<sup>4</sup> :—so you left him .  
 Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong,  
 To hold your honour more precise and nice  
 With others, than with him ; let them alone ;  
 The marshal, and the archbishop, are strong :  
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,  
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,  
 Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

*North.* Beshrew your heart,  
 Fair daughter ! you do draw my spirits from me,  
 With new lamenting ancient oversights.  
 But I must go, and meet with danger there ;  
 Or it will seek me in another place,  
 And find me worse provided.

*Lady N.* O, fly to Scotland,  
 Till that the nobles, and the armed commons,  
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

*Lady P.* If they get ground and vantage of the king,  
 Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
 To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,  
 First let them try themselves : So did your son ;  
 He was so suffer'd ; so came I a widow ;  
 And never shall have length of life enough,  
 To rain upon remembrance<sup>5</sup> with mine eyes,  
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,

<sup>4</sup> *Defensible* does not in this place mean *capable of defence*, but *bearing strength, furnishing the means of defence* ; the passive for the active participle.

<sup>5</sup> *To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes*, alluding to the plant *rosemary*, so called because it was the symbol of *remembrance*, and therefore used at weddings and funerals. Thus *Ophelia* says :—“ There's *rosemary*, that's for *remembrance*.” And *Perdita* gives it the same attribute.

For recordation to my noble husband.

*North.* Come, come, go in with me : 'tis with my mind,

As with the tide swell'd up unto its<sup>6</sup> height,  
That makes a still-stand, running neither way.

Fain would I go to meet the archbishop,  
But many thousand reasons hold me back :——

I will resolve for Scotland ; there am I,  
Till time and vantage crave my company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. London. *A Room in the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Enter Two Drawers.*

1 *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there ?  
apple-Johns ? thou know'st, Sir John cannot endure  
an apple-John<sup>1</sup>.

2 *Draw.* Mass, thou sayest true : The prince once  
set a dish of apple-Johns before him, and told him,  
there were five more Sir Johns : and, putting off his  
hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry,  
round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the  
heart ; but he hath forgot that.

1 *Draw.* Why then, cover, and set them down :  
And see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise<sup>2</sup> ; mis-

<sup>6</sup> The old copies have *his* height, the personal pronoun for the neuter possessive ; but it would here tend to obscure the sense and render it equivocal.

<sup>1</sup> *Apple-Johns.* This apple, which was said to keep two years, is well described by Phillips :——

“ Nor *John-apple*, whose wither'd rind entrench'd  
By many a furrow, aptly represents  
Decrepid age.”

Falstaff has already said of himself, “ I am withered like an old *apple-John*.” In Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, where Littlewit encourages Quarlous to kiss his wife, he says, “ She may call you an *apple-John* if you use this.” Act i. Sc. 3. Here *apple-John* evidently means a *pimp*, or *pander*, then called an *apple-squire*.

<sup>2</sup> A *noise*, or a *consort*, was used for a *set* or *company* of musicians.

tress Tear-sheet would fain hear some musick. [Despatch :—The room where they supped is too hot ; they'll come in straight<sup>3</sup>.]

2 *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the prince, and master Poins anon : and they will put on two of our jerkins, and aprons ; and Sir John must not know of it : Bar-dolph hath brought word.

1 *Draw.* By the mass, here will be old *utis*<sup>4</sup> : It will be an excellent stratagem.

2 *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak. [*Exit.*]

*Enter Hostess and DOLL TEAR-SHEET.*

*Host.* I'faith, sweet heart, methinks now you are in an excellent good temperality : your pulside beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire ; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose ; But, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries ; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say,—What's this ?—How do you now ?

*Dol.* Better than I was. Hem.

*Host.* Why, that's well said ; a good heart's worth gold. Look, here comes Sir John.

Sneak was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen for his band. Falstaff addresses them as a company in another scene. In the old play of King Henry IV.—“ There came the young Prince, and two or three more of his companions, and called for wine good store, and then sent for a *noyse of musitians*,” &c. Vide Macbeth, Act iv. Sc. 1.

<sup>3</sup> The passage in brackets is only in the quarto.

<sup>4</sup> *Old utis* is *old festivity*, or *merry doings*. *Utis*, or *utas*, being the *eighth* day after any festival ; any day between the feast and the eighth day was said to be within the *utas*. So Sir Thomas More, in the last letter he wrote to his daughter the day before his execution, desires to die on the morrow, “ For it is Saint Thomas' even, and the *utas* of Saint Peter.” In *A Contention between Liberality and Prodigality*, 1602 :—

“ Then, if you please, with some roysting harmony  
Let us begin the *utas* of our jollity.”

*Enter FALSTAFF, singing.*

*Fal.* When Arthur first in court<sup>5</sup>.—Empty the jordan.—And was a worthy king: [*Exit Drawer.*] How now, mistress Doll?

*Host.* Sick of a calm: yea, good sooth.

*Fal.* So is all her sect<sup>6</sup>; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

*Dol.* You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

*Fal.* You make fat rascals<sup>7</sup>, mistress Doll.

*Dol.* I make them! gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

*Fal.* If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll: we catch of you, Doll, we catch of you; grant that, my pure<sup>8</sup> virtue, grant that.

*Dol.* Ay, marry<sup>9</sup>; our chains, and our jewels.

*Fal.* Your brooches, pearls, and owches<sup>10</sup>;—for to

*Uti* is said to be still used for what is called a *row*, a scene of noisy turbulence, in Warwickshire. *Old* was a common augmentative for *abundant*, or *as of old time*; it can hardly yet be considered as obsolete. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—"Here will be an *old* abusing of God's patience and the king's English." See *Macbeth*, Act ii. Sc. 3; and *Taming of the Shrew*, Act iii. Sc. 2, p. 172.

<sup>5</sup> The entire ballad is in the first volume of Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Antient Poetry*; it is entitled *Sir Lancelot du Lake*.

<sup>6</sup> Steevens is right in his assertion that *sect* and *sex* were anciently synonymous; the instances of the use of the one for the other are too numerous for it to have been a mere vulgar corruption.

<sup>7</sup> Falstaff alludes to a phrase of the forest. "*Rascall*," says Puttenham, p. 150, "is properly the hunting term given to young deer *leane* and out of season, and not to people."

<sup>8</sup> The old copy has *poor*. It is corrected in my second folio, as well as in that of Mr. Collier.

<sup>9</sup> The quarto has *Yea, joy*, instead of *Ay, marry*, which is substituted in the folio.

<sup>10</sup> The line is quoted from *The Boy and the Mantle*. Vide Percy's *Reliques*, vol. iii. p. 401.

serve bravely, is to come halting off, you know: To come off the breach with his pike bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to venture upon the charged chambers<sup>11</sup> bravely:—

[*Dol.* Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang yourself<sup>12</sup> !]

*Host.* By my troth, this is the old fashion; you two never meet, but you fall to some discord: you are both, in good truth, as rheumatick<sup>13</sup> as two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year! one must bear, and that must be you: [*To DOLL.*] you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

*Dol.* Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hog'shead? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bordeaux stuff in him: you have not seen a hulk better stuffed in the hold.—Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack: thou art going to the wars; and whether I shall ever see thee again, or no, there is nobody cares.

*Re-enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Sir, ancient<sup>14</sup> Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

<sup>11</sup> To understand this quibble it is necessary to remember that a chamber signifies not only an apartment, but a *small piece of ordnance*.

<sup>12</sup> This abusive speech of Doll is omitted in the folio.

<sup>13</sup> Mrs. Quickly means *splenetic*, as before *calm* for *qualm*. It should be remarked, however, that *rheum* seems to have been a cant word for *spleen*. In Every Man in his Humour, Cob says, "Nay, I have my *rheum*, and I can be angry as well as another." To which Cash replies, "Thy *rheum*, Cob! thy humour, thy humour; thou mistak'st." But Daniel, in the Queen's Arcadia, Act iii. Sc. 1, uses it also for *spleen*:—

"But now, in faith, I have found out a trick

That will perpetually so feed their *rheums*."

<sup>14</sup> *Ancient*, that is, "he that carrieth the colours to a company of foot soldiers, an ensign bearer."—*Phillips*. Falstaff was captain, Peto lieutenant, and Pistol *ensign*. I have met with the

*Dol.* Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not come hither: it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

*Host.* If he swagger, let him not come here; no, by my faith; I must live amongst my neighbours; I'll no swaggerers: I am in good name and fame with the very best:—Shut the door;—there comes no swaggerers here: I have not lived all this while to have swaggering now:—shut the door, I pray you.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, hostess?—

*Host.* 'Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John; there comes no swaggerers here.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear? it is mine ancient.

*Host.* Tilly-fally<sup>a</sup>, Sir John, never tell me; your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before master Tisick<sup>15</sup>, the deputy, the other day; and, as he said to me,—it was no longer ago than Wednesday last,—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he;—master Dumb, our minister, was by then;—*Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil; for, saith he, you are in an ill name;*—now he said so, I can tell where-upon; *for*, says he, *you are an honest woman, and well thought on; therefore take heed what guests you receive: Receive*, says he, *no swaggering companions.*—There comes none here;—you would bless you to hear what he said:—no, I'll no swaggerers.

*Fal.* He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame cheater<sup>16</sup>, he; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy grey-

word in old MSS. written *ansine*. Hence the more recent *ensign*.

<sup>a</sup> *Tilly fally*. See *Twelfth Night*, Act ii. Sc. 3, note 13, p. 382.

<sup>15</sup> The names of Master *Tisick* and Master *Dumb* are ludicrously intended to denote that the deputy was puffy and short-winded; the minister one of those who preached only the homilies set forth by authority. The Puritans nicknamed them Dumb-dogs, and the opprobrious epithet continued in use as late as the reign of King Charles II. See *Burnet's Own Times*, vol. i. p. 395.

<sup>16</sup> A *cheater* sometimes meant an *unfair gamester*. But *tame*

hound: he will not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance.— Call him up, drawer.

*Host.* Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater: But I do not love swaggering; by my troth, I am the worse, when one says—swagger: feel, masters, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

*Dol.* So you do, hostess.

*Host.* Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen leaf: I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter* PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and Page.

*Pist.* 'Save you, Sir John!

*Fal.* Welcome, ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack: do you discharge upon mine hostess.

*Pist.* I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

*Fal.* She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly offend her.

*cheater* seems to have meant a *rogue* in general here, as well as in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:—

“And will be drawn into the net

By this decoy duck, this *tame cheater*.”

It is there applied to the cheating mountebank Forbesco. Florio interprets *farbo* “a *cheater*, a *cunnie-catcher*, a *setter*, a *cross biter*.” The humour consists in Mrs. Quickly’s mistaking a *cheater* for an *escheator*, or officer of the exchequer. Greene, in his *Mihil Munchaunce*, has the following passage, which gives the origin of the phrase:—“They call their art by a new found name as *cheating*, themselves *cheators*, and the dice *chetes*: borrowing the term from among our lawyers, with whom all such casuals as fall to the lord, at the holding of his leets, as *waifes*, *straies*, and such like, be called *chetes*, and are accustomed to be *escheated* to the lord’s use.” Lord Coke, in his *Charge at Norwich*, 1607, puns upon the equivocation:—“But if you will be content to let the *escheator* alone, and not look into his actions, he will be contented by deceiving you to change his name, taking unto himself the two last syllables only, with the *es* left out, and so turn *cheater*.”



*Host.* Come, I'll drink no proofs, nor no bullets: I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

*Pist.* Then to you, mistress Dorothy; I will charge you.

*Dol.* Charge me? I scorn you, scurvy companion. What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue; away! I am meat for your master.

*Pist.* I know you, mistress Dorothy.

*Dol.* Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy bung<sup>17</sup>, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you!—Since when, I pray you, sir?—What! with two points<sup>18</sup> on your shoulder? much!

*Pist.* I will murder your ruff for this.

[*Fal.* 'No more, Pistol; I would not have you go off here: discharge yourself of our company, Pistol<sup>19</sup>.]

*Host.* No, good captain Pistol; not here, sweet captain.

*Dol.* Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not asham'd to be call'd—captain? If captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earned them. You a captain, you slave! for what? for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house?—He a captain! Hang him, rogue! He lives upon mouldy stew'd prunes, and dried cakes<sup>20</sup>. A captain! these

<sup>17</sup> To *nip a bung*, in the cant of thievery, was to *cut a purse*. "*Bung* is now used for a *pocket*, heretofore for a *purse*."—*Belman of London*, 1610. *Doll* means to call him *pick-pocket*. *Cuttle*, and *cuttle-bung*, were also cant terms for the knife used by cut-purses. These terms are therefore used by metonymy for a thief.

<sup>18</sup> *Two points*, i. e. *laces, marks of his commission*. *Much!* was a common scornful exclamation. The quarto has *God's light!* instead of *What! with*.

<sup>19</sup> This speech is not in the folio.

<sup>20</sup> There is a personage of the same stamp with Pistol, and

villains will make the word captain as odious [as the word occupy<sup>21</sup>; which was an excellent good word before it was ill-sorted]; therefore captains had need look to't.

*Bard.* 'Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

*Fal.* Hark thee hither, mistress Doll.

*Pist.* Not I: I tell thee what, corporal Bardolph;—I could tear her:—I'll be revenged on her.

*Page.* 'Pray thee, go down.

*Pist.* I'll see her damn'd first;—to Pluto's damned lake; by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down! down, dogs! down, faitors! Have we not Hiren here<sup>22</sup>?

obviously copied from him, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, by Nat. Field, 1612, who is thus described:—

“Thou unspeakable rascal, thou a soldier!  
That with thy slops and cat-a-mountain face,  
Thy blather-chaps, and thy robustious words,  
Fright'st the poor whore, and terribly dost exact  
A weekly subsidy, twelve pence a piece,  
Whereon thou livest; and on my conscience  
Thou snap'st besides with cheats and cutpurses.”

*Mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes*, are put for the refuse of brothels.

<sup>21</sup> This word has been perverted to an obscene meaning. An *occupant* was also a term for a woman of the town, and an *occupier* meant a *wencher*. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, says.—“Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words, as *occupy*, nature,” &c. The passage is not in the folio, which omits all between *odious* and *therefore*.

<sup>22</sup> Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Pistol a tissue of absurd and fustian passages from many ridiculous old plays. Part of this speech is parodied from *The Battle of Alcazar*, 1594. *Have we not Hiren here?* is probably a line from a play of George Peele's, called *The Turkish Mahomet* and *Hiren the fair Greek*. It is often used ludicrously by subsequent dramatists. *Hiren*, (which seems to be an unscholarlike corruption of *Eirene*,) from its resemblance to siren, was used for a seducing woman, and consequently for a courtesan. Pistol, in his rants, twice brings in the same words, but apparently meaning to give his sword the name of *Hiren*. Mrs. Quickly, with admirable simplicity, supposes him

*Host.* Good captain Peesel, be quiet ; it is very late, i' faith : I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

*Pist.* These be good humours, indeed ! Shall pack-horses,

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,  
Which cannot go but thirty miles a day<sup>23</sup>,  
Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,  
And Trojan Greeks ? nay, rather damn them with  
King Cerberus ; and let the welkin roar.  
Shall we fall foul for toys ?

*Host.* By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

*Bard.* Be gone, good ancient : this will grow to a brawl anon.

*Pist.* Die men, like dogs ; give crowns like pins ;  
Have we not Hiren here ?

*Host.* A' my word, captain, there's none such here.  
What the good-year ! do you think, I would deny her ?  
for God's sake, be quiet.

*Pist.* Then, feed and be fat, my fair Calipolis<sup>24</sup> :  
Comè, give's some sack.

*Si fortuna me tormenta, sperato me contenta*<sup>25</sup>.—  
Fear we broadsides ? no, let the fiend give fire :

to ask for a woman. The quarto has "down *faters*," which the printer of the folio made "down *Fates*." The folio also omits "by this hand," just before.

<sup>23</sup> This is a parody of the lines addressed by Tamburlane to the captive princes who draw his chariot, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590.

<sup>24</sup> This is again a burlesque upon a line in *The Battle of Alcazar*, which Mr. Dyce attributes to George Peele, in which Muley Mahomet enters to his wife with lion's flesh on his sword :—

"Feed then and faint not, my faire Callypolis."

And again in the same play :—

"Hold thee, Calipolis ; feed and faint no more."

"Feed and be fat, that we may meet the foe."

The line is burlesqued in several old plays.

<sup>25</sup> Pistol is supposed to read this motto on his sword. It should run thus :—

Give me some sack;—and, sweetheart, lie thou there.

[*Laying down his sword.*]

Come we to full points here; and are *et ceteras* nothing<sup>26</sup>?

*Fal.* Pistol, I would be quiet.

*Pist.* Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif<sup>27</sup>. What! we have seen the seven stars.

*Dol.* Thrust him down stairs; I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

*Pist.* Thrust him down stairs! know we not Galloway nags<sup>28</sup>?

*Fal.* Quoit<sup>29</sup> him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling: nay, if he do nothing but speak nothing, he shall be nothing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you down stairs.

*Pist.* What! shall we have incision? shall we imbrue?—

[*Snatching up his sword.*]

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days! Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds Untwine the sisters three! Come, Atropos, I say<sup>30</sup>!

“*Se Fortuna me tormenta Speranza me contenta.*”

By singular chance Mr. Douce picked up an old rapier with the same motto in French:—

“*Si fortune me tourmente, l'espérance me contente.*”

A representation is given of it in his *Illustrations*, vol. i. p. 453.

<sup>26</sup> *Come we to full points here*; that is, “Shall we stop here, and have no more sport?”

<sup>27</sup> *Neif* is used by Shakespeare for *fist*. It is a north country word, to be found in Ray's Collection. Thus in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Bottom says, “Give me thy *neif*, Monsieur Mustard-seed.” And Ben Jonson, in his *Poetaster*, “Reach me thy *neif*.”

<sup>28</sup> *Galloway nags*, i. e. common hackneys.

<sup>29</sup> *Quoit him down*, i. e. pitch him down. The *shove-groat shillings* were such broad shillings of King Edward VI. as Slender calls *Edward shovel-boards*, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 1.

<sup>30</sup> Pistol makes use of fragments of old ballads as well as old plays:—

“O death, rock me on slepe,  
Bring me on quiet rest,”

*Host.* Here's goodly stuff toward !

*Fal.* Give me my rapier, boy.

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

*Fal.* Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*

*Host.* Here's a goodly tumult ! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So ; murder, I warrant now.—Alas, alas ! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons.

[*Exeunt PISTOL and BARDOLPH.*

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, be quiet ; the rascal is gone. Ah ! you whoreson little valiant villain, you.

*Host.* Are you not hurt i' the groin ? methought, he made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Have you turn'd him out of doors ?

*Bard.* Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk : you have hurt him, sir, in the shoulder.

*Fal.* A rascal ! to brave me !

*Dol.* Ah, you sweet little rogue, you ! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st ! Come, let me wipe thy face ; —come on, you whoreson chops :—Ah, rogue ! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the nine worthies. Ah, villain !

*Fal.* A rascally slave ! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

*Dol.* Do, if thou darest for thy heart : if thou dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of sheets.

is an ancient song, attributed to Anne Boleyn. There is another in the *Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578, which has furnished him with some of his rhodomontade :—

“ I hate this loathsome life,  
O Atropos, draw nie,  
Untwist the thred of mortall strife,  
Send death, and let me die.”

*Enter Musick.*

*Page.* The musick is come, sir.

*Fal.* Let them play ; — Play, sirs ; [*Musick.*] — Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave ! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

*Dol.* I' faith, and thou followedst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig<sup>31</sup>, when wilt thou leave fighting a' days, and foining a' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven ?

*Enter behind PRINCE HENRY and POINS, disguised like Drawers.*

*Fal.* Peace, good Doll ! do not speak like a death's head : do not bid me remember mine end.

*Dol.* Sirrah, what humour is the prince of ?

*Fal.* A good shallow young fellow : he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipp'd bread well.

*Dol.* They say, Poins has a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit ? hang him, baboon ! his wit is as thick as Tewksbury mustard ; there is no more conceit in him, than is in a mallet<sup>a</sup>.

*Dol.* Why does the prince love him so then ?

*Fal.* Because their legs are both of a bigness : and he plays at quoits well ; and eats conger and fennel<sup>32</sup> ;

<sup>31</sup> Doll says this in coaxing playful ridicule of Falstaff's enormous bulk. Roasted pigs were formerly among the chief attractions of Bartholomew fair ; they were sold, piping hot, in booths and on stalls, and were ostentatiously displayed to excite the appetite of passengers. It was a common subject of allusion.

<sup>a</sup> This seems to have been proverbial. Milton has it, " Though the fancy of this doubt be as obtuse and sad as any mallet." — *Prose Works*, 1738, vol. i. p. 130.

<sup>32</sup> *Fennel* was generally esteemed an inflammatory herb, and therefore to eat *conger and fennel* was to eat two high and hot things together. *Fennel* was also regarded as an emblem of *flattery*. The *flap-dragon* was some small combustible material swallowed alight in a glass of liquor : a *candle's end* formed a very

and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons: and rides the wild mare with the boys<sup>33</sup>; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg: and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories<sup>34</sup>; and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their haber de poiz.

*P. Hen.* Would not this nave of a wheel<sup>35</sup> have his ears cut off?

*Poins.* Let's beat him before his whore.

*P. Hen.* Look, if the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

*Poins.* Is it not strange, that desire should so many years outlive performance?

*Fal.* Kiss me, Doll.

*P. Hen.* Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction<sup>36</sup>! what says the almanack to that?

*Poins.* And, look, whether the fiery Trigon<sup>37</sup>, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.

*Fal.* Thou dost give me flattering busses.

formidable and disagreeable flap-dragon, and to swallow it was consequently among the gallants considered an act of merit, or of gallantry, when done in honour of the toper's mistress.

<sup>33</sup> *Riding the wild mare* is another name for the childish sport of see-saw, or what the French call *bascule* and *balançoire*.

<sup>34</sup> Mr. Donce thinks Falstaff's meaning to be that Poins excites no censure by telling his companions *modest* stories, or, in plain English, that he tells them nothing but *immodest* ones.

<sup>35</sup> Falstaff is humorously called *nave of a wheel*, from his rotundity of figure. The equivocal between *nave* and *knave* is obvious.

<sup>36</sup> This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark that *Saturn and Venus* are never conjoined.

<sup>37</sup> *Trigon* or triangle, a term in the old judicial astrology. They called it a *fiery trigon* when the three upper planets met in a fiery sign; which was thought to denote rage and contention.

*Dol.* Nay, truly : I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

*Fal.* I am old, I am old.

*Dol.* I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stuff wilt have a kirtle<sup>38</sup> of? I shall receive money on Thursday : thou shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song! come : it grows late, we'll to bed. Thou'lt forget me, when I am gone.

*Dol.* By my troth thou'lt set me a weeping, an thou sayest so : prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return.—Well, hearken the end.

*Fal.* Some sack, Francis!

*P. Hen. Poins.* Anon, anon, sir. [*Advancing.*]

*Fal.* Ha! a bastard son of the king's?—And art not thou Poins his brother?

*P. Hen.* Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

*Fal.* A better than thou ; I am a gentleman, thou art a drawer.

<sup>38</sup> *What stuff wilt have a kirtle of?* Few words have occasioned such controversy among the commentators as *kirtle*. These familiar terms frequently are the most baffling to the antiquary, for being in general use they were clearly understood by our ancestors, and are not always accurately defined in the dictionaries. A *kirtle*, from the Saxon *cyrte*, to gird, was undoubtedly a *petticoat*, which sometimes had a body without sleeves attached to it. "*Vasquine*," says Cotgrave, "a *kirtle* or *petticoat*." "*Surcot*, an upper *kirtle* or garment worn over a *kirtle*." Also "*cotte de femme*, a *kirtle*." And Chaucer describing young dancing girls, translates from his original, *The Romant de la Rose*, "*Qui estoient en pure cottes*."

"In *kirtles* and none other weed."

Chaucer also uses *kirtie* for a tunic or sleeveless coat for a man. Florio explains *Tonaca*, "a coate or jacket, or a sleeveless coate. Also a woman's *petticoat* or *kirtle*, an upper safeguard;" and "*semicinto*, half girt, a half *kirtle*," and "*grembiale*, an apron, a safeguard, a half-*kirtle*." Cotgrave also translates "*un devant de robe*, a *kirtle* or *apron*." Minsheu renders the Spanish word "*Vasquina*, a woman's *petticoat* or *kirtle*." And finally, Torriano defines *grembiale*, an *apron*, a *fore-kirtle*. This will put an end to doubt, and I trust to disquisition also, upon the subject.



*P. Hen.* Very true, sir: and I come to draw you out by the ears.

*Host.* O, the Lord preserve thy good grace! by my troth, welcome to London.—Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

*Fal.* Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty,—by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.  
[*Leaning his hand upon DOLL.*

*Dol.* How! you fat fool, I scorn you.

*Poins.* My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

*P. Hen.* You whoreson candle-mine you, how vilely did you speak of me even now, before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

*Host.* God's blessing of your good heart! and so she is, by my troth.

*Fal.* Didst thou hear me?

*P. Hen.* Yes; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill: you knew, I was at your back; and spoke it on purpose, to try my patience.

*Fal.* No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

*P. Hen.* I shall drive you then to confess the wilful abuse; and then I know how to handle you.

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal, on mine honour; no abuse.

*P. Hen.* Not! to dispraise me; and call me—pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what?

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal.

*Poins.* No abuse!

*Fal.* No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him:—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend, and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal;—none, Ned, none;—no, boys, none.

*P. Hen.* See now, whether pure fear, and entire

cowardice, doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? Or is the boy of the wicked? Or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked?

*Poins.* Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

*Fal.* The fiend hath pricked down Bardolph irrecoverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy,—there is a good angel about him; but the devil outbids him too<sup>39</sup>.

*P. Hen.* For the women?—

*Fal.* For one of them,—she is in hell already, and burns, poor soul<sup>40</sup>! For the other,—I owe her money; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

*Host.* No, I warrant you.

*Fal.* No, I think thou art not; I think, thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law<sup>41</sup>; for the which, I think, thou wilt howl.

*Host.* All victuallers do so. What's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent?

*P. Hen.* You, gentlewoman,—

*Dol.* What says your grace?

*Fal.* His grace says that which his flesh rebels against. [Knocking.

<sup>39</sup> So the folio. The quarto reads, "and the devil *blinds* him too."

<sup>40</sup> The old editions have:—"She is in hell already, and burns poor *souls*." The emendation is by Hanmer.

<sup>41</sup> Baret defines a "*victualling house*, a tavern where meate is eaten *out of due season*." By several statutes made in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. for the regulation and observance of fish days, victuallers were expressly forbidden to utter *flesh in Lent*. The brothels were formerly screened under the pretence of being victualling houses and taverns.

*Host.* Who knocks so loud at door? look to the door there, Francis.

*Enter PETO.*

*P. Hen.* Peto, how now? what news?

*Peto.* The king your father is at Westminster,  
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts,  
Come from the north: and, as I came along,  
I met, and overtook, a dozen captains,  
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,  
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

*P. Hen.* By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame,  
So idly to profane the precious time;  
When tempest of commotion, like the south  
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,  
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.  
Give me my sword, and cloak.—Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt* PRINCE HENRY, POINS, PETO,  
and BARDOLPH.

*Fal.* Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and we must hence, and leave it unpick'd.  
[*Knocking heard.*] More knocking at the door?

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

How now? what's the matter?

*Bard.* You must away to court, sir, presently; a dozen captains stay at door for you.

*Fal.* Pay the musicians, sirrah. [*To the Page.*]—Farewell, hostess;—farewell, Doll.—You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after: the undeserver may sleep, when the man of action is called on. Farewell, good wenches: If I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

*Dol.* I cannot speak;—if my heart be not ready to burst;—Well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

*Fal.* Farewell, farewell.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.

*Host.* Well, fare thee well: I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time; but an honest, and truer-hearted man,—Well, fare thee well.

*Bard.* [*Within.*] Mistress Tear-sheet,—

*Host.* What's the matter?

*Bard.* [*Within.*] Bid mistress Tear-sheet come to my master.

*Host.* O run, Doll, run; run, good Doll<sup>42</sup>.


[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.<sup>1</sup> *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KING HENRY in his Nightgown, with a Page.*

*K. Henry.*

 O, call the earls of Surrey and of Warwick;  
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these  
letters,

And well consider of them. Make good speed.—

[*Exit Page.*]

How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep!—O sleep! O gentle sleep!  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,

<sup>42</sup> The quartos add here "Come.—*She comes blubbered,*" which was probably intended for a stage-direction; and the other may have been words spoken by Falstaff, "Yea, will you come, Doll?"

<sup>1</sup> In some copies of the early quarto this scene has been accidentally omitted in printing. In the copy belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, and in that in Malone's collection, the sheet E has been reprinted with *six* instead of *four* leaves to remedy the defect. The folio contains the whole text.

Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,  
 Under the canopies of costly state,  
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
 O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,  
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,  
 A watch-case<sup>2</sup>, or a common 'larum bell?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge;  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds<sup>3</sup>,  
 That, with the hurly<sup>4</sup>, death itself awakes?  
 Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
 And, in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down<sup>5</sup>!  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

<sup>2</sup> What is meant by a *watch-case* here will appear from the following article, cited by Strutt in his *Manners and Customs*, vol. iii. p. 70, from an old inventory:—"Item, a laume (*larum*) or WATCHE of iron, in an iron CASE, with two leaden plumets." The meaning is, that sleep allows the couch of a king to be as liable to sudden disturbances as an alarum itself.

<sup>3</sup> Some of the modern editors altered *clouds* to *shrowds*, meaning the rope ladders of a ship, thus marring the poet's noble image. Steevens judiciously opposed himself to this alteration, but was wrong in asserting that "*shrowds* had anciently the same meaning as *clouds*." *Shrowdes* were *covertures*, *hiding places* of any kind, aerial or otherwise. This will be found the meaning of the word in all the passages cited by Steevens. That *clouds* was the poet's word there can be no doubt. Thus in Julius Cæsar:—

"I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
 To be exalted with the threatening *clouds*."

<sup>4</sup> *Hurly* is a *noise* or *tumult*. As hurly-burly in the first scene of *Macbeth*. See note there.

<sup>5</sup> i. e. *the low lie down happy*. It is thought by many that the true reading should be as Warburton suggested:—

*Enter WARWICK and SURREY.*

*War.* Many good morrows to your majesty!

*K. Hen.* Is it good morrow, lords?

*War.* 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

*K. Hen.* Why then, good morrow to you all<sup>6</sup>, my lords,

Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

*War.* We have, my liege.

*K. Hen.* Then you perceive, the body of our kingdom

How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,  
And with what danger, near the heart of it.

*War.* It is but as a body, yet distemper'd<sup>7</sup>,  
Which to his former strength may be restor'd,  
With good advice, and little medicine.  
My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

*K. Hen.* O heaven! that one might read the book  
of fate;

And see the revolution of the times

Make mountains level, and the continent

(Weary of solid firmness) melt itself

Into the sea! and, other times, to see

The beachy girdle of the ocean

Too wide for Neptune's hips<sup>8</sup>; how chances mock,

"Then happy lowly clown."

Wakefield tells us, in a note to Lucretius, that the same emendation had occurred to him. Johnson adopted the correction, and Mr. Dyce, has given it his support. The printer or transcriber might easily mistake *cl* for *d*. I must, however, confess I see no necessity for doubting the integrity of the old reading.

<sup>6</sup> *Why then, good morrow to you all, my lords.* This phraseology, where only two persons are addressed, is not very correct; but Shakespeare has used it again in King Henry VI. Part II. where York addresses his two friends Salisbury and Warwick.

<sup>7</sup> *Distemper'd* means *disordered, sick*; being only in that state which foreruns or produces diseases.

<sup>8</sup> "When I have seen the hungry ocean gain  
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,

And changes fill the cup of alteration  
 With divers liquors ! [O, if this were seen<sup>9</sup>,  
 The happiest youth,—viewing his progress through,  
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue,—  
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.]

'Tis not ten years gone,  
 Since Richard, and Northumberland, great friends,  
 Did feast together, and, in two years after,  
 Were they at wars. It is but eight years since  
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul ;  
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,  
 And laid his love and life under my foot ;  
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard,  
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by<sup>10</sup> ?  
 (You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember,)

[To WARWICK.

When Richard,—with his eye brimfull of tears,  
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,—  
 Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy.  
*Northumberland, thou ladder, by the which*  
*My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne ;—*  
 Though then, heaven knows, I had no such intent ;

And the firm soil win of the wat'ry main,  
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store,  
 When I have seen such interchange of state," &c.

*Shakespeare's sixty-fourth Sonnet.*

The gist of whole volumes of the modern science of geology is compressed in the lines of the text. There is not a finer anticipation in Lord Bacon.

<sup>9</sup> This and the three following lines are from the quarto copy.

<sup>10</sup> The reference is to King Richard II. Act iv. Sc. 2: but neither Warwick nor the king were present at that conversation. Henry had then ascended the throne. The poet's memory failed him, or he may have disregarded it. The earldom of Warwick was at this time in the family of *Beauchamp*, and did not come into that of the *Nevils* till many years after: when Anne, the daughter of this Earl, married *Richard Nevil*, son of the Earl of Salisbury, who makes a conspicuous figure in the Third Part of King Henry VI. under the title of *Earl of Warwick*.

But that necessity so bow'd the state,  
 That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss :——  
*The time shall come*, thus did he follow it,  
*The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,*  
*Shall break into corruption* :—so went on,  
 Foretelling this same time's condition,  
 And the division of our amity.

*War.* There is a history in all men's lives,  
 Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd :  
 The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,  
 With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
 As yet not come to life ; which in their seeds,  
 And weak beginnings, lie intreasur'd.  
 Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;  
 And, by the necessary form of this,  
 King Richard might create a perfect guess,  
 That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
 Would, of that seed, grow to a greater falseness ;  
 Which should not find a ground to root upon,  
 Unless on you.

*K. Hen.* Are these things then necessities ?  
 Then let us meet them like necessities :—  
 And that same word even now cries out on us.  
 They say, the bishop and Northumberland  
 Are fifty thousand strong.

*War.* It cannot be, my lord ;  
 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
 The numbers of the fear'd.—Please it your grace  
 To go to bed ; upon my life<sup>11</sup>, my lord,  
 The powers that you already have sent forth,  
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.  
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd  
 A certain instance, that Glendower is dead<sup>12</sup>.

<sup>11</sup> The quarto has "upon my soul, my lord."

<sup>12</sup> Glendower did not die till after King Henry IV. Shakespeare was led into this error by Holinshed. Vide note on the First Part of King Henry IV. Act iii. Sc. 1, p. 76.



Your majesty hath been this fortnight ill ;  
And these unseason'd hours, perforce, must add  
Unto your sickness.

*K. Hen.* I will take your counsel :  
And, were these inward wars once out of hand,  
We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Court before Justice Shallow's House  
in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting ; MOULDY,  
SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULL-CALF, and Ser-  
vants, behind.*

*Shal.* Come on, come on, come on ; give me your  
hand, sir, give me your hand, sir : an early stirrer, by  
the rood. And how doth my good cousin Silence ?

*Sil.* Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow ?  
and your fairest daughter, and mine, my god-daughter  
Ellen ?

*Sil.* Alas, a black ouzel, cousin Shallow.

*Shal.* By yea and nay, sir, I dare say, my cousin  
William is become a good scholar : He is at Oxford,  
still, is he not ?

*Sil.* Indeed, sir ; to my cost.

*Shal.* He must then to the inns of court shortly :  
I was once of Clement's-inn ; where, I think, they  
will talk of mad Shallow yet.

*Sil.* You were called—lusty Shallow, then, cousin.

*Shal.* By the mass, I was called any thing ; and  
I would have done any thing, indeed too, and roundly  
too. There was I. and little John Doit of Staffordshire,  
and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and  
Will Squele a Cotswold man<sup>1</sup>,—you had not four

<sup>1</sup> The Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire, were famous for rural  
sports of all kinds ; by distinguishing Will Squele as a Cotswold

such swinge-bucklers<sup>2</sup> in all the inns of court again : and, I may say to you, we knew where the bonarobas<sup>3</sup> were ; and had the best of them all at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy : and page to Thomas Mowbray, duke of Norfolk<sup>4</sup>.

*Sil.* This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers ?

*Shal.* The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's<sup>5</sup> head at the court gate, when he was a crack<sup>6</sup>, not thus high : and the very same

man, Shallow meant to have it understood that he was well versed in manly exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit and athletic constitution. In the reign of King James I. Mr. Robert Dover, a public-spirited attorney of Barton on the Heath, Warwickshire, established there annual sports, which he superintended in person. They were celebrated in a scarce poetical tract, entitled *Annalia Dubrensia*, 1636, 4to. The games included wrestling, leaping, pitching the bar, handling the pike, dancing, and hunting. Slender tells Page that he has heard say that his fallow greyhound was outrun upon *Cotsall*. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Sc. 1.

<sup>2</sup> *Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-bucklers* were terms implying *rakes* and *rioters* in the time of Shakespeare. See a note on sword and buckler men in the First Part of *King Henry IV.* Act i. Sc. 3, p. 30.

<sup>3</sup> "*Buona-roba*, as we say, good stuff ; a good wholesome plump-cheeked wench." *Florio*.

<sup>4</sup> Mr. Halliwell adduces this passage to prove that Sir John Falstaff was originally called Sir John Oldcastle. Oldcastle was page to Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk, not Sir John Falstaff.

<sup>5</sup> Shakespeare probably got his idea of Scogan from his jests, (which were published by Andrew Borde in the reign of King Henry VIII. and have been often reprinted,) disregarding the anachronism. Holinshed, speaking of the distinguished persons of King Edward the Fourth's time, mentions "*Scogan*, a learned gentleman, and student for a time in Oxford, of a pleasaunte witte, and bent to mery devises, in respectes whereof he was called into the courte, where giving himself to his natural inclination of mirthe and pleasaunt pastime, he plaied many sporting parts, althoughe not in suche uncivil manner as hath bene of hym reported." The uncivil reports have relation to the above jests. Ben Jonson introduces the *Henry*, Scogan, Chaucer's cotemporary, with Skelton, in his *Masque of The Fortunate Isles*.

<sup>6</sup> A *crack* is a *boy*. It has been derived from the old Norse *krake*

day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. O, the mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead!

*Sil.* We shall all follow, cousin.

*Shal.* Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all: all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?

*Sil.* Truly, cousin, I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certain.—Is old Double of your town living yet?

*Sil.* Dead, sir.

*Shal.* Dead!—See, see!—he drew a good bow,—And dead!—he shot a fine shoot:—John of Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead!—he would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score<sup>7</sup>; and carried you a forehand shaft a' fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.—How a score of ewes now?

*Sil.* Thereafter as they be: a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

*Shal.* And is old Double dead!

*Enter BARDOLPH, and One with him.*

*Sil.* Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

*Shal.* Good morrow, honest gentlemen<sup>a</sup>.

*Bard.* I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

*Shal.* I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the king's justices of the peace: What is your good pleasure with me?

<sup>7</sup> *He would have clapped i' the clout at twelve score, i. e. hit the pin in the middle of the mark at twelve score yards.* By the statute 33 Hen. VIII. c. 9, every person turned of seventeen years of age, who shoots at a less distance than twelve score, is to forfeit six shillings and eight pence.

<sup>a</sup> Thus the folio. In one quarto, 1600, these words are given to Silence; in the other to Bardolph.

*Bard.* My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff; a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

*Shal.* He greets me well: sir, I knew him a good backword man: How doth the good knight? may I ask, how my lady his wife doth?

*Bard.* Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated, than with a wife.

*Shal.* It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good: yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accommodo*: very good; a good phrase<sup>8</sup>.

*Bard.* Pardon me, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase, call you it? By this good<sup>a</sup> day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword, to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command. Accommodated; That is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or, when a man is,—being,—whereby,—he may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Shal.* It is very just:—Look, here comes good Sir John.—Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you look<sup>9</sup> well, and

<sup>8</sup> It appears that it was fashionable in the poet's time to introduce this word *accommodate* upon all occasions. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, calls it one of the perfumed terms of the time. The indefinite use of it is well ridiculed by Bardolph's vain attempt to define it. In *Every Man in his Humour*, Ben Jonson calls it one of the *words of action*:—

“Hostess, *accommodate* us with another bedstaff—

The woman does not understand the *words of action*.”

He has another fling at its improper use in the *Poetaster*:—

“Will you present and *accommodate* it to the gentleman.”

<sup>a</sup> The folio omits *good*, and *me* in the preceding line is wanting in the old copies.

<sup>9</sup> The quartos have “you *like* well.” most probably a typographical error.

bear your years very well : welcome, good Sir John.

*Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good master Robert Shallow :—Master Sure-card, as I think.

*Shal.* No, Sir John ; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

*Fal.* Good master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

*Sil.* Your good worship is welcome.

*Fal.* Fye ! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men ?

*Shal.* Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit ?

*Fal.* Let me see them, I beseech you.

*Shal.* Where's the roll ? where's the roll ? where's the roll ?—Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so : Yea, marry, sir :—Ralph Mouldy :—let them appear as I call ; let them do so, let them do so. —Let me see ; Where is Mouldy ?

*Moul.* Here, an't please you.

*Shal.* What think you, Sir John ? a good limbed fellow : young, strong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name Mouldy ?

*Moul.* Yea, an't please you.

*Fal.* 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha ! most excellent, i' faith ! things, that are mouldy, lack use : Very singular good !—In faith, well said, Sir John ; very well said.

*Fal.* Prick him.

[To SHALLOW.]

*Moul.* I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone : my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry, and her drudgery : you need not to have prick'd me ; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

*Fal.* Go to ; peace, Mouldy, you shall go ; Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

*Moul.* Spent !

*Shal.* Peace, fellow, peace ; stand aside ; Know

you where you are?—For the other, Sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

*Fal.* Ay, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

*Shal.* Where's Shadow?

*Shad.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Shadow, whose son art thou?

*Shad.* My mother's son, sir?

*Fal.* Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: It is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

*Shal.* Do you like him, Sir John?

*Fal.* Shadow will serve for summer,—prick him;—for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

*Shal.* Thomas Wart!

*Fal.* Where's he?

*Wart.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Is thy name Wart?

*Wart.* Yea, sir.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged wart.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, Sir John?

*Fal.* It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it: I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

*Fee.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* What trade art thou, Feeble?

*Fee.* A woman's tailor, sir.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, sir?

*Fal.* You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he would have prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle, as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

*Fee.* I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

*Fal.* Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove, or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, master Shallow; deep, master Shallow.

*Fee.* I would, Wart might have gone, sir.

*Fal.* I would, thou wert a man's tailor; that thou might'st mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands: Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

*Fee.* It shall suffice, sir.

*Fal.* I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

*Shal.* Peter Bull-calf of the green!

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let us see Bull-calf.

*Bull.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, a likely fellow!—Come, prick me Bull-calf till he roar again.

*Bull.* O lord! good my lord captain,—

*Fal.* What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd?

*Bull.* O lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

*Fal.* What disease hast thou?

*Bull.* A whoreson cold, sir; a cough, sir; which I caught with ringing in the king's affairs, upon his coronation-day, sir.

*Fal.* Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown; we will have away thy cold; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee.—Is here all?

*Shal.* Here is two<sup>10</sup> more call'd than your number;

<sup>10</sup> There is in fact but *one* more called than Falstaff required, perhaps we might with Mr. Capel omit the word *two*. Indeed *four* only seem to be pricked, as Wart is passed; but presently we find he is retained.

you must have but four here, sir ;—and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

*Fal.* Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, in good troth, master Shallow.

*Shal.* O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's Fields.

*Fal.* No more of that, good master Shallow, no more of that.

*Shal.* Ha, it was a merry night. And is Jane Night-work alive?

*Fal.* She lives, master Shallow.

*Shal.* She never could away with me<sup>11</sup>.

*Fal.* Never, never: she would always say, she could not abide master Shallow.

*Shal.* By the mass, I could anger her to the heart. She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her own well?

*Fal.* Old, old, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Nay, she must be old; she cannot choose but be old; certain, she's old; and had Robin Night-work by old Night-work, before I came to Clement's Inn.

*Sil.* That's fifty-five years ago.

*Shal.* Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen!—Ha, Sir John, said I well?

*Fal.* We have heard the chimes<sup>a</sup> at midnight, master Shallow.

*Shal.* That we have, that we have, that we have;

<sup>11</sup> This was a common expression of dislike; which is even used at a later period by Locke in his *Conduct of the Understanding*. It is of some antiquity; for I find it frequently in Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519:—"He *cannot away* to marry Thetis, or to lie with her:—Thetidis connubia vitat. I *cannot away* to be guilty of dissembling: Non sustineo esser conscius mihi dissimulanti. I *cannot away with*, or agree with, so many melis," &c.

<sup>a</sup> Ancestors doubtless of the present *chimes* of St. Clement's church, which may be heard at midnight still.



in faith, Sir John, we have; our watch-word was, *Hem, boys!*—Come, let's to dinner; come, let's to dinner:—O, the days that we have seen!—Come, come.

[*Exeunt FAL. SHAL. and SILENCE.*]

*Bull.* Good master corporate Bardolph, stand my friend; and here is four Harry ten shillings<sup>12</sup> in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hanged, sir, as go: and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Moul.* And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend: she has nobody to do any thing about her, when I am gone: and she is old, and cannot help herself: you shall have forty, sir

*Bard.* Go to; stand aside.

*Fee.* By my troth, I care not;—a man can die but once;—we owe God a death;—I'll ne'er bear a base mind:—an't be my destiny, so; an't be not, so: No man's too good to serve his prince; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year, is quit for the next.

*Bard.* Well said; thou'rt a good fellow.

*Fee.* 'Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF, and Justices.*

*Fal.* Come, sir, which men shall I have?

*Shal.* Four, of which you please.

*Bard.* Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound<sup>13</sup> to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.

<sup>12</sup> There were no coins of ten shillings value in Henry the Fourth's time. Shakespeare's *Harry ten shillings* were those of Henry VII. or VIII. He thought that those might do for any other Henry.

<sup>13</sup> Bardolph was to have *four* pound: perhaps he means to conceal part of his profit.

*Fal.* Go to ; well.

*Shal.* Come, Sir John, which four will you have ?

*Fal.* Do you choose for me.

*Shal.* Marry then,—Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy, and Bull-calf :—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service :—and, for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it ; I will none of you.

*Shal.* Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong : they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

*Fal.* Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man ? Care I for the limb, the thewes<sup>14</sup>, the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man ! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart ;—you see what a ragged appearance it is : he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer ; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow,—give me this man ; he presents no mark to the enemy ; the foe-man may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife : And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off ? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the

<sup>14</sup> Shakespeare uses *thewes* in a sense almost peculiar to himself, for *muscular strength* or *sinews*. Thus in *Julius Cæsar*, Act i. Sc. 3 :—

“ Romans now

Have *thewes* and limbs like to their ancestors.”

And in *Hamlet*, Act i. Sc. 3 :—“ For nature, crescent, does not grow alone in *thewes* and bulk.” In ancient writers *thewes* generally signify *manners*, *behaviour*, or *qualities of the mind or disposition* : in which sense it is used by Chaucer, Spenser, and others. *Thewes*, in Shakespeare's sense of it, is from the A. S. *þeon*, Goth. *thio*, *thyk*. When *thewes* signifies *manners* it is from the A. S. *þeap*, O. S. *thau* ; Goth. *tia*. Phillips, in his *World of Words*, has “ *thight*, well compacted, or knit ; ” which he distinguishes as an old word. I do not find it elsewhere.

great ones.—Put me a caliver<sup>15</sup> into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

*Bard.* Hold, Wart, traverse<sup>16</sup>: thus, thus, thus.

*Fal.* Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopt, bald shot<sup>17</sup>.—Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

*Shal.* He is not his craft's master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end green<sup>18</sup> (when I lay at Clement's Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in

<sup>15</sup> A *caliver* was less and lighter than a musket; and was fired without a rest. Falstaff's meaning is that though Wart is unfit for a musqueteer, yet, if armed with a lighter piece, he may do good service.

<sup>16</sup> *Traverse* was an ancient military term for *march*! Thus, in Othello, Iago says to Roderigo:—"Traverse; go; provide thy money." "*Traverse*," says Bullokar, "to march up and down, or to move the feet with proportion, as in dancing."

<sup>17</sup> *Shot*, for *shooter*. So in *The Exercise of Arms*, 1609:—"First of all is in this figure showed to every *shot* how he shall stand and march, and carry his *caliver*," &c.

<sup>18</sup> *Mile End Green* was the place for public sports and exercises. Stow mentions that, in 1585, 4000 citizens were trained and exercised there. And again, that 30,000 citizens *shewed* on the 27th of August, 1599, on the *Miles-end*; where they *trained* all that day and other dayes under their captaines (also citizens) until the 4th of September. The pupils of this military school were thought but slightly of. Shakespeare has already referred to *Mile End* and its military exercises rather contemptuously in *All's Well that Ends Well*, Act iv. Sc. 3. *Arthur's show* was an exhibition of *Toxopholites*, styling themselves "The Auncient Order, Society, and Unitie laudable of Princee Arthure and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table." The associates of which were fifty-eight in number, taking the names of the knights in the romantic history of that chivalric worthy. According to their historian and poet, Richard Robinson, this society was established by charter under King Henry the Eighth, who, "when he sawe a good archer indeede, he chose him and ordained such a one for a knight of this order." Robinson's book was printed in 1583, and in a MS. list of his own works, now in the British Museum, he says, "Mr. Thomas Smith, her majestie's customer, representing himself Princee Arthure, gave me for his booke v<sup>t</sup>. His 56 knightes gave me every one for his xvij<sup>d</sup> and every Esq<sup>r</sup> for

Arthur's Show), there was a little quiver<sup>19</sup> fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus : and 'a would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in : *rah, tah, tah*, would 'a say ; *bounce*, would 'a say ; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come :— I shall never see such a fellow.

*Fal.* These fellows will do well, master Shallow.— God keep you, master Silence ; I will not use many words with you.— Fare you well, gentlemen both : I thank you : I must a dozen mile to-night.— Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

*Shal.* Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace ! As you return, visit my house ; let our old acquaintance be renewed : peradventure, I will with you to the court.

*Fal.* I would you would, master Shallow.

*Shal.* Go to ; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well. *[Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.]*

*Fal.* Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. On, Bardolph ; lead the men away. *[Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.]* As I return, I will fetch off these justices : I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street<sup>20</sup> ; and every third

his booke viij<sup>d</sup>, when they shott under the same Prince Arthure at MYLES END GREEN." Shakespeare has admirably heightened the ridicule of Shallow's vanity and folly, by making him boast in this parenthesis that he was *Sir Dagonet*, who, though one of the knights, is also represented in the romance as King Arthur's fool.

<sup>19</sup> *Quiver* is *nimble, active*. "There is a maner of fishe that hyght mugill which is full *quiver* and swifte."—*Bartholomeus*, 1535.

<sup>20</sup> *Turnbull-street*, or *Turnball-street*, is a corruption of *Turnmill-street*, near Clerkenwell ; anciently the resort of bullies, rogues, and other dissolute persons. The reader will remember its vicinity to *Ruffians' Hall*, now Smithfield Market. Picket Hatch, a

word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible<sup>21</sup>: he was the very Genius of famine; [yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him—mandrake<sup>22</sup>:] he came ever in the rear-ward of the fashion; [and sung those tunes to the over-scutched<sup>23</sup> huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and swear—they were his fancies, or his good-nights<sup>24</sup>.] And now is this Vice's dagger<sup>25</sup> become a squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst<sup>26</sup> his head, for crowd-

celebrated brothelry, is supposed to have been situate in or near Turnbull street.

<sup>21</sup> *Invincible*. Steevens has adopted Rowe's alteration of this word *invincible* to *invisible* without necessity. The word is metaphorically used for *not to be mastered* or *taken in*. See Baret's *Alvearie* in v. and Gifford's *Ben Jonson*, v. i. p. 30.

<sup>22</sup> *Mandrake*. See Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, 1686, p. 72; and note on Act i. Sc. 2, p. 153, of this play.

<sup>23</sup> *Over-scutched*, i. e. *whipped*, *carted*, says Pope; and notwithstanding Johnson's doubts, Pope is right. A *scutcher* was a *whip* or *riding rod*, according to Cotgrave. And for a further illustration of this passage the reader, curious in such matters, may turn to Torriano's *Italian Dictionary*, 1659, in v. *Trentuno*. The passage in brackets is not in the folio.

<sup>24</sup> *Fancies*, or *his good-nights*. Titles of little poems composed to be sung.

<sup>25</sup> For some account of the *Vice* and his *dagger of lath* the reader may see *Twelfth Night*, Act iv. Sc. 2, note 15, p. 432. There is something excessively ludicrous in the comparison of Shallow to this powerless weapon of that droll personage the Old Vice or fool.

<sup>26</sup> *Burst*, *brast*, and *broken*, were formerly synonymous; as may be seen under the words *break* and *broken*, in Baret. The Hostess says to Sly, in the Induction to the *Taming of the Shrew*, "You will not pay for the glasses you have *burst*."

ing among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt, he beat his own name<sup>27</sup>; for you might have truss'd him<sup>28</sup>, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble haut-boy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones<sup>29</sup> to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.  
[Exit.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Forest in Yorkshire.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings, and Others<sup>1</sup>.*

*Archbishop.*



WHAT is this forest call'd?

*Hast.* 'Tis Gaultree forest, an't shall please your grace.

*Arch.* Here stand, my lords; and send discoverers forth,

To know the numbers of our enemies.

*Hast.* We have sent forth already.

*Arch.* 'Tis well done  
My friends, and brethren in these great affairs,

<sup>27</sup> *Gaunt is thin, slender.*

<sup>28</sup> The quarto has "thrust him."

<sup>29</sup> *I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me.* This is only a humorous exaggerative way of expressing, "He shall be more than the philosopher's stone to me, or twice as good. I will make gold out of him." But the alchymists are said to have had *two stones*, one for gold, the other for health.

<sup>1</sup> "Within the forest of Gaultree," is added in the old stage-direction.

I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd  
 New-dated letters from Northumberland ;  
 Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus :—  
 Here doth he wish his person, with such powers  
 As might hold sortance<sup>2</sup> with his quality,  
 The which he could not levy; whereupon  
 He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
 To Scotland: and concludes in hearty prayers,  
 That your attempts may overlive the hazard,  
 And fearful meeting of their opposite<sup>3</sup>.

*Mowb.* Thus do the hopes we have in him touch  
 ground,  
 And dash themselves to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hast.* Now, what news?

*Mess.* West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,  
 In goodly form comes on the enemy:  
 And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number  
 Upon, or near, the rate of thirty thousand.

*Mowb.* The just proportion that we gave them out,  
 Let us sway<sup>4</sup> on, and face them in the field.

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

*Arch.* What well appointed leader fronts us here?

*Mowb.* I think, it is my lord of Westmoreland.

*West.* Health and fair greeting from our general,  
 The prince, Lord John and duke of Lancaster.

<sup>2</sup> *As might hold sortance, i. e. be suitable.*

<sup>3</sup> *Their opposite, i. e. their adversary.*

<sup>4</sup> *Let us sway on, that is, let us pass on with our armament. To sway was sometimes used for a rushing hasty movement. Thus Holinshed, p. 986:—"The left side of the enemy was compelled to sway a good way back and give ground." So in King Henry VI. Part III. Act ii. Sc. 5:—*

*"Now sways it this way like a mighty sea,  
 Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind;  
 Now sways it that way," &c.*

*Arch.* Say on, my lord of Westmoreland, in peace;  
What doth concern your coming?

*West.* Then, my lord,  
Unto your grace do I in chief address  
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion  
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,  
Led on by heady<sup>5</sup> youth, guarded with rags,  
And countenanc'd by boys, and beggary;  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,  
In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
Of base and bloody insurrection  
With your fair honours. You, lord archbishop,—  
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd;  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd;  
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd:  
Whose white investments<sup>6</sup> figure innocence,  
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—  
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself,  
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,

<sup>5</sup> Baret carefully distinguishes between *bloody*, full of blood, *sanguineous*, and *bloody*, desirous of blood, *sanguinarius*. In this speech Shakespeare uses the word in the latter sense. *Guarded* is a metaphor taken from dress; *to guard* being *to ornament with guards* or *facings*. Thus in *The Merchant of Venice*:—

“Give him a livery

More *guarded* than his fellows.”

We have the same allusion in the former part of this play:—

“To *face* the garment of rebellion

With some fine colour, that may please the eye

Of fickle changelings.”

The old copies have *bloody* youth, guarded with *rage*; the latter word is corrected both in Mr. Collier's and my second folio, and the context clearly shows that *rags* is the true reading. Warburton suggested that we should read “*heady* youth,” instead of *bloody*, and I think he was right. The context clearly indicates the reading adopted.

<sup>6</sup> *White investments*. “Formerly all bishops wore white, even when they travelled.”—*Hody's History of Convocations*, p. 141. This *white investment* was the *episcopal rochet*.



Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war?  
Turning your books to glaives<sup>7</sup>, your ink to blood,  
Your pens to lances; and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet, and a bruit<sup>8</sup> of war?

*Arch.* Wherefore do I this?—so the question stands.  
Briefly to this end.—We are all diseas'd;  
And, with our surfeiting, and wanton hours,  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it: of which disease  
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.  
But, my most noble lord of Westmoreland,  
I take not on me here as a physician;  
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,  
Troop in the throngs of military men:  
But, rather, show a while like fearful war,  
To diet rank minds, sick of happiness;  
And purge the obstructions, which begin to stop  
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.  
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd  
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,  
And find our griefs<sup>9</sup> heavier than our offences.  
We see which way the stream of time doth run,  
And are enforc'd from our most quiet sphere<sup>10</sup>  
By the rough torrent of occasion;  
And have the summary of all our griefs,  
When time shall serve, to show in articles;  
Which, long ere this, we offer'd to the king,

<sup>7</sup> The old copy has *graves*. The emendation is by Warburton. Steevens proposed *greaves*; but Warburton's emendation has my full concurrence. It should be remarked that *glaive*, a *falchion*, is sometimes spelt *glave*.

<sup>8</sup> The old copy has "and a *point* of war," but "a *bruit* of war" was most probably the word of the poet. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would read *report*. The preceding "harsh and boisterous tongue" favours my conjecture.

<sup>9</sup> *Griefs*, i. e. *grievances*.

<sup>10</sup> The old copy has, "From our most quiet *there*." Warburton altered it to *sphere*. I must confess I cannot see what *there* could refer to.

And might by no suit gain our audience :  
 When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs.  
 We are denied access unto his person<sup>11</sup>,  
 Even by those men that most have done us wrong.  
 The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
 Whose memory is written on the earth  
 With yet-appearing blood, and the examples  
 Of every minute's instance<sup>12</sup> (present now),  
 Have put us in these ill beseeeming arms :  
 Not to break peace, or any branch of it ;  
 But to establish here a peace indeed,  
 Concurring both in name and quality.

*West.* When ever yet was your appeal denied ?  
 Wherein have you been galled by the king ?  
 What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you,  
 That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
 Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine,  
 [And consecrate commotion's bitter edge<sup>13</sup> ?]

*Arch.* My brother general, the commonwealth,  
 [To brother born an household cruelty,]  
 I make my quarrel in particular<sup>14</sup>.

<sup>11</sup> In Holinshed the Archbishop says, "Where he and his companie were in armes, it was for feare of the king, to whom he could have no free accesse, by reason of such a multitude of flatterers as were about him."

<sup>12</sup> *Examples of every minute's instance* are "*examples which every minute instances or supplies.*" Which even the present minute presses on their notice.

<sup>13</sup> *Commotion's bitter edge?* that is, *the edge of bitter strife and commotion; the sword of rebellion.* This line is omitted in the folio.

<sup>14</sup> "My brother general, the commonwealth,  
 [To brother born an household cruelty,]  
 I make my quarrel in particular."

The second line of this obscure passage is wanting in the folio. Malone thought that a line had been lost, and the answer of Westmoreland, "There is no need of any such *redress*," fully warrants the supposition. Johnson proposed to read in the first line "*My quarrel* general," which the third line seems to confirm. Perhaps we might read the passages thus:—

"My quarrel: *and the* general commonwealth,

*West.* There is no need of any such redress;  
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

*Mowb.* Why not to him, in part; and to us all,  
That feel the bruises of the days before;  
And suffer the condition of these times  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
Upon our honours?

*West.* O my good lord Mowbray<sup>15</sup>,  
Construe the times to their necessities,  
And you shall say indeed,—it is the time,  
And not the king, that doth you injuries.  
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,  
Either from the king, or in the present time,  
That you should have an inch of any ground  
To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd  
To all the duke of Norfolk's seignories,  
Your noble and right well remember'd father's?

*Mowb.* What thing in honour had my father lost.  
That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me?  
The king, that lov'd him, as the state stood then,  
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him:  
And then, that<sup>a</sup> Harry Bolingbroke, and he,—  
Being mounted, and both roused in their seats,  
Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,  
Their armed staves<sup>16</sup> in charge, their beavers down,

[*Whose wrongs do loudly call out for redress;*  
To brother born an household cruelty,  
I make my quarrel in particular.”

The death of the Archbishop's brother is referred to in the first part of the play:—

“The archbishop—who bears hard  
His brother's death at Bristol—the Lord Scrope.”

<sup>15</sup> The thirty-seven following lines are not in the quarto.

<sup>a</sup> Thus the old copy. Pope substituted *when* for *that*, but *then* when is tolerably cacophonous.

<sup>16</sup> *Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down*, i.e. *their lances fixed in the rest for the encounter*. It has been already observed that the *beaver* was a moveable piece of the helmet, which

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights<sup>17</sup> of steel,  
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together ;  
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd  
 My father from the breast of Bolingbroke,  
 O ! when the king did throw his warder down,  
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw :  
 Then threw he down himself ; and all their lives,  
 That by indictment, and by dint of sword,  
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

*West.* You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know  
 not what :

The earl of Hereford<sup>18</sup> was reputed then  
 In England the most valiant gentleman :  
 Who knows, on whom fortune would then have smil'd ?  
 But, if your father had been victor there,  
 He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :  
 For all the country, in a general voice,  
 Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers, and love,  
 Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,  
 And bless'd, and grac'd and hail'd<sup>a</sup>, more than the king.  
 But this is mere digression from my purpose.—  
 Here come I from our princely general,  
 To know your griefs ; to tell you from his grace,  
 That he will give you audience : and wherein  
 It shall appear that your demands are just,  
 You shall enjoy them ; every thing set off,  
 That might so much as think you enemies.

*Mowb.* But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer ;  
 And it proceeds from policy, not love.

*West.* Mowbray, you overween, to take it so ;  
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear ;

lifted up or down, to enable the bearer to drink or breathe more  
 freely.

<sup>17</sup> *Sights of steel*, i. e. *the perforated part of the helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim.* *Visière*, Fr.

<sup>18</sup> This is a mistake : he was *Duke* of Hereford.

<sup>a</sup> The folios have, *and did*, instead of *and hail'd*. The correction proposed by Thirlby was *indeed*

For, lo ! within a ken, our army lies ;  
 Upon mine honour, all too confident  
 To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;  
 Then reason wills, our hearts should be as good :—  
 Say you not then, our offer is compell'd.

*Mowb.* Well, by my will, we shall admit no parley.

*West.* That argues but the shame of your offence :  
 A rotten case abides no handling.

*Hast.* Hath the Prince John a full commission,  
 In very ample virtue of his father,  
 To hear, and absolutely to determine  
 Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

*West.* That is intended<sup>19</sup> in the general's name :  
 I muse, you make so slight a question.

*Arch.* Then take, my lord of Westmoreland, this  
 schedule ;

For this contains our general grievances ;—  
 Each several article herein redress'd ;  
 All members of our cause, both here and hence,  
 That are insinew'd to this action,  
 Acquitted by a true substantial form ;  
 And present execution of our wills  
 To us, and to our purposes, confirm'd<sup>20</sup> ;  
 We come within our awful banks<sup>21</sup> again,  
 And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

*West.* This will I show the general. Please you, lords,

<sup>19</sup> *Intended* is understood, i. e. meant without expressing it. *Entendu*, Fr. ; *subauditur*, Lat.

<sup>20</sup> The old copies read *confin'd*. Johnson proposed to read *consigned* ; which might be understood in the Latin sense, *consignatus*, signed, sealed, ratified ; but I prefer to read *confirm'd*, as nearer to the form of the old word.

<sup>21</sup> *Awful* here signifies *rightful*, true, as in other places it signifies *honest*. See *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act iv. Sc. 1 ; *Pericles*, Act ii. Gower's Chorus.

In sight of both our battles we may meet :  
 And<sup>22</sup> either end in peace, which heaven so frame !  
 Or to the place of difference call the swords  
 Which must decide it.

*Arch.*

My lord, we will do so.

[*Exit WEST.*

*Morb.* There is a thing within my bosom tells me,  
 That no conditions of our peace can stand.

*Hast.* Fear you not that : if we can make our peace  
 Upon such large terms, and so absolute,  
 As our conditions shall consist<sup>23</sup> upon,  
 Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

*Morb.* Ay, but our valuation shall be such,  
 That every slight and false-derived cause,  
 Yea, every idle, nice<sup>24</sup>, and wanton reason,  
 Shall, to the king, taste of this action :  
 That, were our royal faiths<sup>25</sup> martyrs in love,  
 We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,  
 That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,  
 And good from bad find no partition.

*Arch.* No, no, my lord ; Note this,—the king is  
 weary

Of dainty and such picking<sup>26</sup> grievances :  
 For he hath found,—to end one doubt by death,  
 Revives two greater in the heirs of life.  
 And therefore will he wipe his tables<sup>27</sup> clean ;  
 And keep no tell-tale to his memory,  
 That may repeat and history his loss  
 To new remembrance. For full well he knows,

<sup>22</sup> The old copies have *At*. Thirlby corrected it.

<sup>23</sup> To *consist*, to *rest*; *consisto*.—*Baret*. So in *Pericles*:—  
 “Then welcome peace, if he on peace *consist*.”

<sup>24</sup> *Nice*, i. e. *trivial*.

<sup>25</sup> *Royal faiths*, i. e. *the faith due to a king*. So in *King Henry VIII.*—“The citizens have shown at full their *royal* minds,” i. e. their minds well affected to the king.

<sup>26</sup> *Picking*, i. e. *piddling*, *insignificant*.

<sup>27</sup> *Tables*. Alluding to the table books of slate, ivory, &c. used by our ancestors.

He cannot so precisely weed this land,  
 As his misdoubts present occasion :  
 His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
 That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
 He doth unfasten too and shake a friend.  
 So that this land, (like an offensive wife,)  
 That hath enrag'd him on<sup>28</sup> to offer strokes ;  
 As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm  
 That was uprear'd to execution.

*Hast.* Besides, the king hath wasted all his rods  
 On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
 The very instruments of chastisement :  
 So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
 May offer, but not hold.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true ;—  
 And therefore be assur'd, my good lord marshal,  
 If we do now make our atonement well,  
 Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
 Grow stronger for the breaking.

*Mowb.* Be it so.  
 Here is return'd my lord of Westmoreland.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*West.* The prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your  
 lordship,  
 To meet his grace just distance 'tween our armies ?

*Mowb.* Your grace of York, in God's name then set  
 forward.

*Arch.* Before, and greet his grace : my lord, we  
 come. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>28</sup> Thus the old copies. The corrector of Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *her man* for *him on*, but it has been urged that "*her man*" for "*her husband*" was not the phraseology of the poet's time. There is, no doubt, a little confusion in the metaphor ; but placing the words "*like an offensive wife*" in a parenthesis, renders the sense sufficiently clear.

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS, and Others : from the other side, PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, Officers, and Attendants.*

*P. John.* You are well encounter'd here, my cousin Mowbray :—

Good day to you, gentle lord archbishop ;—  
 And so to you, Lord Hastings,—and to all.—  
 My lord of York, it better show'd with you,  
 When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
 Encircled you, to hear with reverence  
 Your exposition on the holy text ;  
 Than now to see you here an iron man<sup>1</sup>,  
 Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
 Turning the word to sword, and life to death.  
 That man, that sits within a monarch's heart,  
 And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
 Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
 Alack ! what mischiefs might he set abroad,  
 In shadow of such greatness. With you, lord bishop,  
 It is even so.—Who hath not heard it spoken,  
 How deep you were within the books of God ?  
 To us, the speaker in his parliament ;  
 To us, the imagin'd voice of God himself ;  
 The very opener, and intelligencer,  
 Between the grace, the sanctities<sup>2</sup> of heaven,  
 And our dull workings : O, who shall believe,

<sup>1</sup> Holinshed says of the Archbishop, that, "coming forth amongst them *clad in armour*, he encouraged and pricked them forth to take the enterprize in hand."

<sup>2</sup> This expression has been adopted by Milton :—

"Around him all the sanctities of heaven  
 Stood thick as stars."

*Dull workings* are *labours of thought*. So in King Henry V.—

"The forge and *working-house* of thought."



But you misuse the reverence of your place ;  
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,  
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
 In deeds dishonourable? You have taken up<sup>3</sup>,  
 Under the counterfeited seal<sup>4</sup> of God,  
 The subjects of his substitute, my father ;  
 And, both against the peace of heaven and him,  
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

*Arch.* Good my lord of Lancaster,  
 I am not here against your father's peace :  
 But, as I told my lord of Westmoreland,  
 The time disorder'd doth, in common sense<sup>5</sup>,  
 Crowd us, and crush us, to this monstrous form,  
 To hold our safety up. I sent your grace  
 The parcels and particulars of our grief ;  
 The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the court,  
 Whereon this Hydra son of war is born :  
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep<sup>6</sup>,  
 With grant of our most just and right desires ;  
 And true obedience of this madness cur'd,  
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

*Mowb.* If not, we ready are to try our fortunes  
 To the last man.

*Hast.* And though we here fall down,  
 We have supplies to second our attempt ;  
 If they miscarry, theirs shall second them :  
 And so, success<sup>7</sup> of mischief shall be born ;  
 And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,  
 Whiles England shall have generation.

*P. John.* You are too shallow, Hastings, much too  
 shallow,

<sup>3</sup> Taken up, i. e. raised up in arms.

<sup>4</sup> The old copies have *zeal*. The correction is from Mr. Collier's folio, who observes that the "*seal* divine," which he is charged with misapplying has been before mentioned by Westmoreland.

<sup>5</sup> *Common sense* is the general sense of general danger.

<sup>6</sup> Alluding to the dragon charmed to rest by the spells of Medea.

<sup>7</sup> *Success*. i. e. *succession*.

To sound the bottom of the after-times.

*West.* Pleaseth your grace, to answer them directly,  
How far-forth you do like their articles?

*P. John.* I like them all, and do allow<sup>8</sup> them well :  
And swear here by the honour of my blood,  
My father's purposes have been mistook ;  
And some about him have too lavishly  
Wrested his meaning, and authority.—  
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;  
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,  
Discharge your powers<sup>9</sup> unto their several counties,  
As we will ours : and here, between the armies,  
Let's drink together friendly, and embrace ;  
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home,  
Of our restored love, and amity.

*Arch.* I take your princely word for these redresses.

*P. John.* I give it you, and will maintain my word :  
And thereupon I drink unto your grace.

*Hast.* Go, captain [*To an Officer*], and deliver to  
the army

This news of peace ; let them have pay, and part :  
I know, it will well please them ; Hie thee, captain.  
[*Exit Officer.*]

*Arch.* To you, my noble lord of Westmoreland.

*West.* I pledge your grace : And, if you knew what  
pains  
I have bestow'd, to breed this present peace,  
You would drink freely : but my love to ye  
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

<sup>8</sup> Allow, i. e. approve.

<sup>9</sup> It was Westmoreland who made this deceitful proposal, as appears from Holinshed :—"The Earl of Westmoreland, using more policie than the rest, said, whereas our people have been long in armour, let them depart home to their wonted trades : In the mean time let us drink together in signe of agreement, that the people on both sides may see it, and know that it is true, that we be light at a point."

*Arch.* I do not doubt you.

*West.*

I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord, and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

*Mowb.* You wish me health in very happy season ;  
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

*Arch.* Against ill chances, men are ever merry ;  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

*West.* Therefore be merry, coz : since sudden sorrow

Serves to say thus,—Some good thing comes to-morrow.

*Arch.* Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

*Mowb.* So much the worse, if your own rule be true. [*Shouts within.*

*P. John.* The word of peace is render'd ; Hark, how they shout !

*Mowb.* This had been cheerful, after victory.

*Arch.* A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;  
For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party loser.

*P. John.*

Go, my lord,

And let our army be discharged too.—

[*Exit WESTMORELAND*

And, good my lord, so please you, let our trains

March by us ; that we may peruse the men

We should have cop'd withal.

*Arch.*

Go, good Lord Hastings,

And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by.

[*Exit HASTINGS.*

*P. John.* I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together .

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still ?

*West.* The leaders, having charge from you to stand,  
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

*P. John.* They know their duties.

*Re-enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* My lord, our army is dispers'd already :  
Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their courses  
East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,  
Each hurries toward his home, and sporting-place.

*West.* Good tidings, my Lord Hastings ; for the  
which

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :—  
And you, lord archbishop,—and you, Lord Mowbray,  
Of capital treason I attach you both.

*Mowb.* Is this proceeding just and honourable ?

*West.* Is your assembly so ?

*Arch.* Will you thus break your faith ?

*P. John.* I pawn'd thee none :

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances,  
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,  
I will perform with a most christian care.  
But, for you, rebels,—look to taste the due  
Meet for rebellion, and such acts as yours.  
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
Fondly<sup>10</sup> brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—  
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray ;  
Heaven, and not we, have safely fought to-day.—  
Some guard these traitors to the block of death ;  
Treason's true bed, and yielder up of breath. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Another part of the Forest.*

*Alarums : Excursions. Enter FALSTAFF and COLE-  
VILE, meeting.*

*Fal.* What's your name, sir ? of what condition are  
you : and of what place, I pray ?

<sup>10</sup> *Fondly*, i. e. *foolishly*

*Cole.* I am a knight, sir; and my name is—Colevile of the dale.

*Fal.* Well then, Colevile is your name; a knight is your degree; and your place, the dale: Colevile shall still be your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place;—a place deep enough: so shall you be still Colevile of the dale.

*Cole.* Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

*Fal.* As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

*Cole.* I think you are Sir John Falstaff; and in that thought, yield me.

*Fal.* I have a whole school of tongues in this belly of mine; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe: My womb, my womb, my womb undoes me.—Here comes our general.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WESTMORELAND, and Others.*

*P. John.* The heat is past, follow no farther now;—  
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit WEST.*]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while?  
When every thing is ended, then you come:  
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,  
One time or other break some gallows' back.

*Fal.* I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus; I never knew yet, but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought? I have speeded

hither with the very extremest inch of possibility ; I have founder'd nine score and odd posts : and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Coleville of the dale, a most furious knight, and valorous enemy. But what of that ? he saw me, and yielded ; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,—I came, saw, and overcame.

*P. John.* It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

*Fal.* I know not ; here he is, and here I yield him : and I beseech your grace, let it be booked with the rest of this day's deeds ; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Coleville kissing my foot : To the which course, if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me ; and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the cinders of the element<sup>1</sup>, which show like pins' heads to her ; believe not the word of the noble. Therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

*P. John.* Thine's too heavy to mount.

*Fal.* Let it shine then.

*P. John.* Thine's too thick to shine.

*Fal.* Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

*P. John.* Is thy name Coleville<sup>2</sup> ?

*Cole.* It is, my lord.

*P. John.* A famous rebel art thou, Coleville.

*Fal.* And a famous true subject took him.

*Cole.* I am, my lord, but as my betters are,  
That led me hither : had they been rul'd by me,  
You should have won them dearer than you have.

<sup>1</sup> *Cinder* of the element, i. e. a ludicrous term for the stars.

<sup>2</sup> It appears that Coleville was designed to be pronounced as a trisyllable it is often spelt *Colleville* in the old copies.

*Fal.* I know not how they sold themselves: but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away<sup>3</sup>; and I thank thee for thee.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*P. John.* Now, have you left pursuit?

*West.* Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

*P. John.* Send Coleville, with his confederates,  
To York, to present execution<sup>4</sup>:—  
Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him sure.

[*Exeunt some with COLEVILE.*]

And now despatch we toward the court, my lords;  
I hear, the king my father is sore sick:  
Our news shall go before us to his majesty,—  
Which, cousin, you shall bear,—to comfort him;  
And we with sober speed will follow you.

*Fal.* My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go  
through Glostershire; and, when you come to court,  
stand my good lord<sup>5</sup>, 'pray, in your good report.

<sup>3</sup> The quarto has, "gav'st thyself away gratis."

<sup>4</sup> "At the king's coming to Durham the Lord Hastings, Sir John Coleville of the dale, &c. being convicted of the conspiracy, were there beheaded."—*Holinshed*, p. 530. It is to be observed that there are two accounts of the termination of the Archbishop of York's conspiracy, both of which are given by Holinshed. He states that on the archbishop and earl marshal submitting to the king and to his son Prince John, there present, "their troopes skaled and fledde their wayes; but being pursued, many were taken, many slain, &c.; the archbishop and earl marshall were brought to Pomfret to the king, who from thence went to Yorke, whyther the prisoners were also brought, and there beheaded." It is this last account that Shakespeare has followed, but with some variation; for the names of Coleville and Hastings are not mentioned among those who were beheaded at York.

<sup>5</sup> Johnson was so much unacquainted with ancient phraseology as to make difficulties about this phrase, which is one of the most common petitionary forms of our ancestors. *Stand my good lord*, or *be my good lord*, means *stand my friend*, *be my patron or benefactor*, report well of me.

*P. John.* Fare you well, Falstaff: I, in my condition<sup>6</sup>,

Shall better speak of you than you deserve. [*Exit.*

*Fal.* I would you had but the wit; 'twere better than your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh;—but that's no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never any of these demure boys come to any proof; for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that they fall into a kind of male green-sickness; and then, when they marry, they get wenches; they are generally fools and cowards;—which some of us should be too, but for inflammation. A good sherris sack<sup>7</sup> hath a two-fold operation in it. It ascends me into the brain; dries me there all the foolish, and dull, and crudy vapours which environ it: makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive<sup>8</sup>, full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes; which delivered o'er to the voice (the tongue), which is the birth, becomes excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is,—the warming of the blood; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice: but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illumineth the face: which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm; and then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinuc, doth any deed of courage; and this

<sup>6</sup> *Condition* is most frequently used by Shakespeare for *nature, disposition*. The prince may therefore mean, "I shall in my good nature speak better of you than you deserve."

<sup>7</sup> *Sherris sack*. Vide note on King Henry IV. Part I. Act i. Sc. 2, p. 16.

<sup>8</sup> *Forgetive*, i. e. *inventive, imaginative*.



valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing, without sack; for that sets it a-work; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil<sup>9</sup>; till sack commences it<sup>10</sup>, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant: for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, steril, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with excellent endeavour of drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris; that he is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be,—to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

*Enter BARDOLPH.*

How now, Bardolph?

*Bard.* The army is discharged all, and gone.

*Fal.* Let them go. I'll through Glostershire; and there will I visit master Robert Shallow, esquire: I have him already tempering<sup>11</sup> between my finger and my thumb, and shortly will I seal with him. Come away.

*[Exeunt.]*

<sup>9</sup> *A mere hoard of gold kept by a devil.* It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c. were guarded by evil spirits. See the *Secret Wonders of Nature and Art*, by Edw. Fenton, 1569, p. 91.

<sup>10</sup> *Commences it*, that is, *brings it into action.* Tyrwhitt thinks it is probable that there is an allusion to the *commencement* and *act* of the universities, which give to students a complete authority to use those *hoards of learning* which have entitled them to their degrees.

<sup>11</sup> *Tempering.* A pleasant allusion to the old use of *soft wax* for sealing. Shakespeare again alludes to it in *Venus and Adonis*:—

“What wax so frozen but dissolves with *tempering*.”

So in Middleton's *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*:—

“You must *temper him like wax*, or he'll not seal.”

SCENE IV. Westminster. *A Room in the  
Palace.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY, WARWICK, *and Others.*

*K. Hen.* Now, lords, if heaven doth give successful  
end

To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.  
Our navy is address'd<sup>1</sup>, our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And every thing lies level to our wish :  
Only, we want a little personal strength ;  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government.

*War.* Both which, we doubt not but your majesty  
Shall soon enjoy.

*K. Hen.* Humphrey, my son of Gloster,  
Where is the prince your brother?

*P. Humph.* I think, he's gone to hunt, my lord, at  
Windsor.

*K. Hen.* And how accompanied?

*P. Humph.* I do not know, my lord.

*K. Hen.* Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence,  
with him?

*P. Humph.* No, my good lord ; he is in presence  
here.

*Cla.* What would my lord and father?

*K. Hen.* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Cla-  
rence.

How chance, thou art not with the prince thy brother?

*Address'd, i. e. ready, prepared :—*

*"To-morrow for our march are we address'd."*

*King Henry V.*

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas ;  
 Thou hast a better place in his affection,  
 Than all thy brothers : cherish it, my boy ;  
 And noble offices thou may'st effect  
 Of mediation, after I am dead,  
 Between his greatness and thy other brethren :—  
 Therefore, omit him not : blunt not his love :  
 Nor lose the good advantage of his grace,  
 By seeming cold or careless of his will.  
 For he is gracious, if he be observ'd<sup>2</sup>.  
 He hath a tear for pity, and a hand  
 Open as day for melting charity :  
 Yet, notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint ;  
 As humorous<sup>3</sup> as winter, and as sudden  
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day<sup>4</sup>.  
 His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd :  
 Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
 When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth :  
 But, being moody, give him line and scope<sup>a</sup> ;

<sup>2</sup> *If he be observ'd, i. e. if he has respectful attention shown him.*  
 So in the Merry Wives of Windsor:—

“ Follow'd her with doting observance.”

<sup>3</sup> “ His qualities were beauteous as his form,  
 For maiden-tongu'd he was, and therefore free ;  
 Yet if men mov'd him, was he such a storm  
 As oft 'twixt May and April is to see,  
 When winds breathe sweet, unruly though they be.”

*Shakespeare's Lover's Complaint.*

*Humorous* was used for *capricious*, as *humoursome* now is.

A *flaw* is a sudden gust of violent wind ; alluding to the opinion of some philosophers, that the vapours being congealed in the air by cold (which is the most intense in the morning), and being afterwards rarefied and let loose by the warmth of the sun, occasion those sudden and impetuous gusts of wind which are called *flaws*. This is Warburton's explanation. The poet followed the popular meteorology of his days, and uses the word again in King Henry VI. and in his Venus and Adonis. Thus also Beaumont and Fletcher in The Pilgrim:—

“ What *flaws* and whirls of weather,  
 Or rather storms have been aloft these three days.”

<sup>a</sup> Thus the quarto ; the folio has, give him *time* and scope.

Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
Confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;  
A hoop of gold, to bind thy brothers in ;  
That the united vessel of their blood,  
Mingled with venom of suggestion<sup>5</sup>,  
(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in),  
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
As aconitum<sup>6</sup>, or rash gunpowder.

*Cla.* I shall observe him with all care and love.

*K. Hen.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him,  
Thomas ?

*Cla.* He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

*K. Hen.* And how accompanied ? canst thou tell  
that ?

*Cla.* With Poins, and other his continual followers.

*K. Hen.* Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;  
And he, the noble image of my youth,  
Is overspread with them : therefore my grief  
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death :  
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,  
In forms imaginary, the unguided days,  
And rotten times, that you shall look upon,  
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,  
When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,  
When means and lavish manners meet together,  
O, with what wings shall his affections<sup>7</sup> fly  
Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

<sup>5</sup> *With venom of suggestion.* Though their blood be inflamed  
by the temptations to which youth is peculiarly subject.

<sup>6</sup> *Aconitum, or aconite, wolf's-bane, a poisonous herb.* *Rash* is  
sudden, hasty, violent. In Othello we have :—

“As rash as fire.”

<sup>7</sup> *Affections*, in the language of Shakespeare's times, are *pas-*  
*sions, desires.* *Appetitus animi.*

*War.* My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite:  
 The prince but studies his companions,  
 Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,  
 'Tis needful, that the most immodest word  
 Be look'd upon, and learn'd: which once attain'd,  
 Your highness knows, comes to no further use,  
 But to be known, and hated<sup>8</sup>. So, like gross terms,  
 The prince will, in the perfectness of time,  
 Cast off his followers: and their memory  
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,  
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others;  
 Turning past evils to advantages.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis seldom—when the bee doth leave her  
 comb  
 In the dead carrion<sup>9</sup>.—Who's here? Westmoreland?

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

*West.* Health to my sovereign! and new happiness  
 Added to that that I am to deliver!  
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:  
 Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,

<sup>8</sup> A parallel passage occurs in Terence:—

“Quo modo adolescentulus  
 Meretricum ingenia et mores posset noscere  
 Mature ut cum eognovit, perpetuo oderit.”

<sup>9</sup> *In the dead carrion.* As the bee, having once placed her  
 comb in a carcass, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken  
 pleasure in bad company will continue to associate with those  
 that have the art of pleasing him. *Seldom* is here used adjecti-  
 vely, as it also is by Chaucer in *The Clerke's Tale*, v. 7958:—

“I me rejoyeed of my lyberte,  
 That *selden-tyme* is founde in marriage.”

And in *A Manuall of Essayes* by D. T. 1638, 3d Ed:—“A princee  
 can *seldom-times* endure to see his worth cheek-mated by an  
 homager.” Mr. Knight prints *seldom when* as two words, and Mr.  
 Collier puts a comma between. The compound word occurs again  
 in *Measure for Measure*, Act iv. Sc. 2:—

“*Seldom-when*

The steecled jailor is the friend of men.”

See note there.

Are brought to the correction of your law ;  
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,  
 But peace puts forth her olive every where.  
 The manner how this action hath been borne,  
 Here at more leisure may your highness read ;  
 With every course, in his particular<sup>10</sup>.

*K. Hen.* O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,  
 Which ever in the haunch of winter sings  
 The lifting up of day. Look ! here's more news.

*Enter HARCOURT.*

*Har.* From enemies heaven keep your majesty ;  
 And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
 As those that I am come to tell you of !  
 The Earl Northumberland, and the Lord Bardolph,  
 With a great power of English, and of Scots,  
 Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown :  
 The manner and true order of the fight,  
 This packet, please it you, contains at large.

*K. Hen.* And wherefore should these good news  
 make me sick ?

Will fortune never come with both hands full,  
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters<sup>a</sup> ?  
 She either gives a stomach, and no food,—  
 Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,  
 And takes away the stomach,—such are the rich,  
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.  
 I should rejoice now at this happy news ;  
 And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy :—  
 O me ! come near me, now I am much ill. [*Swoons.*]

*P. Humph.* Comfort, your majesty !

*Cla.* O my royal father !

*West.* My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up !

<sup>10</sup> *In his particular.* The detail contained in Prince John's letter

<sup>a</sup> Thus the folio. The quarto reads :—

“ But *wet* her faire words still in foulest termes ? ”

*War.* Be patient, princes; you do know, these fits  
Are with his highness very ordinary.

Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

*Cla.* No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs;  
The incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the mure<sup>11</sup>, that should confine it in,  
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

*P. Humph.* The people fear me<sup>12</sup>; for they do ob-  
serve

Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature<sup>13</sup>;  
The seasons change their manners, as the year<sup>14</sup>  
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

*Cla.* The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between<sup>15</sup>;  
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,  
Say, it did so, a little time before  
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

*War.* Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

*P. Humph.* This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

*K. Hen.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence  
Into some other chamber: softly, 'pray.

[*They convey the King into an inner part of the  
room, and place him on a Bed.*]

<sup>11</sup> *Mure* for *wall* is another of Shakespeare's Latinisms. It was not in frequent use by his cotemporaries. *Wrought it thin is made it thin by gradual detriment*: *wrought* being the preterite of *work*. The same thought is in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, 1595, book iv. Daniel is also speaking of the sickness of King Henry IV.—

"Wearing the wall so thin, that now the mind

Might well look thorough, and all his frailty find."

Shakespeare is here possibly the imitator. It is highly probable that he would read Daniel's poem when composing his historical dramas.

<sup>12</sup> To *fear* anciently signified to *make afraid*, as well as to *dread*. "A vengeance light on thee that so doth *fear* me, or makest me so *feared*."—*Baret*.

<sup>13</sup> *Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature*, that is, *equivocal births, monsters*.

<sup>14</sup> *As the year*, i. e. *as if the year*.

<sup>15</sup> An historical fact. On Oct. 12, 1411, this happened.

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ;  
 Unless some dull<sup>16</sup> and favourable hand  
 Will whisper musick to my weary spirit.

*War.* Call for the musick in the other room.

*K. Hen.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

*Cla.* His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

*War.* Less noise, less noise.

*Enter PRINCE HENRY.*

*P. Hen.* Who saw the duke of Clarence ?

*Cla.* I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

*P. Hen.* How now ! rain within doors, and none  
 abroad !

How doth the king ?

*P. Humph.* Exceeding ill.

*P. Hen.* Heard he the good news yet ?

Tell it him.

*P. Humph.* He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

*P. Hen.* If he be sick with joy, he will recover  
 Without physick.

<sup>16</sup> Johnson asserts that *dull* here signifies "melancholy, gentle, soothing." Malone says that it means "producing dullness or heaviness." The fact is, that *dull* and *slow* were synonymous. "*Dullness*, slowness; tarditas, tardiveté. Somewhat *dull* or *slowe*; tardiusculus, tardelet;" says *Baret*. But Shakespeare uses *dulness* for *drowsiness* in the *Tempest*. And *Baret* has also this sense:—"Slow, *dull*, asleepe, drousie, astonied, heavie; *torpidus*." It has always been thought that *slow* music induces sleep. Ariel enters playing *solemn music* to produce this effect, in the *Tempest*. The notion is not peculiar to our great poet, as the following exquisite lines, almost worthy of him, may witness:—

"Oh, lull me, lull me, charming air,  
 My senses rock'd with wonder sweet;  
 Like snow on wool thy fallings are,  
 Soft like a spirit are thy feet.  
 Grief who need fear  
 That hath an ear?  
 Down let him lie,  
 And slumbering die,  
 And change his soul for harmony."

(*From Wit Restored*, 1658.) They are attributed to Dr. Strode, who died in 1644.



*War.* Not so much noise, my lords, —sweet prince,  
speak low ;

The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

*Cla.* Let us withdraw into the other room.

*War.* Will't please your grace to go along with us ?

*P. Hen.* No ; I will sit and watch here by the  
king<sup>17</sup>. [*Exeunt all but P. HENRY.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bedfellow ?

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !

That keeps the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night !—sleep with it now<sup>a</sup> !

Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,

As he, whose brow, with homely biggin<sup>18</sup> bound,

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty !

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety.—By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not :

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move.—My gracious lord !—my fa-  
ther !—

This sleep is sound indeed ; this is a sleep,

That from this golden rigol<sup>19</sup> hath divorc'd

<sup>17</sup> The hint only of this beautiful scene is taken from Holinshed, p. 541. The poet has wrought up the bare bald narration of the chronicler in the most pathetic and poetical manner.

<sup>a</sup> This passage has an appearance of obscurity, perhaps corruption, and change might perhaps be made for the better by taking *sleep* as a substantive. As the text stands we can only thus interpret it :—"Sleep (my father) with it (i. e. care) now ! yet not so sound (can you sleep), and half so deeply sweet as he," &c.

<sup>18</sup> A *biggin* was a *head-band* of coarse cloth ; so called because such a forehead-cloth was worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns. "Upon his head he wore a filthy coarse *biggin*, and next it a garnish of night-caps."—*Nash*, speaking of a miser in his *Pierce Pennilesse*.

<sup>19</sup> *Rigol*, i. e. *circle* ; probably from the old Italian *rigolo*, a small wheel. The word has not hitherto been found in any other author. Shakespeare has it again in his *Rape of Lucrece* :—

So many English kings. Thy due, from me,  
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of the blood;  
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,  
Shall, O dear father! pay thee plenteously:  
My due, from thee, is this imperial crown;  
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood;  
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits<sup>a</sup>,—

[*Putting it on his head.*

Which heaven shall guard: And put the world's whole  
strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force  
This lineal honour from me. This from thee  
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

*Re-enter WARWICK, and the Rest.*

*Cla.* Doth the king call?

*War.* What would your majesty? How fares your  
grace?

*K. Hen.* Why did you leave me here alone, my  
lords?

*Cla.* We left the prince my brother here, my liege,  
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

*K. Hen.* The prince of Wales? Where is he? let  
me see him:

He is not here.

*War.* This door is open; he is gone this way.

*P. Humph.* He came not through the chamber  
where we stay'd.

*K. Hen.* Where is the crown? who took it from  
my pillow?

"About the mourning and congealed face  
Of that black blood, a wat'ry *rigol* goes."

*Ringol* is used by Nash in the same sense, in his *Lenten Stuffe*; and it may also have been Shakespeare's word, when we recollect that it would have been thus written in the poet's age—*rigol*.

<sup>a</sup> The quarto has, "Lo! *where* it sits"

*War.* When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

*K. Hen.* The prince hath ta'en it hence:—go, seek him out;

Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?—

Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit WARWICK.*]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!

How quickly nature falls into revolt.

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains  
with care,

Their bones with industry;

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold;

For this they have been thoughtful to invest

Their sons with arts, and martial exercises:

When, like the bee, tolling<sup>20</sup> from every flower

The virtuous sweets;

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,

We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,

Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste

Yields his engrossments<sup>21</sup> to the ending father.—

*Re-enter WARWICK.*

Now, where is he that will not stay so long

Till his friend sickness hath determin'd<sup>22</sup> me?

<sup>20</sup> The quarto has *tolling*; the folio *culling*, and adds, "The virtuous sweets," which appears necessary to the completion of the sense. *Tolling* is taking toll.

<sup>21</sup> Thus the old copies. *His*, here, as elsewhere, stands for the neuter possessive pronoun *its*. Johnson, misunderstanding the passage, explained *engrossments* as *accumulations*, and *yield* was printed for *yields*, which reading Mr. Collier follows, without noticing the deviation from the old copies.

<sup>22</sup> *Determin'd*, i.e. *ended*. It is still used in that sense in legal

*War.* My lord, I found the prince in the next room,  
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks ;  
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,  
 That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife  
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

*K. Hen.* But wherefore did he take away the crown ?

*Re-enter PRINCE HENRY.*

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry :—  
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt* CLARENCE, PRINCE HUMPHREY,  
 Lords, &c.

*P. Hen.* I never thought to hear you speak again.

*K. Hen.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought :  
 I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  
 Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,  
 That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours  
 Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !  
 Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.  
 Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity  
 Is held from falling with so weak a wind,  
 That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.  
 Thou hast stol'n that, which, after some few hours,  
 Were thine without offence ; and, at my death,  
 Thou hast seal'd up my expectation<sup>23</sup> :  
 Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,  
 And thou wilt have me die assured of it.  
 Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts ;  
 Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

conveyances. So in Antony and Cleopatra, speaking of a hail-stone :—

“As it *determines*, so

Dissolves my life.”

The quarto has “Till his friend sickness' hands,” which Mr. Collier adopts, not observing that the tense of *determined* betrays the printer's error.

<sup>23</sup> *Thou hast seal'd up my expectation*, i. e. *confirmed my opinion*.

To stab at half an hour<sup>24</sup> of my life.  
 What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?  
 Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;  
 And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,  
 That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.  
 Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,  
 Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:  
 Only compound me with forgotten dust;  
 Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.  
 Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;  
 For now a time is come to mock at form,  
 Harry the fifth is crown'd!—Up, vanity!  
 Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!  
 And to the English court assemble now,  
 From every region, apes of idleness!  
 Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:  
 Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,  
 Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit  
 The oldest sins the newest kind of ways?  
 Be happy, he will trouble you no more:  
 England shall double gild his treble guilt<sup>25</sup>;  
 England shall give him office, honour, might:  
 For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks

<sup>24</sup> *Hour*, anciently written *hower*, is used sometimes as a dissyllable, as well by Shakespeare as others. So Ben Jonson in *The Case is Alter'd*:—

“By twice so many *howers* as would fill  
The circle of a year.”

<sup>25</sup> This playing upon words seems to have been highly admired in the age of Shakespeare. Thus Marlowe, in his *Hero and Leander*:—“And as amidst the enamour'd waves he swims,

The god of gold a purpose *gilt* his limbs,  
That this word *guilt* including double sense,  
The double *guilt* of his incontinence,  
Might be express'd.”

Again, in *Acolastus his Afterwit*, a poem, by S. Nicholson, 1600:—

“O sacred thirst of *golde*, what canst thou not?—  
Some term thee *gylt*, that every soule might read,  
Even in thy name, thy *guilt* is great indeed.”

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
 Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.  
 O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!  
 When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
 What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care.  
 O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
 Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

*P. Hen.* O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,  
[*Kneeling.*]

The moist impediments unto my speech,  
 I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,  
 Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard  
 The course of it so far. There is your crown;  
 And He that wears the crown immortally,  
 Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,  
 Than as your honour, and as your renown,  
 Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
 Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit  
 Teacheth this prostrate and exterior bending<sup>26</sup>.  
 Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,  
 And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
 How cold it struck my heart! if I do feign,  
 O! let me in my present wildness die;  
 And never live to show the incredulous world  
 The noble change that I have purposed.  
 Coming to look on you, thinking you dead

<sup>26</sup> The Variorum Shakespeare reads:—

“Let me no more from this obedience rise  
 (Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit  
 Teacheth), this prostrate and exterior bending!”

Johnson and others have considered this passage as obscure in the construction; but it was only made so by wrong pointing. *Truth* is always used for *loyalty*. Mr. Knight and Mr. Collier adopt the erroneous punctuation. The prince adverting to both senses of *obedience*,—submissiveness, and the external sign of it, *obeisance*, in the same sentence, “Let me no more from this obedience rise,” evidently refers to his attitude, by the relative *which* attached to obedience, as a condition of mind which his inward duteous spirit teaches to manifest itself by exterior act.

(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were),  
 I spake unto the crown as having sense,  
 And thus upbraided it: *The care on thee depending,  
 Hath fed upon the body of my father;  
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.  
 Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,  
 Preserving life in med'cine potable<sup>27</sup>:  
 But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,  
 Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my royal liege,  
 Accusing it, I put it on my head;  
 To try with it,—as with an enemy,  
 That had before my face murder'd my father,—  
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;  
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,  
 Give entertainment to the might of it,  
 Let God for ever keep it from my head!  
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!

*K. Hen.* O my son!  
 Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,  
 That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,  
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.  
 Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;  
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
 That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,  
 By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways,  
 I met this crown; and I myself know well,  
 How troublesome it sat upon my head:  
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,

<sup>27</sup> *Med'cine potable.* It was long a prevailing opinion that a solution of gold had great medicinal virtues; and that the incorruptibility of the metal might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. *Potable gold* was one of the panaceas of ancient quacks.

Better opinion, better confirmation ;  
 For all the soil of the achievement goes  
 With me into the earth. It seem'd in me,  
 But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand ;  
 And I had many living, to upbraid  
 My gain of it by their assistances ;  
 Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,  
 Wounding supposed<sup>28</sup> peace : all these bold fears,  
 Thou see'st with peril I have answered :  
 For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
 Acting that argument ; and now my death  
 Changes the mode<sup>29</sup> : for what in me was purchas'd<sup>30</sup>,  
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;  
 So thou the garland wear'st successively<sup>31</sup>.  
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green :  
 And all my friends<sup>32</sup>, which thou must make thy friends,  
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;  
 By whose fell working I was first advanc'd,  
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
 To be again displac'd : which to avoid,  
 I cut them<sup>33</sup> off ; and had a purpose now

<sup>28</sup> *Supposed peace is imagined peace, counterfeit, not real ; fears are objects of fear ; terrors.*

<sup>29</sup> *The mode is the state or form of things.*

<sup>30</sup> *Purchas'd generally signifies obtained by eager pursuit. It is from the French *pourchas*, and was sometimes so spelled when used to signify the obtaining of lands or honours by any other means than by title or descent. See Spelman's Glossary, in *purchacia* ; and Minshew's Guide to the Tongues, in *pourchas*. The king may however use it in its acquired sense of *embezzled* or *stolen*.*

<sup>31</sup> *Successively, i. e. by order of succession. Johnson observes that "every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can." So did Richard Cromwell in his first speech to parliament :—"For my own part being, by the providence of God, and the disposition of the law, my father's successor, and bearing the place in the government that I do," &c.—*Harleian Miscellany*, vol. i. p. 21.*

<sup>32</sup> *The old copy has "thy friends." The correction was suggested by Tyrwhitt.*

<sup>33</sup> *Thus the old copy. Mason proposed "I cut some off." Thus*



To lead out many to the Holy Land ;  
Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look  
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,  
May waste the memory of the former days.  
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive<sup>34</sup> !  
And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

*P. Hen.* My gracious liege,  
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;  
Then plain, and right, must my possession be :  
Which I, with more than with a common pain,  
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*Enter* PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster, WARWICK,  
Lords, and Others.

*K. Hen.* Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

*P. John.* Health, peace, and happiness, to my royal father !

*K. Hen.* Thou bring'st me happiness, and peace,  
son John ;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown  
From this bare, wither'd trunk : upon thy sight.  
My worldly business makes a period.—  
Where is my lord of Warwick ?

*P. Hen.* My lord of Warwick !

*K. Hen.* Doth any name particular belong  
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

*War.* 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

observing that the sense is, "Some I have cut off, and many I intended to lead to the Holy Land." But "cut them off" does not imply cut them all off.

<sup>34</sup> This is a true picture of a mind divided between heaven and earth. He prays for the prosperity of guilt, while he deprecates its punishment.

*K. Hen.* Laud be to God!—even there my life  
must end<sup>35</sup>,

It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
I should not die but in Jerusalem;  
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land:—  
But, bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie;  
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I. Glostershire. *A Hall in Shallow's House.*

*Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and Page.*

*Shallow.*

**B**Y cock and pye<sup>1</sup>, sir, you shall not away to-night.—What, Davy, I say!

*Fal.* You must excuse me, master Robert Shallow.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you; you shall not be ex-

<sup>35</sup> “At length he recovered his speech and understanding, and perceiving himself in a strange place, which he knew not, he willed to know if the chamber had anie particular name, whereunto answer was made, that it was called *Jerusalem*. Then said the king, Lauds be given to the Father of Heaven, for now I know that I shall die here in this chamber, according to the prophesie of me declared, that I should depart this life in Jerusalem.”—*Holinshed*, p. 541.

The late Dr. Vincent pointed out a remarkable coincidence in a passage of Anna Comnena (*Alexias*, lib. vi. p. 162, ed. Paris, 1658), relating to the death of Robert Guiscard, King of Sicily, in a place called Jerusalem, at Cephalonia. In Lodge's *Devils Conjured* is a similar story of Pope Sylvester; but the Pope outwitted the Devil. And Fuller, in his *Church History*, b. v. p. 178, relates something of the same kind about Cardinal Wolsey, of whom it had been predicted *that he should have his end at Kingston*. Which was thought to be fulfilled by his dying in the custody of Sir William Kingston. See Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, Chiswick edition, 1825, vol. i. p. 320.

<sup>1</sup> This adjuration, which seems to have been a popular sub-

cused ; excuses shall not be admitted ; there is no excuse shall serve ; you shall not be excused.—Why, Davy.

*Enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* Here, sir.

*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy,—let me see, Davy ; let me see :—yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither.—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Marry, sir, thus ;—those precepts<sup>2</sup> cannot be served : and, again, sir,—Shall we sow the head-land with wheat ?

*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook :—Are there no young pigeons ?

*Davy.* Yes, sir.—Here is now the smith's note, for shoeing, and plough-irons.

*Shal.* Let it be cast, and paid :—Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had ;—And, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair ?

*Shal.* He shall answer it :—Some pigeons, Davy ; a couple of short-legg'd hens ; a joint of mutton ; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

*Davy.* Doth the man of war stay all night, sir ?

*Shal.* Yes, Davy. I will use him well. A friend

stitute for profane swearing, occurs in several old plays. Thus in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599 :—“*By cock and pie* and mouse-foot.” It should appear from the following passage, in *A Catechisme containing the Summe of Religion*, by George Giffard, 1583, that it was not considered as a corruption of the sacred name. “Men suppose that they do not offende when they do not sweare falsely ; and because they will not take the name of God to abuse it, they sweare by *small things* ; as *by cock and pie*, by the mousefoot, and many such like.”

<sup>2</sup> *Precepts* are *warrants*. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in *The Beaux Stratagem*.

i' the court is better than a penny in purse<sup>3</sup>. Use his men well, Davy ; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

*Davy*. No worse than they are back-bitten, sir ; for they have marvellous foul linen.

*Shal*. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy. .

*Davy*. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot<sup>4</sup> against Clement Perkes of the hill.

*Shal*. There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor ; that Visor is an arrant knave on my knowledge.

*Davy*. I grant your worship, that he is a knave, sir : but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your worship truly, sir, this eight years ; and if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man, I have but a very little credit with your worship<sup>5</sup>. The knave is mine honest friend, sir ; therefore, I beseech your worship, let him be countenanced.

*Shal*. Go to ; I say, he shall have no wrong. Look

<sup>3</sup> "A friend in court is worth a penny in purse" is one of Camden's proverbial sentences. See his *Remaines*, 4to. 1605. So Chaucer, in his *Romaunt of the Rose*, ver. 5540 :—

"Friendship is more than cattel ;

*For friend in courte aie better is*

*Than peny is in purse, certis."*

<sup>4</sup> *Wilnecote*, or *Wincot*, is a village in Warwickshire, near Stratford. The old copies read *Woncot*.

<sup>5</sup> This is no exaggerated picture of the course of justice in Shakespeare's time. Sir Nicholas Bacon, in a speech to parliament, 1559, says, "Is it not a monstrous disguising to have a justice a maintainer, acquitting some for gain, enditing others for malice, bearing with him as his servant, overthrowing the other as his enemy."—*D'Ewes*, p. 34. A member of the House of Commons, in 1601, says, "A justice of peace is a living creature, that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with a dozen of penal statutes," &c.

about, Davy. [*Exit DAVY.*] Where are you, Sir John? Come, off with your boots.—Give me your hand, master Bardolph.

*Bard.* I am glad to see your worship.

*Shal.* I thank thee with all my heart, kind master Bardolph:—and welcome, my tall fellow. [*To the Page.*] Come, Sir John. [*Exit SHALLOW.*]

*Fal.* I'll follow you, good master Robert Shallow. Bardolph, look to our horses. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page.*] If I were sawed into quantities, I should make four dozen of such bearded hermit's staves as master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing, to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his: They, by observing him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justicelike serving-man; their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in consent<sup>6</sup>, like so many wild geese. If I had a suit to master Shallow, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being near their master<sup>7</sup>: if to his men, I would curry with master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain, that either wise bearing, or ignorant carriage, is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow, to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter, the wearing-out of six fashions (which is four terms, or two actions<sup>8</sup>), and he shall laugh without *interval-lums*. O! it is much, that a lie, with a slight oath,

<sup>6</sup> *Consent* is *accord, agreement*. Baret renders "*sccta*, a divers *consente* in sundry wilful opinions." See note on *Macbeth*, Act ii. Sc. 1.

<sup>7</sup> *Near their master*, i.e. *admitted to their master's confidence*.

<sup>8</sup> There is something humorous in making a spendthrift compute time by the operation of an action for debt.

and a jest, with a sad brow<sup>9</sup>, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O! you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

*Shal.* [*Within.*] Sir John!

*Fal.* I come, master Shallow; I come, master Shallow.  
[*Exit FALSTAFF.*]

SCENE II. Westminster. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter WARWICK, and the Lord Chief Justice.*

*War.* How now, my lord chief justice? whither away?

*Ch. Just.* How doth the king?

*War.* Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

*Ch. Just.* I hope, not dead.

*War.* He's walk'd the way of nature;  
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

*Ch. Just.* I would his majesty had call'd me with him:  
The service that I truly did his life,  
Hath left me open to all injuries.

*War.* Indeed, I think the young king loves you not.

*Ch. Just.* I know he doth not; and do arm myself,  
To welcome the condition of the time;  
Which cannot look more hideously upon me  
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter PRINCE JOHN, PRINCE HUMPHREY, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, and Others.*

*War.* Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:  
O, that the living Harry had the temper  
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!  
How many nobles then should hold their places,  
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

*Ch. Just.* Alas! I fear, all will be overturn'd.

<sup>9</sup> *A sad brow*, i. e. *a serious face*. So in *The Winter's Tale*:—  
“My father and the gentlemen are in *sad* talk.”

*P. John.* Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

*P. Humph. Cla.* Good morrow, cousin.

*P. John.* We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

*War.* We do remember; but our argument  
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

*P. John.* Well, peace be with him that hath made  
us heavy!

*Ch. Just.* Peace be with us, lest we be heavier!

*P. Humph.* O, good my lord, you have lost a friend,  
indeed:

And I dare swear, you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow; it is, sure, your own.

*P. John.* Though no man be assur'd what grace to  
find,

You stand in coldest expectation:

I am the sorrier; 'would, 'twere otherwise.

*Cla.* Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair;  
Which swims against your stream of quality.

*Ch. Just.* Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour,  
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul;  
And never shall you see, that I will beg  
A ragged and forestall'd remission<sup>1</sup>.—  
If truth and upright innocency fail me,  
I'll to the king my master that is dead,  
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

*War.* Here comes the prince.

*Enter KING HENRY V.*

*Ch. Just.* Good morrow; and heaven save your  
majesty!

*King.* This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,

<sup>1</sup> *A ragged and forestall'd remission*, i. e. an unhandsome pardon, and a pardon bespoken beforehand, or solicited in advance, when it ought to be proffered unasked. Thomas Crompton in a letter to Sir Walter Aston, in 1621, concludes:—"Desiring your Lop. to beare with a ragged report." *Tizall's Letters*, i. p. 25.

And Lord Surrey has:—



May this be wash'd in Lethe. and forgotten?

*Ch. Just.* I then did use the person of your father;  
The image of his power lay then in me:  
And, in the administration of his law,  
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
Your highness pleased to forget my place,  
The majesty and power of law and justice,  
The image of the king whom I presented.  
And struck me in my very seat of judgment<sup>4</sup>:  
Whereon, as an offender to your father.  
I gave bold way to my authority,  
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
To have a son set your decrees at nought;  
To pluck down justice from your awful bench;  
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
That guards the peace and safety of your person;  
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,  
And mock your workings in a second body<sup>5</sup>.

"*Easy sighes, such as folks draw in love.*"

Baret has:—"Very *easily* or *lightly*; perfacile; legierement."

<sup>4</sup> This has probably no foundation in fact. Shakespeare was misled by Stow, or possibly was careless about the matter. While Gascoigne was at the bar Henry of Bolingbroke was his client, who appointed him his attorney to sue out his livery in the Court of Wards; but Richard II. defeated his purpose. When Bolingbroke became Henry IV. he appointed Gascoigne chief justice. In that station he acquired the character of a learned, upright, wise, and intrepid judge. The story of his committing the prince is told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *The Governor*; but Shakespeare followed the *Chronicles*. Sir William Gascoigne ceased to be chief justice at the accession of King Henry V. as appears by an entry on the Issue Roll of July, 1413, in which he is called "*late* Chief Justice of the Bench of Lord Henry, father of the present king." He is also thus described on his monument in Harwood Church, in Yorkshire. He had a pension, but his early removal from his office makes an impression quite opposed to that of this interesting scene. He died in December, 1413. Mr. Edward Foss has established these facts incontrovertibly in *Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. pp. 161-2.

<sup>5</sup> *And mock your workings in a second body*, i. e. "treat with contempt your acts executed by a representative."

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;  
 Be now the father, and propose a son<sup>6</sup> :  
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,  
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ;  
 And then imagine me taking your part,  
 And, in your power, soft silencing your son :  
 After this cold considerance, sentence me ;  
 And, as you are a king, speak in your state,  
 What I have done, that misbecame my place,  
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

*King.* You are right, justice, and you weigh this  
 well ;

Therefore still bear the balance and the sword :  
 And I do wish your honours may increase,  
 Till you do live to see a son of mine .  
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.  
 So shall I live to speak my father's words ;—  
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,  
 That dares do justice on my proper son :  
 And not less happy, having such a son,  
 That would deliver up his greatness so  
 Into the hands of justice.*—You did commit me :  
 For which, I do commit into your hand  
 The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear ;  
 With this remembrance,—That you use the same  
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,  
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;  
 You shall be as a father to my youth :  
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;  
 And I will stoop and humble my intents  
 To your well practis'd, wise directions.—  
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;—

<sup>6</sup> *Propose a son*, i. e. “image to yourself that you have a son.”  
 So in Titus Andronicus :—

“A thousand deaths I could *propose*.”

My father is gone wild into his grave<sup>7</sup>,  
 For in his tomb lie my affections;  
 And with his spirit sadly<sup>8</sup> I survive,  
 To mock the expectation of the world;  
 To frustrate prophecies; and to raze out  
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me  
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now:  
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea;  
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,  
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
 Now call we our high court of parliament:  
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,  
 That the great body of our state may go  
 In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation;  
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be  
 As things acquainted and familiar to us;—  
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.—  
[To the Lord Chief Justice.

Our coronation done, we will accite,  
 As I before remember'd, all our state:  
 And (God consigning to my good intents),  
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,—  
 Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.  
[Exeunt.

<sup>7</sup> *My father has gone wild into his grave.* The meaning is—My wild dispositions having ceased on my father's death, and being now as it were buried in his tomb, he and wildness are interred in the same grave. This is confirmed by a passage in King Henry V.—

“The courses of his youth promis'd it not:  
 The breath no sooner left his father's body,  
 But that his wildness, mortified in him,  
 Seem'd to die too.”

<sup>8</sup> *Sadly* is *soberly, seriously*; *sad* is opposed to *wild*.

SCENE III. Glostershire. *The Garden of Shallow's House.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.*

*Shal.* Nay, you shall see mine orchard : where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of carraways<sup>1</sup>, and so forth ;—come, cousin Silence ;—and then to bed.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

*Shal.* Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John :—marry, good air.—Spread, Davy ; spread, Davy ; well said, Davy.

*Fal.* This Davy serves you for good uses ; he is your serving-man, and your husband.

*Shal.* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John.—By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper :—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down :—come, cousin.

*Sil.* Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a,—we shall

*Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,* [*Singing.*

*And praise heaven for the merry year ;*

*When flesh is cheap, and females dear*<sup>2</sup>,

<sup>1</sup> *With a dish of carraways.* This passage is explained by the following quotations from Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1599 :—“For the same purpose *careway seeds* are used to be made in comfits, and to be eaten with apples, and surely very good for that purpose, for all such things as breed wind, would be eaten with other things that breake wind.” Again :—“Howbeit we are wont to eate *carrawaies*, or *biskets*, or some other kind of comfits or seedes, together with apples, thereby to breake winde ingendred by them ; and surely this is a verie good way for students.” The truth is, that apples and carraways were formerly always eaten together ; and it is said that they are still served up on particular days at Trinity College, Cambridge.

<sup>2</sup> The character of Silence is admirably sustained ; he would

*And lusty lads roam here and there*

*So merrily,*

*And ever among so merrily.*

*Fal.* There's a merry heart!—Good master Silence,  
I'll give you a health for that anon.

*Shal.* Give master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

*Davy.* Sweet sir, sit ; [*Seating BARDOLPH and the  
Page at another table.*] I'll be with you anon :—most  
sweet sir, sit.—Master page, good master page, sit :  
proface<sup>3</sup> ! What you want in meat, we'll have in  
drink. But you must bear ; The heart's all.

[*Exit.*

*Shal.* Be merry, master Bardolph ;—and my little  
soldier there, be merry.

*Sil.* *Be merry, be merry, my wife has all ;*

[*Singing.*

*For women are shrews, both short and tall :*

*'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all<sup>4</sup>,*

scarcely speak a word before, and now there is no end to his garrulity. He has a catch for every occasion :—

“When flesh is *cheap* and females *dear*.”

Here the double sense of *dear* must be remembered.

<sup>3</sup> *Proface.* An expression of welcome equivalent to *Much good may it do you !* It may be from the old Norman French “*PROU-FACE* souhait, qui veut dire bien vous fasse, *proficiat* ;” but it is a common Italian phrase, and notwithstanding what is said of its not occurring in the dictionaries (see Nares) Florio has :—“*Prò ti faccia*, Much good may it do you ;” and in Guazzo's *Civile Conversation*, 1574, p. 200, “giving them all *proface*,” where the Italian original has, “et disse il buon *prò faccia*.” Old Heywood has explained it :—

“Reader, reade this thus: for preface, *proface*,

Much good may it do you,” &c.

In Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, p. 132, ed. 1825, it thus occurs :—

“Before the second course, my lord cardinal came in among them, booted and spurred, all suddenly, and bade them *proface*.”

<sup>4</sup> This proverbial rhyme is of great antiquity ; it is found in Adam Davie's *Life of Alexander* :—

“Merrie swithe it is in hall

When the berdes waveth allc.”

*And welcome merry shrove-tide*<sup>5</sup>

*Be merry, be merry.*

*Fal.* I did not think, master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

*Sil.* Who, I? I have been merry twice and once, ere now.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* There is a dish of leather-coats<sup>6</sup> for you.

[*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*]

*Shal.* Davy,—

*Davy.* Your worship?—I'll be with you straight.

[*To BARD.*]*—A cup of wine, sir?*

*Sil.* *A cup of wine, that's brisk and fine,*

*And drink unto the leman mine;* [*Singing.*]

*And a merry heart lives long-a.*

*Fal.* Well said, master Silence.

*Sil.* And we shall be merry;—now comes in the sweet of the night.

*Fal.* Health and long life to you, master Silence.

*Sil.* *Fill the cup, and let it come;*

*I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.*

*Shal.* Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou want'st any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart.—Welcome, my little tiny thief; [*To the Page.*] and welcome, indeed, too.—I'll drink to master Bardolph, and to all the cavileroes about London.

*Davy.* I hope to see London once ere I die.

<sup>5</sup> *Shrovetide* was the ancient *carnival*; "In most places where the Romish religion is generally professed, it is a time wherein more than ordinary liberty is tolerated, as it were in recompense of the abstinence (penance which is to be undergone for a time) for the future: whence by a metaphor it may be taken for any time of rioting or licence."—*Phillips's World of Words*. T. War-ton does not seem to have known that *shrovetide* and *carnival* were the same, or that *carniscapium* and *carnisprivium* were the low Latin terms for the latter. *Shrovetide* was a season of such mirth that *shroving*, or to *shrove*, signified to be merry.

<sup>6</sup> *Leather-coats*. Apples commonly called russetines.

*Bard.* An I might see you there, Davy,—

*Shal.* By the mass, you'll crack a quart together.

Ha! will you not, master Bardolph?

*Bard.* Yes, sir, in a pottle pot.

*Shal.* I thank thee :—The knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that : he will not out ; he is true bred.

*Bard.* And I'll stick by him, sir.

*Shal.* Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing. be merry. [*Knocking heard.*] Look who's at door there : Ho ! who knocks ? *Exit DAVY.*

*Fal.* Why, now you have done me right.

[*To SILENCE, who drinks a bumper.*

*Sil.* *Do me right*<sup>7</sup>, [*Singing.*

*And dub me knight :*

*Samingo*<sup>8</sup>.

To *do a man right* and to *do him reason* were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths ; he who drank a bumper expected that a bumper should be drunk to his toast. To this Bishop Hall alludes in his *Quo Vadis* :—“ Those *formes of ceremonious quaffing*, in which men have learned to make gods of others and beasts of themselves : and lose their reason, whiles they pretend to *do reason*.” He who drank a bumper on his knees to the health of his mistress was dubbed a knight for the evening. On drinking healths to mistresses, see Young's *England's Bane*.

<sup>7</sup> In Nashe's play called *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, 1600, Bacchus sings the following catch :—

“ Monsieur *Mingo* for quaffing doth surpass

In cup, or can, or glass ;

God Bacchus, do me right,

And dub me knight,

*Domingo.*”

In Rowland's *Epigrams*, 1600, afterwards published under the title of *Humours Ordinarie*, and, *The Letting of Humor's Blood in the Head-veine*, Monsieur *Domingo* is celebrated as a toper. It has been supposed that the introduction of *Domingo* as a burthen to a drinking song was intended as a satire on the luxury of the Dominicans ; but whether the change to *Samingo* was a blunder of Silence in his cups, or was a real contraction of *San Domingo*, is uncertain. Why Saint Dominick should be the patron of topers does not appear. St. Vitus has been more appropriately adopted.

Is't not so ?

*Fal.* 'Tis so.

*Sil.* Is't so ? Why, then say, an old man can do somewhat.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* An it please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news.

*Fal.* From the court, let him come in.—

*Enter PISTOL.*

How now, Pistol ?

*Pist.* Sir John, God save you !

*Fal.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol ?

*Pist.* Not the ill wind which blows no man to good.—Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

*Sil.* By'r lady, I think 'a be ; but goodman Puff of Barson<sup>9</sup>.

*Pist.* Puff ?

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base !—

Sir John, I am thy Pistol, and thy friend,

And helter-skelter have I rode to thee ;

And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,

And golden times, and happy news of price.

*Fal.* I pr'ythee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

*Pist.* A foutra for the world, and worldlings base !  
I speak of Africa, and golden joys.

*Fal.* O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news ?  
Let king Cophetua know the truth thereof.

*Sil.* *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.* [*Sings.*

<sup>9</sup> *Barston* is a village in Warwickshire, lying between Coventry and Solihull ; pronounced *Barson* ; but as Barston is beyond Coventry, it is possible that *Barton on the Heath* may be meant, the residence of the Lamberts, which is much nearer to the scene in Gloucestershire.



*Pist.* Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?  
And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

*Shal.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

*Pist.* Why then, lament therefore.

*Shal.* Give me pardon, sir:—If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it, there is but two ways; either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the king, in some authority.

*Pist.* Under which king? Bezonian<sup>10</sup>, speak, or die!

*Shal.* Under King Harry.

*Pist.* Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

*Shal.* Harry the Fourth.

*Pist.* A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:

When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me<sup>11</sup>, like

The bragging Spaniard.

*Fal.* What! is the old king dead?

<sup>10</sup> *Bezonian*, according to Florio a *bisogno*, is, "a new levied souldier, such as comes needly to the wars." Colgrave, in *bisongne*, says "a filthie knave, or clowne, a raskall, a *bisonian*, base humoured scoundrel." Its original sense is a beggar, a needy person; it is often met with very differently spelt in the old comedies. "*Bisano*," says Minsheu, "a fresh water souldier, one that is not well acquainted with militarie affairs; a novice." Covarruvias asserts that the term originated from some Spanish soldiers in Italy, who, not knowing the language, expressed their wants by the word *bisogno*; as *bisogno pan*, *bisogno carne*, and that hence they received the appellation of *bisogni*. That the word was used among us in this sense sometimes, appears from Churchyard's Challenge, 1593, p. 85.

<sup>11</sup> *And fig me*. An expression of contempt or insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger. The custom has been regarded as originally Spanish, but without foundation, they most probably had it from the Romans. Pistol seems to accompany the phrase with an appropriate gesticulation. In explaining the *higas dar* of the Spaniards, Minsheu says, after describing it, "a manner as they use in England to bore the nose with the finge, as in disgrace." The phrase is amply explained in Mr. Douce's Illustrations of Shakespeare, vol. i. p. 492.

*Pist.* As nail in door<sup>12</sup>: The things I speak, are just.

*Fal.* Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double charge thee with dignities.

*Bard.* O joyful day!—I would not take a knight-hood for my fortune.

*Pist.* What? I do bring good news!

*Fal.* Carry master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt, I am fortune's steward. Get on thy boots; we'll ride all night:—O, sweet Pistol:—Away, Bardolph. [*Exit BARD.*]  
—Come, Pistol, utter more to me; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, master Shallow; I know, the young king is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses; the laws of England are at my commandment. Happy are they which have been my friends; and woe to my lord chief justice!

*Pist.* Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also!

*Where is the life that late I led, say they:*

Why, here it is; Welcome these pleasant days.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. London. A Street.

*Enter Beadles, dragging in Hostess QUICKLY, and DOLL TEAR-SHEET<sup>1</sup>.*

*Host.* No, thou arrant knave; I would I might die,

<sup>12</sup> *Dead as nail in door.* Steevens remarks that this proverbial expression is oftener used than understood. The *door nail* is the *nail* in ancient doors on which the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison for one irrecoverably dead, one who has fallen (as Virgil says) *multa morte*, i. e. with abundant death, such as reiterated strokes on the head would produce.

<sup>1</sup> In the quarto, 1600, we have "Enter *Sincklo*, and three or four officers." And the name of *Sincklo* is prefixed to the Beadle's

that I might have thee hang'd : thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1 *Bead.* The constables have delivered her over to me ; and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her : There hath been a man or two lately killed about her.

*Dol.* Nut-hook, nut-hook<sup>2</sup>, you lie. Come on ; I'll tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visaged rascal ; an the child I now go with do miscarry, thou hadst better thou hadst struck thy mother, thou paper-faced villain.

*Host.* O the Lord, that Sir John were come ! he would make this a bloody day to somebody. But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry !

1 *Bead.* If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions<sup>3</sup> again ; you have but eleven now. Come, I charge you both go with me ; for the man is dead, that you and Pistol beat among you.

*Doll.* I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer<sup>4</sup> ! I will have you as soundly swung for this,

speeches. Sincklo is also introduced in the *Taming of the Shrew*, he was an actor in the same company with Shakespeare.

<sup>2</sup> *Nut-hook.* It has already been observed (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Sc. 1) that *nut-hook* was a term of reproach for a bailiff or constable. Cleveland says of a committee-man :—“ He is the devil's *nut-hook*, the sign with him is always in the clutches.”

<sup>3</sup> *You shall have a dozen of cushions.* The Beadle implies that Doll will be brought to bed of a cushion, taken by her from a set of a dozen, to stuff herself out with. In Greene's *Dispute between a He Conycatcher, &c.* 1592—“ to wear a *cushion* under her own kirtle, and to faine herself with child.”

<sup>4</sup> *Thou thin man in a censer.* Doll humorously compares the beadle's spare figure to the embossed figures in the middle of the pierced convex lid of a censer made of thin metal. The sluttish of rush strewed chambers rendered censers or fire pans in which coarse perfumes were burnt most necessary utensils. In *Much Ado About Nothing*, Borachio says that he had been entertained for a perfumer to smoke a *musty room* at Leonato's. The uncleanly habits of our ancestors made a constant change of habi-

*Fal.* Come here, Pistol; stand behind me.—O! if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. [*To SHALLOW.*] But 'tis no matter; this poor show doth better: this doth infer the zeal I had to see him

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* It shows my earnestness of affection.

*Shal.* It doth so<sup>1</sup>.

*Fal.* My devotion.

*Shal.* It doth, it doth, it doth<sup>1</sup>.

*Fal.* As it were, to ride day and night; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me.

*Shal.* It is most certain.

*Fal.* But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him: thinking of nothing else; putting all affairs else in oblivion; as if there were nothing else to be done, but to see him.

*Pist.* 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'Tis all in every part<sup>2</sup>.

*Shal.* 'Tis so, indeed.

*Pist.* My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver, And make thee rage<sup>3</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> In the quarto Shallow's first speech in this scene, as well as these two, is erroneously given to Pistol. The folio corrected the former, but overlooked these.

<sup>2</sup> Warburton thought that we should read:—

"'Tis all in all and all in every part."

In Sir John Davis's *Nosce Te ipsum*, 1599, speaking of the soul:—

"Some say she's all in all and all in every part."

And in Drayton's *Mortimer's*, 1596:—

"And as his soul possessed every part,

She's all in all, and all in every part."

In The Phoenix Nest, 1593, we find "Tota in toto, et tota in qualibet parte." It brings to mind Pope's—

"That speed thro' all, and yet in all the same," &c.

<sup>3</sup> "Non libidines tantum sed iræ et quorumcumque dolorum in mentem penetrabant, sedem Poetæ posuerunt in jecore."—*Valerius Euripid. Hippolit.* 279.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,  
Is in base durance, and contagious prison ;  
Haul'd thither  
By most mechanical and dirty hand :—  
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's  
snake,

For Doll is in ; Pistol speaks nought but truth.

*Fal.* I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the Trumpets sound.*]

*Pist.* There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor  
sounds.

*Enter the King and his Train, the Chief Justice  
among them.*

*Fal.* God save thy grace, King Hal ! my royal Hal<sup>4</sup> !

*Pist.* The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal  
imp of fame !

*Fal.* God save thee, my sweet boy !

*King.* My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

*Ch. Just.* Have you your wits ? know you what 'tis  
you speak ?

*Fal.* My king ! my Jove ! I speak to thee, my heart !

*King.* I know thee not, old man : Fall to thy  
prayers ;

How ill white hairs become a fool, and jester !

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane ;

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.

Make less thy body hence<sup>5</sup>, and more thy grace ;

Leave gormandizing ; know, the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men :—

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest ;

<sup>4</sup> A similar scene occurs in the anonymous old play of King Henry V. Falstaff and his companions address the king in the same manner, and are dismissed as in this play.

<sup>5</sup> Hence, i. e. henceforward.

Presume not, that I am the thing I was :  
For heaven doth know, so shall the world perceive,  
That I have turn'd away my former self ;  
So will I those that kept me company.  
When thou dost hear I am as I have been,  
Approach me ; and thou shalt be as thou wast,  
The tutor and the feeder of my riots :  
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death,—  
As I have done the rest of my misleaders,—  
Not to come near our person by ten mile.  
For competence of life, I will allow you,  
That lack of means enforce you not to evil :  
And, as we hear you do reform<sup>6</sup> yourselves,  
We will,—according to your strength, and qualities,—  
Give you advancement<sup>7</sup>.—Be it your charge, my lord,  
To see perform'd the tenour of our word.

Set on. *[Exeunt King, and his Train.*

*Fal.* Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

*Shal.* Ay, marry, Sir John ; which I beseech you  
to let me have home with me.

*Fal.* That can hardly be, master Shallow. Do not  
you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for in private to  
him : look you, he must seem thus to the world. Fear  
not your advancement ; I will be the man yet, that  
shall make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot well perceive how ; unless you should  
give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I

<sup>6</sup> The second folio has "*redeem* yourselves." Boswell gave it  
as a various reading of the first.

<sup>7</sup> This circumstance Shakespeare may have derived from the  
old play of King Henry V. But Hall, Holinshed, and Stow give  
nearly the same account of the dismissal of Henry's loose compan-  
ions. Every reader regrets to see Falstaff so hardly used, and  
Johnson's vindication of the king does not diminish that feeling.  
Poins, Johnson thinks ought to have figured in the conclusion of  
the play, but I do not believe that any one had ever been sensible  
of the poet's neglect of him until Johnson pointed it out.

beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

*Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that you heard, was but a colour.

*Shal.* A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

*Fal.* Fear no colours ; go with me to dinner. Come, lieutenant Pistol ;—come, Bardolph :—I shall be sent for soon at night.

*Re-enter PRINCE JOHN, the Chief Justice,  
Officers, &c.*

*Ch. Just.* Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet ; Take all his company along with him.

*Fal.* My lord, my lord,——

*Ch. Just.* I cannot now speak : I will hear you soon. Take them away.

*Pist.* *Si fortuna me tormenta, spero me contenta.*

*[Exeunt FAL. SHAL. PIST. BARD. Page,  
and Officers.]*

*P. John.* I like this fair proceeding of the king's  
He hath intent his wonted followers  
Shall all be very well provided for ;  
But all are banish'd, till their conversations  
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

*Ch. Just.* And so they are.

*P. John.* The king hath all'd his parliament, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* He hath.

*P. John.* I will lay odds,—that, ere this year expire,  
We bear our civil swords, and native fire,  
As far as France : I heard a bird so sing,  
Whose musick, to my thinking, pleas'd the king.  
Come, will you hence ? *[Exeunt.]*

## EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by a Dancer.*

FIRST, my fear ; then, my court'sy ; last, my speech. My fear is, your displeasure ; my court'sy, my duty ; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me : for what I have to say, is of mine own making ; and what, indeed, I should say, will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture.—Be it known to you (as it is very well), I was lately here in the 'end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this : which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here, I promised you, I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies : bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs ? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me ; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloyed with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France : where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless



already he be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night: and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the queen<sup>1</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> Most of the ancient interludes conclude with a prayer for the king or queen. Hence, perhaps, the *Vivant Rex et Regina*, at the bottom of our modern play bills. This is the text of the folio; the quarto varies in placing the words, “and so *I* kneel down before you, but indeed to pray for the queen,” at the end of the first paragraph.





KING HENRY V.





## KING HENRY V.



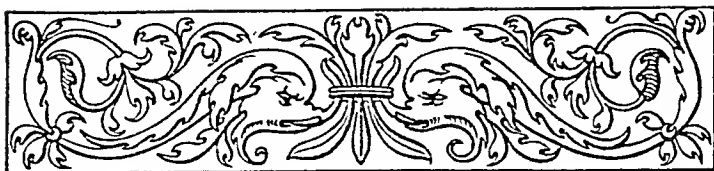
Fr. Sold. *O, prenez miséricorde ! ayez pitié de moy !*

Pistol. *Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys.*

ACT IV. SC. 4.

able, and full of ribaldry and impiety. Shakespeare seems to





## KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

### PRELIMINARY REMARKS.

**T**HE transactions comprised in this play commence about the latter end of the first, and terminate in the eighth year of this king's reign : when he married Katharine, princess of France, and closed up the differences betwixt England and that crown.

This play, in the quarto edition of 1608, is styled *The Chronicle History of Henry, &c.* which seems to have been the title appropriated to all Shakespeare's historical dramas. Thus in *The Antipodes*, a comedy by R. Brome :—

“These lads can act the emperor's lives all over,  
And Shakespeare's *Chronicle Histories* to boot.”

The players likewise, in the folio of 1623, rank these pieces under the title of *Histories*.

It is evident that a play on this subject had been performed before the year 1592. Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*, dated in that year, says, “What a glorious thing it is to have *Henry the Fifth* represented on the stage, leading the French king prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin to swear fealtie.” Perhaps this same play was thus entered on the books of the Stationers' Company :—“Thomas Storde] May 2. 1594. A booke entituled *The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*, containing the honourable Battle of Agincourt.” There are two more entries of a play of *King Henry V.* viz. between 1596 and 1615, and one August 14, 1600. Malone had an edition printed in 1598, and Steevens had two copies of this play, one without date, and the other dated 1617, both printed by Bernard Alsop; from one of these it was reprinted in 1778, among six old plays on which Shakespeare founded, &c. published by Mr. Nichols. It is thought that this piece is prior to Shakespeare's *King Henry V.* and that it is the very “displeasing play” alluded to in the epilogue to the *Second Part of King Henry IV.* “for Oldcastle died a martyr,” &c. Oldcastle is the Falstaff of the piece, which is despicable, and full of ribaldry and impiety. Shakespeare seems to

have taken not a few hints from it; for it comprehends, in some measure, the story of the two parts of King Henry IV. as well as of King Henry V. and no ignorance could debase the gold of Shakespeare into such dross, though no chemistry, but that of Shakespeare, could exalt such base metal into gold. This piece must have been performed before the year 1588, Tarlton, the comedian, who played both the parts of the Chief Justice and the Clown in it, having died in that year.

This anonymous play of King Henry V. is neither divided into acts nor scenes, is uncommonly short, and has all the appearance of having been imperfectly taken down during the representation.

There is a play called Sir John Oldcastle, published in 1600, with the name of William Shakespeare prefixed to it. The prologue of which serves to show that a former piece, in which the character of Oldcastle was introduced, had given great offence:—

“ The doubtful title (gentlemen) prefixt  
Upon the argument we have in hand,  
May breed suspense, and wrongfully disturbe  
The peaceful quiet of your settled thoughts.  
To stop which scruple, let this breefe suffice:  
It is no *pamper'd glutton* we present,  
Nor *aged counsellour to youthful sinne*;  
But one whose vertue shone above the rest,  
A valiant martyr and a vertuous peere;  
In whose true faith and loyalty exprest  
Unto his soveraigne, and his countries weale,  
We strive to pay that tribute of our love  
Your favours merit: let faire truth be grac'd,  
Since forg'd invention former time defac'd.”

Shakespeare's play, according to Malone, seems to have been written in the middle of the year 1599. There are three quarto editions in the poet's lifetime, but without his name on the title page, 1600, 1602, and 1608. In all of them the choruses are omitted, and the play commences with the first speech of the second scene. They are evidently surreptitious publications, most probably derived from notes taken during the performance of this evidently popular play.

It appears from The Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels, edited by Mr. P. Cunningham, that on the 7th of January, 1605, “ the play of Henry the fift ” was represented at Court, and this was most probably Shakespeare's drama; whether the choruses were then added or no must remain doubtful, but a passage relating to the expedition of the Earl of Essex to Ireland, in 1599, must have been written during his absence:—

“ As by a lower but loving likelihood,  
Were now the general of our gracious Empress  
(As in good time he may) from Ireland coming,  
Bringing rebellion broached on his sword,

How many would the peaceful city quit  
To welcome him."

This, coupled with the omission of all mention of this play by Meres in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, renders it pretty certain that it was composed in the summer of 1599.





## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

Duke of Gloster, } *Brothers to the King.*  
 Duke of Bedford, }

Duke of Exeter, *Uncle to the King.*

Duke of York, *Cousin to the King.*

Earls of Salisbury, Westmoreland, and Warwick.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

Bishop of Ely.

Earl of Cambridge, } *Conspirators against the King.*  
 LORD SCROOP, }  
 SIR THOMAS GREY, }

SIR THOMAS ERPINGHAM, GOWER, FLUELLEN, MAC-  
 MORRIS, JAMY, *Officers in King Henry's Army.*

BATES, COURT, WILLIAMS, *Soldiers in the same.*

NYM, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, *formerly Servants to Falstaff,*  
*now Soldiers in the same.*

Boy, *Servant to them.* A Herald. Chorus.

CHARLES THE SIXTH, *King of France.*

LEWIS, *the Dauphin.*

Dukes of Burgundy, Orleans, and Bourbon.

The Constable of France.

RAMBURES and GRANDPREE, *French Lords.*

Governour of Harfleur. MONTJOY, *a French Herald.*

Ambassadors to the King of England.

ISABEL, *Queen of France.*

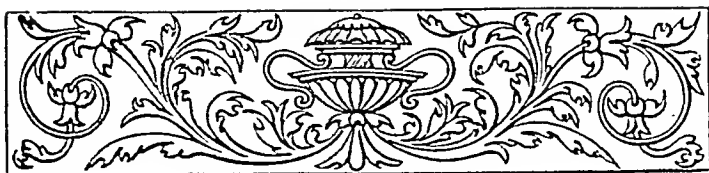
KATHARINE, *Daughter of Charles and Isabel.*

ALICE, *a Lady attending on the Princess Katharine.*

QUICKLY, *Pistol's Wife, an Hostess.*

Lords, Ladies, Officers, French and English Soldiers,  
 Messengers, and Attendants.

*The SCENE, at the beginning of the Play, lies in Eng-  
 land; but afterwards wholly in France.*



*Enter* CHORUS.

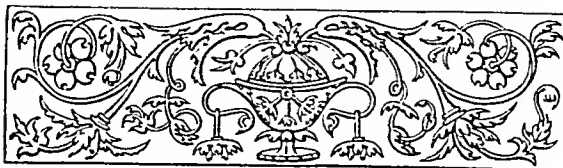
**Q** FOR a muse of fire, that would ascend  
The brightest heaven of invention !  
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,  
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene !  
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,  
Assume the port of Mars ; and, at his heels,  
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire  
Crouch for employment. But pardon, gentles all,  
The flat unraised spirit, that hath dar'd,  
On this unworthy scaffold, to bring forth  
So great an object : Can this cockpit hold  
The vasty fields of France ? or may we cram  
Within this wooden O, the very casques<sup>1</sup>,  
That did affright the air at Agincourt ?  
O, pardon ! since a crooked figure may  
Attest, in little place, a million ;  
And let us, ciphers to this great accompt,  
On your imaginary forces<sup>2</sup> work.  
Suppose, within the girdle of these walls  
Are now confin'd two mighty monarchies,  
Whose high upreared and abutting fronts

<sup>1</sup> *Within this wooden O, the very casques.* O for circle, alluding to the circular form of the Globe theatre. The *very casques*, that is the casques alone, or merely the casques.

<sup>2</sup> *Imaginary forces.* Imaginary for imaginant or imaginative, your powers of fancy. The active and passive are often confounded by old writers.

The perilous, narrow ocean parts asunder.  
Piece out our imperfections with your thoughts ;  
Into a thousand parts divide one man,  
And make imaginary puissance :  
Think, when we talk of horses, that you see them  
Printing their proud hoofs i' the receiving earth :  
For 'tis your thoughts that now must deck our kings,  
Carry them here and there ; jumping o'er times ;  
Turning the accomplishment of many years  
Into an hour glass : For the which supply,  
Admit me chorus to this history ;  
Who, prologue-like, your humble patience pray  
Gently to hear, kindly to judge, our play.





## KING HENRY V.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. London<sup>1</sup>. *An Antechamber in the King's Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and  
Bishop of Ely<sup>2</sup>.*

*Canterbury.*

**M**Y lord, I'll tell you,—that self bill is urg'd,  
Which in the eleventh year o' the last  
king's reign  
Was like, and had indeed against us  
pass'd,  
But that the scrambling<sup>3</sup> and unquiet time  
Did push it out of farther question<sup>4</sup>.

<sup>1</sup> This first scene was added in the folio, together with the choruses, and other amplifications. It appears from Hall and Holinshed that the events passed at Leicester, where King Henry V. held a parliament in the second year of his reign. But the chorus at the beginning of the second act shows that the poet intended to make London the place of his first scene.

<sup>2</sup> *Canterbury and Ely.* Henry Chicheley, a Carthusian monk, recently promoted to the see of Canterbury. John Fordham, bishop of Ely, consecrated 1388, died 1426.

<sup>3</sup> *Scrambling*, i. e. *scrambling*. Vide note on *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act v. Sc. 1, note 8.

<sup>4</sup> *Question is debate.*

*Ely.* But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

*Cant.* It must be thought on. If it pass against us,  
We lose the better half of our possession :  
For all the temporal lands, which men devout  
By testament have given to the church,  
Would they strip from us : being valued thus,—  
“ As much as would maintain, to the king’s honour<sup>5</sup>,  
“ Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights :  
“ Six thousand and two hundred good esquires ;  
“ And, to relief of lazars, and weak age,  
“ Of indigent faint souls, past corporal toil,  
“ A hundred alms-houses, right well supplied ;  
“ And to the coffers of the king beside,  
“ A thousand pounds by the year :” Thus runs the bill.

*Ely.* This would drink deep.

*Cant.* ’Twould drink the cup and all.

*Ely.* But what prevention?

*Cant.* The king is full of grace, and fair regard.

*Ely.* And a true lover of the holy church.

*Cant.* The courses of his youth promis’d it not  
The breath no sooner left his father’s body,  
But that his wildness, mortified in him,  
Seem’d to die too<sup>6</sup>: yea, at that very moment,  
Consideration like an angel came,  
And whipp’d the offending Adam out of him :  
Leaving his body as a paradise,  
To envelop and contain celestial spirits.  
Never was such a sudden scholar made :  
Never came reformation in a flood,  
With such a heady current, scouring faults ;  
Nor never hydra-headed wilfulness

<sup>5</sup> This passage seems intended to be read by the Archbishop, as it bears a tone of approval that was not his.

<sup>6</sup> The same thought occurs in the preceding play, where King Henry V. says:—

“ My father is gone wild into his grave,  
For in his tomb lie my affections.”

So soon did lose his seat, and all at once,  
As in this king.

*Ely.* We are blessed in the change.

*Cant.* Hear him but reason in divinity,  
And, all admiring, with an inward wish  
You would desire, the king were made a prelate :  
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,  
You would say,—it hath been all in all his study :  
List his discourse of war, and you shall hear  
A fearful battle render'd you in musick :  
Turn him to any cause of policy,  
The Gordian knot of it he will unloose,  
Familiar as his garter ; that, when he speaks,  
The air, a charter'd libertine, is still<sup>7</sup>,  
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,  
To steal his sweet and honeyed sentences ;  
So that the art and practick part of life  
Must be the mistress to this theorick<sup>8</sup> :  
Which is a wonder, how his grace should glean it,  
Since his addiction was to courses vain :  
His companies<sup>9</sup> unletter'd, rude, and shallow ;  
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, sports ;  
And never noted in him any study,  
Any retirement, any sequestration

<sup>7</sup> Johnson has noticed the exquisite beauty of this line. We have the same thought in *As You Like It*, Act ii. Sc. 7 :—

“ I must have liberty  
Withal, *as large a charter as the wind*,  
To blow on whom I please.”

<sup>8</sup> “ So that the *art and practick* part of life  
Must be the mistress to this *theorick*.”

He discourses with so much skill on all subjects, “ that this *theoretic* knowledge must have been taught by *art and practice*,” which is strange, since he could see little of the true art or practice among his loose companions, nor ever retired to digest his practice into theory. *Practick* and *theorick*, or rather *practique* and *theorique*, were the old orthography of *practice* and *theory*.

<sup>9</sup> *Companies*, for *companions*.

From open haunts and popularity<sup>10</sup>.

*Ely.* The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,  
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best,  
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :  
And so the prince obscur'd his contemplation  
Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,  
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
Unseen, yet *crescive*<sup>11</sup> in his faculty.

*Cant.* It must be so : for miracles are ceased  
And therefore we must needs admit the means,  
How things are perfected.

*Ely.* But, my good lord,  
How now for mitigation of this bill  
Urg'd by the commons ? Doth his majesty  
Incline to it, or no ?

*Cant.* He seems indifferent ;  
Or, rather, swaying more upon our part,  
Than cherishing the exhibitors against us ;  
For I have made an offer to his majesty,—  
Upon our spiritual convocation :  
And in regard of causes now in hand,  
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,  
As touching France,—to give a greater sum  
Than ever at one time the clergy yet  
Did to his predecessors part withal.

*Ely.* How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord ?

*Cant.* With good acceptance of his majesty ;  
Save, that there was not time enough to hear  
(As, I perceiv'd, his grace would fain have done)

<sup>10</sup> *Popularity* meant *familiarity with the common people*, as well as popular favour or applause. See *Florio* in voce *Popolarita*.

<sup>11</sup> "Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,  
Unseen, yet *crescive* in his faculty."

*Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo  
Fama Marcelli.*

This expressive word is used by Drant, in his Translation of Horace's Art of Poetry, 1567 :—

"As lusty youths of *crescive* age doe flourish fresh and grow."

The severals, and unhidden passages<sup>12</sup>  
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms ;  
And, generally, to the crown and seat of France,  
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

*Ely.* What was the impediment that broke this off?

*Cant.* The French ambassador upon that instant  
Crav'd audience ; and the hour I think is come,  
To give him hearing : Is it four o'clock ?

*Ely.* It is.

*Cant.* Then go we in, to know his embassy ;  
Which I could, with a ready guess, declare,  
Before the Frenchman speak a word of it.

*Ely.* I'll wait upon you ; and I long to hear it.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The same. A Room of State in the same.*

*Enter* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER,  
WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and Attendants.

*K. Hen.* Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

*Exe.* Not here in presence.

*K. Hen.* Send for him, good uncle<sup>1</sup>.

*West.* Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

*K. Hen.* Not yet, my cousin ; we would be resolv'd,  
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,  
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France.

<sup>12</sup> *The severals, and unhidden passages, i.e. the particulars and clear unconcealed circumstances of his true titles, &c.*

<sup>1</sup> *Send for him, good uncle.* The person here addressed was Thomas Beaufort, half brother to King Henry IV. being one of the sons of John of Gaunt by Katharine Swynford. He was not made Duke of Exeter till the year after the battle of Agincourt, 1416. He was properly now only Earl of Dorset. Shakespeare may have confounded this character with John Holland, Duke of Exeter, who married Elizabeth, the king's aunt. He was executed at Plashey, in 1400. In all the quartos the play began with the next speech, which is there assigned to *Exeter*.



*Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and  
Bishop of Ely.*

*Cant.* God, and his angels, guard your sacred  
throne,

And make you long become it!

*K. Hen.*

Sure, we thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed;  
And justly and religiously unfold,  
Why the law Salique, that they have in France,  
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.  
And God forbid, my dear and faithful lord,  
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading,  
Or nicely charge your understanding soul  
With opening titles miscreate<sup>2</sup>, whose right  
Suits not in native colours with the truth;  
For God doth know, how many, now in health,  
Shall drop their blood in approbation<sup>3</sup>  
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.  
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person<sup>4</sup>,  
How you awake our sleeping sword of war;  
We charge you in the name of God, take heed:  
For never two such kingdoms did contend,  
Without much fall of blood; whose guiltless drops  
Are every one a woe, a sore complaint,

<sup>2</sup> "Or nicely charge your understanding soul  
With opening titles miscreate."

Or burthen your knowing or conscious soul with displaying false titles in a specious manner or opening pretensions, which, if shown in their native colours, would appear to be false.

<sup>3</sup> *Shall drop their blood in approbation.* *Approbation* is used by Shakespeare for *proving* or *establishing by proof*. Thus in *Cymbeline*:—"Would I had put my estate and my neighbour's on the *approbation* of what I have spoke." This sense was not peculiar to our poet; for Braithwaite, in his *Survey of Histories*, 1614, says, "Composing what he wrote not by the report of others, but by the *approbation* of his own eyes."

<sup>4</sup> *Therefore take heed how you impawn our person.* To *impawn* was to *engage* or *pledge*. See *Hamlet*, Act v. Sc. 2.

'Gainst him, whose wrong gives edge<sup>a</sup> unto the swords  
That make such waste in brief mortality.  
Under this conjuration, speak, my lord ;  
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart,  
That what you speak is in your conscience wash'd  
As pure as sin with baptism.

*Cant.* Then hear me, gracious sovereign,—and you  
peers,

That owe yourselves, your lives, and services<sup>b</sup>,  
To this imperial throne :—There is no bar<sup>c</sup>  
To make against your highness' claim to France,  
But this, which they produce from Pharamond,—  
*In terram Salicam mulieres nē succedant,*  
*No woman shall succeed in Salique land :*  
Which Salique land the French unjustly gloze<sup>d</sup>  
To be the realm of France, and Pharamond  
The founder of this law and female bar.  
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,  
That the land Salique lies in Germany,  
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe:  
Where Charles the Great, having subdued the Saxons,  
There left behind and settled certain French ;  
Who, holding in disdain the German women,  
For some dishonest manners of their life,  
Establish'd there this law,—to wit, no female  
Should be inheritrix in Salique land ;  
Which Salique, as I said, 'twixt Elbe and Sala,  
Is at this day in Germany call'd—Meisen.  
Thus doth it well appear, the Salique law

<sup>a</sup> The folio, in which this line first appeared, has "whose wrongs gives."

<sup>b</sup> The quarto has, "That owe your *lives*, your *faith*, and *services*."

<sup>c</sup> *There is no bar*, &c. The whole speech is taken from Holinshed.

<sup>d</sup> To *gloze* is to *expound* or *explain*, and sometimes to *comment upon*. It is another form of *gloss*. See *Troilus and Cressida*, Act ii. Sc. 2.

Was not devised for the realm of France :  
 Nor did the French possess the Salique land  
 Until four hundred one and twenty years  
 After defunction of king Pharamond,  
 Idly suppos'd the founder of this law ;  
 Who died within the year of our redemption  
 Four hundred twenty-six ; and Charles the Great  
 Subdued the Saxons, and did seat the French  
 Beyond the river Sala, in the year  
 Eight hundred five. Besides, their writers say,  
 King Pepin, which deposed Childerick,  
 Did, as heir general, being descended  
 Of Blithild, which was daughter to King Clothair,  
 Make claim and title to the crown of France.  
 Hugh Capet also,—that usurp'd the crown  
 Of Charles the duke of Lorain, sole heir male  
 Of the true line and stock of Charles the Great,—  
 To fine<sup>7</sup> his title with some show of truth,  
 (Though, in pure truth, it was corrupt and naught),  
 Convey'd<sup>8</sup> himself as heir to the Lady Lingare,

<sup>7</sup> *To fine his title with some show of truth.* Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *To find.* *To fine* is to *embellish*, to *make showy* or *specious*.

<sup>8</sup> *Convey'd himself as heir to the Lady Lingare.* Shakespeare found this expression in Holinshed ; and, though it sounds odd to modern ears, it is classical. Bishop Cooper renders "*Conjicere se in familiam ; to convey himself to be of some noble family.*" Its true meaning is, *he passed himself off as heir to the Lady Lingare.* These fictitious personages and pedigrees (as Ritson remarks) seem to have been devised by the English Heralds to "*fine a title with some show of truth,*" which "*in pure truth was corrupt and naught.*" It was manifestly impossible that Henry, who had no title to his own dominions, could derive one, by the same colour, to another person's. He merely proposed the invasion and conquest of France in prosecution of the dying advice of his father :—

"To busy giddy minds

In foreign quarrels ; that action, thence borne out,

Might waste the memory of former days."

The zeal and eloquence of the Archbishop are owing to similar motives.

Daughter to Charlemain, who was the son  
 To Lewis the emperor, and Lewis the son  
 Of Charles the Great. Also King Lewis the Tenth<sup>9</sup>,  
 Who was sole heir to the usurper Capet,  
 Could not keep quiet in his conscience,  
 Wearing the crown of France, till satisfied  
 That fair Queen Isabel, his grandmother,  
 Was lineal of the lady Ermengare,  
 Daughter to Charles the foresaid duke of Lorain :  
 By the which marriage, the line of Charles the Great  
 Was reunited to the crown of France.  
 So that, as clear as is the summer's sun,  
 King Pepin's title, and Hugh Capet's claim,  
 King Lewis his satisfaction, all appear  
 To hold in right and title of the female.  
 So do the kings of France unto this day ;  
 Howbeit they would hold up this Salique law,  
 To bar your highness claiming from the female ;  
 And rather choose to hide them in a net<sup>a</sup>,  
 Than amply to imbare<sup>10</sup> their crooked titles  
 Usurp'd from you and your progenitors.

*K. Hen.* May I, with right and conscience, make  
 this claim ?

*Cant.* The sin upon my head, dread sovereign !  
 For in the book of Numbers is it writ,—  
 When the man<sup>11</sup> dies, let the inheritance

<sup>9</sup> *Lewis the Tenth.* This should be Lewis the *Ninth*, as it stands in Hall's Chronicle. Shakespearè has been led into the error by Holinshed, whose chronicle he followed.

<sup>a</sup> That is, under a pretext that can be seen through.

<sup>10</sup> *Than amply to imbare their crooked titles.* The folio reads *imbarre*; the first two quartos *imbace*, and *causes* instead of *titles*; the quarto 1608 *embrace*. As there is no other example of such a word as *imbace*, I cannot but think that this is an error of the press for *unbare*. The usual reading has been "To *imbar*," which must be supposed to mean to *bar in*, to *secure*.

<sup>11</sup> The quarto has "When the *son* dies," which would appear to be the better reading; but the Chronicle gives the passage

Descend unto the daughter. Gracious lord,  
 Stand for your own ; unwind your bloody flag ;  
 Look back into your mighty ancestors ;  
 Go, my dread lord, to your great grandsire's tomb,  
 From whom you claim : invoke his warlike spirit,  
 And your great uncle's, Edward the Black Prince ;  
 Who on the French ground play'd a tragedy,  
 Making defeat on the full power of France ;  
 Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
 Stood smiling ; to behold his lion's whelp  
 Forge in blood of French nobility<sup>12</sup>.  
 O noble English, that could entertain  
 With half their forces the full pride of France ;  
 And let another half stand laughing by,  
 All out of work, and cold for action<sup>13</sup> !

*Ely.* Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,  
 And with your puissant arm renew their feats :  
 You are their heir, you sit upon their throne ;  
 The blood and courage that renowned them,  
 Runs in your veins ; and my thrice-puissant liege  
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,  
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

*Exe.* Your brother kings and monarchs of the earth  
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,  
 As did the former lions of your blood.

*West.* They know, your grace hath cause, and  
 means, and might ;

thus, "When a *man* dieth without a son, let the inheritance descend to his daughter." The reference is to Numbers xxvii. 8.

<sup>12</sup> *Whiles his most mighty father on a hill  
 Stood smiling," &c.*

This alludes to the battle of Cressy ; as described by Holinshed, vol. ii. p. 372.

<sup>13</sup> *Cold for action*, want of action being the *cause* of their being cold. So many mistakes have been made in the explanation of this simple word *for* by the editors of Shakespeare, and other of our old English writers, that the reader will do well to consult Tooke's *Diversions of Purley*, vol. i. p. 371 et seq.

So hath your highness<sup>14</sup>;—never king of England  
Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects;  
Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,  
And lie pavilion'd in the fields of France.

*Cant.* O, let their bodies follow, my dear liege,  
With blood, and sword, and fire, to win your right:  
In aid whereof, we of the spirituality  
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,  
As never did the clergy at one time  
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

*K. Hen.* We must not only arm to invade the  
French;  
But lay down our proportions to defend  
Against the Scot, who will make road upon us  
With all advantages.

*Cant.* They of those marches<sup>15</sup>, gracious sovereign,  
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend  
Our inland from the pilfering borderers.

*K. Hen.* We do not mean the coursing snatchers  
only,  
But fear the main intendment<sup>16</sup> of the Scot,  
Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us;  
For you shall read, that my great grandfather  
Never went with his forces into France,

<sup>14</sup> *So hath your highness, i. e. your highness hath indeed what they think and know you have.*

<sup>15</sup> *They of those marches.* The marches are the borders. The quarto reads "The marches, gracious sovereign, shall be sufficient to guard your *England* from the pilfering borderers." This seems to indicate that the quarto was printed from notes taken at its representation, and that the words were misheard.

<sup>16</sup> *But fear the main intendment of the Scot,*  
*Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us.*  
The main intendment is the principal purpose, that he will bend his whole force against us: the *Bellum in aliquem intendere*, of Livy. A giddy neighbour is an unstable, inconstant one. What opinion the Scots entertained of the defenceless state of England appears from WYNTOWN'S *Cronykil*, b. viii. ch. xl. ver. 96; and from the old poem of Flodden Field.

But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom  
 Came pouring, like the tide into a breach,  
 With ample and brimfulness of his force ;  
 Galling the gleaned land with hot assays ;  
 Girding with grievous siege, castles and towns ;  
 That England, being empty of defence,  
 Hath shook and trembled at the ill neighbourhood<sup>17</sup>.

*Cant.* She hath been then more fear'd<sup>18</sup> than harm'd,  
 my liege :

For hear her but exempl'd by herself,—  
 When all her chivalry hath been in France,  
 And she a mourning widow of her nobles,  
 She hath herself not only well defended,  
 But taken, and impounded as a stray,  
 The king of Scots ; whom she did send to France,  
 To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings ;  
 And make their chronicle<sup>a</sup> as rich with praise,  
 As is the ooze and bottom of the sea  
 With sunken wrack and sumless treasures.

*West.* But there's a saying, very old and true,—

*If that you will France win,*

*Then with Scotland first begin :*

For once the eagle England being in prey,  
 To her unguarded nest the weasel Scot  
 Comes sneaking, and so sucks her princely eggs ;  
 Playing the mouse, in absence of the cat,  
 To tear and havock<sup>19</sup> more than she can eat.

*Exe.* It follows then, the cat must stay at home :

<sup>17</sup> The quarto reads " at the bruit thereof."

<sup>18</sup> *Fear'd* here means *frightened*. We have it again in the same sense in other places, as in King Henry VI. Act v. Sc. 2, Part III.—

" Warwick was a bug that *fear'd* us all."

<sup>a</sup> The quarto has "*your* chronicle ;" but *their* refers to K. Edward, and England the mourning widow of her nobles.

<sup>19</sup> The quartos have "To *spoil* and havock." The folios "To *tame* and havoc," a probable misprint for *teare*.

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity<sup>20</sup>,  
 Since we have locks to safeguard necessities,  
 And pretty traps to catch the petty thieves.  
 While that the armed hand doth fight abroad,  
 The advised head defends itself at home :  
 For government, though high, and low, and lower,  
 Put into parts, doth keep in one consent<sup>21</sup> ;  
 Congreeing<sup>a</sup> in a full and natural close,  
 Like musick.

*Cant.* Therefore doth heaven divide  
 The state of man in divers functions,  
 Setting endeavour in continual motion ;  
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,  
 Obedience : for so work the honey bees ;  
 Creatures, that, by a rule in nature, teach  
 The act<sup>22</sup> of order to a peopled kingdom.

<sup>20</sup> *Yet that is but a crush'd necessity.* This is the reading of the folio. The editors of late editions have adopted the reading of the quarto copy, "curs'd necessity," and by so doing have certainly not rendered the passage more intelligible. A *crush'd necessity* signifies a forced inference—a strained or forced conclusion from premises that do not naturally make it a necessity. Exeter would say, "Your drift is, that it is necessary for the cat to stay at home, but such a necessity only follows from a crushing of the argument, since the cat is not our only protection ; we can lock her up, and set traps, and do without her."

<sup>21</sup> *Doth keep in one consent.* *Consent* or *concent* is connected harmony in general, and not confined to any specific consonance. *Concentio* and *concentus* are both used by Cicero for the union of voices or instruments, in what we should now call a *chorus* or *concert*. There is a striking resemblance to a passage in Cicero's Second Book de Republicâ, which was quoted by St. Augustin :—"Sic ex summis et mediis et infimis interjectis ordinibus, ut sonis, moderata ratione civitas, consensu dissimillimorum concinnit ; et quæ harmonia a musicis dicitur in cantu, eam esse in civitate concordia." The folios have *congreeing* ; the quartos *congrueth*. The same idea is to be found in the fourth book of Plato's Republic. In the preceding line we should probably read *through* instead of *though*.

<sup>a</sup> Thus the folio. The quartos have *congrueth*.

<sup>22</sup> *The act of order is the statute or law of order ;* as appears from



They have a king, and officers of sorts :  
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;  
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;  
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;  
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
 To the tent-royal of their emperor :  
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys  
 The singing masons building roofs of gold ;  
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;  
 The poor mechanick porters crowding in  
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;  
 The sad-ey'd justice, with his surly hum,  
 Delivering o'er to éxecutors<sup>23</sup> pale  
 The lazy yawning drone. I this infer,—  
 That many things, having full reference  
 To one concent, may work contrariously ;  
 As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
 Fly to one mark ; as many ways meet in one town ;  
 As many fresh streams meet in one salt sea ;  
 As many lines close in the dial's centre ;  
 So may a thousand actions, once afoot,  
 End in one purpose, and be all well borne  
 Without defeat<sup>24</sup>. Therefore to France, my liege.  
 Divide your happy England into four ;  
 Whereof take you one quarter into France,  
 And you withal shall make all Gallia shake.  
 If we, with thrice that power left at home,  
 Cannot defend our own door from the dog,  
 Let us be worried ; and our nation lose  
 The name of hardiness, and policy.

the reading of the quarto. "Creatures that by awe ordain an act of order to a peopled kingdom."

<sup>23</sup> *Executors* for *executioners*. Thus also Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, p. 38, ed. 1632 :—"Tremble at an *executor*, and yet not feare hell-fire."

<sup>24</sup> *Without defeat*. The quartos read "Without defect."

*K. Hen.* Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin. [*Exit an Attendant. The King ascends his Throne.*]

Now are we well resolv'd : and by God's help ;  
 And yours, the noble sinews of our power,—  
 France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,  
 Or break it all to pieces : Or there we'll sit,  
 Ruling, in large and ample empery<sup>25</sup>,  
 O'er France, and all her almost kingly dukedoms ;  
 Or lay these bones in an unworthy urn,  
 Tombless, with no remembrance over them :  
 Either our history shall, with full mouth,  
 Speak freely of our acts ; or else our grave,  
 Like Turkish mute, shall have a tongueless mouth,  
 Not worship'd with a waxen epitaph<sup>26</sup>.

*Enter Ambassadors of France.*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure  
 Of our fair cousin Dauphin ; for, we hear,  
 Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

*Amb.* May it please your majesty, to give us leave  
 Freely to render what we have in charge ;  
 Or shall we sparingly show you far off  
 The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy ?

*K. Hen.* We are no tyrant, but a Christian king ;  
 Unto whose grace our passion is as subject,

<sup>25</sup> *Empery.* This word, which signifies *dominion*, is now obsolete, though once in general use.

<sup>26</sup> The quarto has *Not worship'd with a paper epitaph*, which the folio altered to "with a *waxen* epitaph." Either a *paper* or a *waxen* epitaph is an epitaph easily destroyed ; one that can confer no lasting honour on the dead. But the king repudiates the disgraceful alternative of having a tomb tongueless, i. e. uninscribed ; and there is no disgrace in lacking a mere transitory record. It is most probable that the quarto misprinted *paper* for *proper*, at least that word gives the required sense. Some similar error has given us *waxen* in the folio, and in all probability *brazen* may have been the word.

As are our wretches fetter'd in our prisons :  
Therefore, with frank and with uncurbed plainness,  
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

*Amb.*

Thus then, in few.

Your highness, lately sending into France,  
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right  
Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.  
In answer of which claim, the prince our master  
Says,—that you savour too much of your youth ;  
And bids you be advis'd, there's nought in France,  
That can be with a nimble galliard<sup>27</sup> won ;  
You cannot revel into dukedoms there :  
He therefore sends you, meeter for your spirit,  
This tun of treasure : and, in lieu of this,  
Desires you, let the dukedoms, that you claim,  
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks

*K. Hen.* What treasure, uncle ?

*Exe.*

Tennis-balls, my liege<sup>28</sup>

*K. Hen.* We are glad the Dauphin is so pleasant  
with us ;

His present, and your pains, we thank you for :  
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,  
We will, in France, by God's grace, play a set,  
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard<sup>29</sup> :  
Tell him, he hath made a match with such a wrangler,  
That all the courts of France will be disturb'd  
With chaces<sup>30</sup> And we understand him well,

<sup>27</sup> A *galliard* was an ancient sprightly dance, as its name implies ; which Sir John Davies describes as :—

“ A gallant dance, that lively doth bewray

A spirit and a virtue masculine,—

With lofty turns and capriols in the air,

Which with the lusty tunes accordeth fair.”

<sup>28</sup> In the old play of King Henry V. this present consists of a *gilded tun of tennis-balls*, and a carpet.

<sup>29</sup> The *hazard* is a place in the tennis-court, into which the ball is sometimes struck.

<sup>30</sup> A *chace* at tennis is that spot where a ball falls, beyond which

How he comes o'er us with our wilder days,  
 Not measuring what use we made of them.  
 We never valu'd this poor seat<sup>31</sup> of England;  
 And therefore, living hence<sup>32</sup>, did give ourself  
 To barbarous license; As 'tis ever common,  
 That men are merriest when they are from home.  
 But tell the Dauphin,—I will keep my state;  
 Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness,  
 When I do rouse me in my throne of France:  
 For that I have laid by my majesty,  
 And plodded like a man for working-days;  
 But I will rise there with so full a glory,  
 That I will dazzle all the eyes of France,  
 Yea, strike the Dauphin blind to look on us.  
 And tell the pleasant prince,—this mock of his  
 Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones<sup>33</sup>; and his soul  
 Shall stand sore charged for the wasteful vengeance  
 That shall fly with them: for many a thousand widows  
 Shall this his mock mock out of their dear husbands;  
 Mock mothers from their sons, mock castles down;  
 And some are yet ungotten, and unborn,  
 That shall have cause to curse the Dauphin's scorn.  
 But this lies all within the will of God,  
 To whom I do appeal; And in whose name,  
 Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,  
 To venge 'me as I may, and to put forth  
 My rightful hand in a well hallow'd cause.  
 So, get you hence in peace; and tell the Dauphin,

the adversary must strike his ball to gain a point or *chace*. At long tennis it is the spot where the ball leaves off rolling. We see therefore why the king has called himself a *wrangler*.

<sup>31</sup> *This poor seat*, i. e. *the throne*. Thus in K. Richard III.—

“The supreme seat, the throne majestic.”

<sup>32</sup> *And therefore, living hence*, that is, *from hence*, away from this seat or throne. It is evident that this is spoken ironically, as what the Dauphin had urged against him.

<sup>33</sup> *Hath turn'd his balls to gun-stones*. When ordnance was first used they discharged balls not of iron but of stone.

His jest will savour but of shallow wit,  
 When thousands weep, more than did laugh at it.—  
 Convey them with safe conduct.—Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Ambassadors.

*Exe.* This was a merry message.

*K. Hen.* We hope to make the sender blush at it.

[*Descends from his Throne.*

Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,  
 That may give furtherance to our expedition :  
 For we have now no thought in us but France ;  
 Save those to God, that run before our business.  
 Therefore, let our proportions for these wars  
 Be soon collected ; and all things thought upon,  
 That may, with seasonable swiftness, add  
 More feathers to our wings ; for, God before<sup>35</sup> !  
 We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door  
 Therefore, let every man now task his thought<sup>36</sup>,  
 That this fair action may on foot be brought.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

*Enter* CHORUS.

*Chorus.*

**N**OW all the youth of England are on fire,  
 And silken dalliance in the wardrobe lies ;  
 Now thrive the armourers, and honour's  
 thought

<sup>35</sup> *God before!* does not signify, as the commentators and Mr. Nares say, "God going before, assisting, guiding, or favouring," but *before God, God be witness.* Thus in a MS. poem on the Life of Christ:—

"Then seide Jacob by him thore,

Al that he seyth I wil *before.*"

The phrase occurs again Act iii. Sc. 6. In the preceding line *reasonable* is printed by mistake for *seasonable*. The correction is made in my second folio, as well as in that of Mr. Collier.

<sup>36</sup> *Task his thought*, that is, keep his thoughts busied. We have this phrase before, p. 291.

Reigns solely in the breast of every man :  
 They sell the pasture now, to buy the horse ;  
 Following the mirror of all Christian kings,  
 With winged heels, as English Mercuries.  
 For now sits Expectation in the air ;  
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
 With crowns imperial, crowns, and coronets<sup>1</sup>,  
 Promis'd to Harry, and his followers.  
 The French, advis'd by good intelligence  
 Of this most dreadful preparation,  
 Shake in their fear ; and with pale policy  
 Seek to divert the English purposes.  
 O England !—model to thy inward greatness,  
 Like little body with a mighty heart,—  
 What might'st thou do, that honour would thee do,  
 Were all thy children kind and natural !  
 But see thy fault ! France hath in thee found out  
 A nest of hollow bosoms, which he fills  
 With treacherous crowns: and three corrupted men,—  
 One, Richard earl of Cambridge<sup>2</sup>; and the second,  
 Henry Lord Scroop<sup>3</sup> of Masham; and the third,  
 Sir Thomas Grey, knight of Northumberland,—  
 Have, for the gilt<sup>4</sup> of France, (O guilt, indeed !)  
 Confirm'd conspiracy with fearful France ;

<sup>1</sup> “ For now sits Expectation in the air ;  
 And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,  
 With crowns,” &c.

Expectation is also personified by Milton :—

“ While *Expectation* stood  
 In horror.”

In ancient representations of trophies, &c. it is common to see swords encircled with crowns. Shakespeare's image is supposed to be taken from a wood-cut in the first edition of Holinshed.

<sup>2</sup> *Richard Earl of Cambridge*, was Richard de Conisbury, younger son of Edmund Langley, Duke of York. He was father of Richard Duke of York, and grandfather of Edward the Fourth.

<sup>3</sup> *Henry Lord Scroop* was a third husband of Joan, Duchess of York, mother-in-law of Richard Earl of Cambridge.

<sup>4</sup> *Gilt*, for *golden money*.

And by their hands this grace of kings must die,  
 (If hell and treason hold their promises),  
 Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.  
 —Linger your patience on; and well digest  
 The abuse of distance, force a play<sup>5</sup>.—  
 The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;  
 The king is set from London; and the scene  
 Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton:  
 There is the playhouse now, there must you sit:  
 And thence to France shall we convey you safe,  
 And bring you back, charming the narrow seas  
 To give you gentle pass; for, if we may,  
 We'll not offend one stomach with our play.  
 But, till the king come forth, and not till then,  
 Unto Southampton do we shift our scene<sup>6</sup>. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I. *The same.* Eastcheap.

*Enter NYM and BARDOLPH.*

*Bard.* Well met, Corporal Nym.

*Nym.* Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph<sup>1</sup>.

*Bard.* What, are ancient Pistol and you friends yet?

*Nym.* For my part, I care not: I say little: but

<sup>5</sup> Thus the folio, in which this chorus first appeared, except that for *well* it has *we'll*. Pope altered it, and printed—

“*Well* digest

Th’ abuse of distance, *while we* force a play.”

Perhaps the line—

“The sum is paid; the traitors are agreed;”

has been misplaced, and should follow

“Ere he take ship for France, and in Southampton.”

<sup>6</sup> This is the reading of the old copy. The sense, though confusedly expressed, is “We shift our scene to Southampton, but not until the king makes his appearance.”

<sup>1</sup> At this scene begins the connexion of this play with the latter part of King Henry IV. The characters would be indistinct and the incidents unintelligible, without the knowledge of what passed in the two former plays.

when time shall serve, there shall be smiles<sup>2</sup>;—but that shall be as it may. I dare not fight; but I will wink, and hold out mine iron: It is a simple one; but what though? it will toast cheese; and it will endure cold as another man's sword will: and there's an end<sup>3</sup>.

*Bard.* I will bestow a breakfast, to make you friends; and we'll be all three sworn brothers<sup>3</sup> to France; let it be so, good Corporal Nym.

*Nym.* 'Faith, I will live so long as I may, that's the certain of it; and when I cannot live any longer. I will do as I may: that is my rest<sup>4</sup>, that is the rendezvous of it.

*Bard.* It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell Quickly: and, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were troth-plight to her.

*Nym.* I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time; and, some say, knives have edges. It must be as it may: though patience be a tired mare<sup>5</sup>, yet she will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot tell<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>2</sup> *When time shall serve, there shall be smiles.* Dr. Farmer thought that this was an error of the press for *smiles*, i. e. *blows*, a word used in the poet's age, and still provincially current. The passage as it stands, has been explained:—"I care not whether we are friends at present; however, when time shall serve, *we shall be in good humour with each other*: but be it as it may."

<sup>3</sup> Thus the folio. The quarto has, "and there's the humour of it."

<sup>4</sup> *Sworn brothers.* In the times of adventure it was usual for two or more chiefs to bind themselves to share in each other's fortunes, and divide their acquisitions between them. They were called *fratres jurati*. These cutpurses set out for France as if they were going to make a conquest of the kingdom.

<sup>5</sup> *That is my rest*, that is, my *determination*. Vide note on All's Well that Ends Well, Act ii. Sc. 1, p. 258.

<sup>6</sup> So the quarto. The folio misprints *name*, instead of *mare*.

<sup>7</sup> *I cannot tell*, i. e. I know not what to say or think of it. See this phrase amply illustrated in Mr. Gifford's Ben Jonson, vol. i.



*Enter* PISTOL<sup>7</sup> and MRS. QUICKLY.

*Bard.* Here comes ancient Pistol; and his wife :—good corporal, be patient here.—How now, mine host Pistol?

*Pist.* Base tike<sup>8</sup>, call'st thou me—host? Now, by this hand I swear, I scorn the term; Nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

*Quick.* No, by my troth, not long: for we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, that live honestly by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house straight. [*Nym draws his sword.*] O well-i-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now<sup>9</sup>! we shall see wilful adultery and murder committed. Good Lieutenant,—good corporal, offer nothing here.

*Nym.* Pish!

*Pist.* Pish for thee, Iceland dog<sup>10</sup>! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland!

p. 125. No phrase is more common in our old dramatic writers; yet it had escaped the commentators on Shakespeare.

<sup>7</sup> It seems probable that the name of *Pistol* may have been suggested to Shakespeare by the Italian word *Pistolfo*, which Florio translates "a roguing beggar, a cantler, an upright man that liveth by cozenage." The word does not occur in the first edition of Florio's Dictionary, but in that of 1611. Shakespeare, however, was most probably acquainted with Florio.

<sup>8</sup> *Base tike*, i. e. *base fellow*. Still used in the north; where a *tike* is also a dog of a large common breed; a mastiff, or shepherd's dog.

<sup>9</sup> *O well-i-day, Lady, if he be not drawn now!* The folio has "O well-a-day, Lady, if he be not *hewn* now;" an evident error of the press. The quarto reads, "O Lord! here's Corporal Nym's—now," &c. The words "Good Lieutenant, good corporal," &c. are given to Bardolph in the folio.

<sup>10</sup> "*Iceland dogges*, curled and rough all over, which, by reason of the length of their heare, make show neither of face nor of body. And yet thes cures, forsoothe, because they are so strange, are greatly set by, esteemed, taken up, and made of, many times instead of the spaniell gentle or comforter."—Abraham Fleming's translation of Caius de Canibus, 1576, *Of English Dogges*. *Island*

*Quick.* Good Corporal Nym, show thy valour, and put up your sword.

*Nym.* Will you shog off? I would have you *solus*.  
[*Sheathing his sword.*]

*Pist.* *Solus*, egregious dog? O viper vile!  
The *solus* in thy most marvellous face;  
The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,  
And in thy hateful lungs, yea, in thy maw, perdy;  
And, which is worse, within thy nasty mouth!  
I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels:  
For I can take, and Pistol's cock is up,  
And flashing fire will follow.

*Nym.* I am not Barbason<sup>11</sup>; you cannot conjure me; I have a humour to knock you indifferently well: If you grow foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may, in fair terms: if you would walk off, I would prick your guts a little, in good terms, as I may; and that's the humour of it.

*Pist.* O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!  
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;  
Therefore exhale<sup>12</sup>. [Pistol and Nym draw.]

*Bard.* Hear me, hear me what I say:—he that strikes the first stroke, I'll run him up to the hilts, as I am a soldier. [Draws.]

*Pist.* An oath of mickle might; and fury shall abate  
Give me thy fist, thy fore-foot to me give;  
Thy spirits are most tall.

*cur* is again used as a term of contempt in Epigrams served out in Fifty-two several Dishes; *no date*:—

“He wears a gown lac'd round, laid down with furre,  
Or, miser-like, a pouch where never man  
Could thrust his finger, but this *island curre*.”

<sup>11</sup> *Barbason* is the name of a demon mentioned in the Merry Wives of Windsor. The unmeaning tumour of Pistol's speech very naturally reminds Nym of the sounding nonsense uttered by conjurers.

<sup>12</sup> By *exhale* Pistol, in his fantastic language, probably means *draw*, *haul*, or *lug out*.

*Nym.* I will cut thy throat, one time or other, in fair terms ; that is the humour of it.

*Pist.* *Couple a gonge*, that's the word !—I thee defy again.

O hound of Crete, think'st thou my spouse to get ?

No ; to the spital go,

And from the powdering tub of infamy

Fetch forth the lazar kite of Cressid's kind<sup>13</sup>,

Doll Tear-sheet she by name, and her espouse :

I have, and I will hold, the *quondam* Quickly

For the only she ; and—*Pauca*, there's enough.

*Enter the Boy.*

*Boy.* Mine host Pistol, you must come to my master,—and you, hostess ;—he is very sick, and would to bed.—Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the office of a warming-pan : 'faith, he's very ill.

*Bard.* Away, you rogue.

*Quick.* By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days : the king has kill'd his heart.—Good husband, come home presently.

[*Exeunt* MRS. QUICKLY and Boy.]

*Bard.* Come, shall I make you two friends ? We must to France together ; Why, the devil, should we keep knives to cut one another's throats ?

*Pist.* Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on !

*Nym.* You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting ?

*Pist.* Base is the slave that pays.

*Nym.* That now I will have ; that's the humour of it.

*Pist.* As manhood shall compound ; Push home.

[*They draw.*]

<sup>13</sup> *The lazar kite of Cressid's kind.* Of Cressida's nature, see the play of Troilus and Cressida.

*Bard.* By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword, I will.

*Pist.* Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

*Bard.* Corporal Nym, an thou wilt be friends, be friends: an thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me too. Pr'ythee, put up.

[*Nym.* I shall have my eight shillings, I won of you at betting<sup>a</sup>?]

*Pist.* A noble<sup>14</sup> shalt thou have, and present pay; And liquor likewise will I give to thee, And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood; I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;— Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be Unto the camp, and profits will accrue. Give me thy hand.

*Nym.* I shall have my noble?

*Pist.* In cash most justly paid.

*Nym.* Well then, that's the humour of it.

*Re-enter Mrs. QUICKLY.*

*Quick.* As ever you came of women, come in quickly to Sir John: Ah, poor heart! he is so shaken of a burning quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

*Nym.* The king hath run bad humours on the knight, that's the even of it.

*Pist.* Nym, thou hast spoke the right; His heart is fracted and corroborate.

*Nym.* The king is a good king: but it must be as it may; he passes some humours, and careers.

*Pist.* Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins, we will live. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>a</sup> This repetition, which the context seems to require, is from the quarto.

<sup>14</sup> The *noble* was worth six shillings and eight pence. Nym's speech is not in the folio.

SCENE II. Southampton. *A Council Chamber.*

*Enter EXETER, BEDFORD, and WESTMORELAND.*

*Bed.* 'Fore God, his grace is bold, to trust these traitors.

*Exe.* They shall be apprehended by and by.

*West.* How smooth and even they do bear them selves!

As it allegiance in their bosoms sat,  
Crowned with faith, and constant loyalty.

*Bed.* The king hath note of all that they intend,  
By interception which they dream not of.

*Exe.* Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow<sup>1</sup>,  
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd<sup>2</sup> with gracious fa-  
vours,—

That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell  
His sovereign's life to death and treachery!

*Trumpets sound. Enter KING HENRY, SCROOP,  
CAMBRIDGE, GREY, Lords, and Attendants.*

*K. Hen.* Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.  
My lord of Cambridge,—and my kind lord of Ma-  
sham,—

And you, my gentle knight,——give me your thoughts;  
Think you not, that the powers we bear with us  
Will cut their passage through the force of France;  
Doing the execution, and the act,

<sup>1</sup> *That was his bedfellow.* Thus Holinshed:—"The said Lord Scroop was in such favour with the king, that he admitted him sometime to be his *bedfellow*." This familiar appellation of *bedfellow* was common among the ancient nobility. This custom, which now appears so strange and unseemly to us, continued to the middle of the seventeenth century, if not later. Cromwell obtained much of his intelligence during the civil wars from the mean men with whom he slept.

<sup>2</sup> The quartos have "Whom he hath *cloy'd* and *grac'd* with princely favours."

For which we have in head<sup>3</sup> assembled them?

*Scroop.* No doubt; my liege, if each man do his best.

*K. Hen.* I doubt not that : since we are well persuaded,

We carry not a heart with us from hence,  
That grows not in a fair consent<sup>4</sup> with ours ;  
Nor leave not one behind, that doth not wish  
Success and conquest to attend on us.

*Cam.* Never was monarch better fear'd, and lov'd,  
Than is your majesty ; there's not, I think, a subject,  
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness  
Under the sweet shade of your government.

*Grey.* True : those that were your father's enemies,  
Have steep'd their galls in honey ; and do serve you  
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

*K. Hen.* We therefore have great cause of thankfulness ;

And shall forget the office of our hand,  
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,  
According to the weight and worthiness.

*Scroop.* So service shall with steeled sinews toil ;  
And labour shall refresh itself with hope,  
To do your grace incessant services.

*K. Hen.* We judge no less.—Uncle of Exeter,  
Enlarge the man committed yesterday,  
That rail'd against our person : we consider,  
It was excess of wine that set him on ;  
And, on his more advice<sup>5</sup>, we pardon him.

*Scroop.* That's mercy, but too much security :

<sup>3</sup> *For which we have in head assembled them.* In head seems equivalent to the modern military term *in force*.

<sup>4</sup> *Consent, is accord, agreement.* Vide the First Part of Henry IV. Act v. Sc. 1, and Macbeth, Act ii. Sc. 1.

<sup>5</sup> *i. e. his better consideration, or more circumspect behaviour.* 'Thus in Measure for Measure, Act v. Sc. 1 :—

“ Pardon me, noble lord,  
I thought it was a fault, but knew it not,  
Yet did repent me after *more advice*.”

Let him be punish'd, sovereign ; lest example  
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

*K. Hen.* O, let us yet be merciful.

*Cam.* So may your highness, and yet punish too.

*Grey.* Sir, you show great mercy, if you give him  
life,

After the taste of much correction.

*K. Hen.* Alas, your too much love and care of me  
Are heavy orisons 'gainst this poor wretch.

If little faults, proceeding on distemper<sup>6</sup>,

Shall not be wink'd at, how shall we stretch our eye,  
When capital crimes, chew'd, swallow'd, and digested,  
Appear before us?—We'll yet enlarge that man,  
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey,—in their dear  
care,

And tender preservation of our person,—

Would have him punish'd. And now to our French  
causes ;

Who are the late<sup>7</sup> commissioners ?

*Cam.* I one, my lord ;

Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.

*Scroop.* So did you me, my liege.

*Grey.* And me<sup>a</sup>, my royal sovereign.

*K. Hen.* Then, Richard, earl of Cambridge, there  
is yours ;—

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham ;—and, sir  
knight,

Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours :—

Read them ; and know, I know your worthiness.—

<sup>6</sup> *Distemper*, here put for *intemperance*, or *riotous excess*. Thus, in *Othello*, Brabantio says that Roderigo is—

“ Full of supper, and *distemp'ring* draughts.”

And Holinshed, vol. iii. p. 626 :—“ Gave him wine and strong drink in such excessive sort, that he was therewith *distempered* and reeled as he went.”

<sup>7</sup> *The late commissioners*, i. e. *those lately appointed*. Mr. Collier's folio substitutes *state* for *late*.

<sup>a</sup> The folio has *And I*. The quarto “And *me*, my lord.”

My lord of Westmoreland,—and uncle Exeter,—  
We will aboard to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen?

What see you in those papers, that you lose  
So much complexion?—look ye, how they change!  
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,  
That hath<sup>b</sup> so cowarded and chased your blood  
Out of appearance?

*Cam.* I do confess my fault;  
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.

*Grey. Scroop.* To which we all appeal.

*K. Hen.* The mercy, that was quick in us but late,  
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:  
You must not dare, for shame, to talk of mercy;  
For your own reasons turn into your bosoms,  
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.—  
See you, my princes, and my noble peers,  
These English monsters! My lord of Cambridge  
here,—

You know, how apt our love was, to accord  
To furnish him with all appertinents  
Belonging to his honour; and this man  
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,  
And sworn unto the practices of France,  
To kill us here in Hampton: to the which,  
This knight, no less for bounty bound to us  
Than Cambridge is,—hath likewise sworn.—But O!  
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop; thou cruel,  
Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!  
Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,  
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,  
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,  
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?  
May it be possible, that foreign hire  
Could 'out of thee extract one spark of evil

<sup>b</sup> The folio reads *have*. The quarto *hath*.



That might annoy my finger ? 'tis so strange,  
 That, though the truth of it stands off as gross  
 As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.  
 Treason and murder, ever kept together,  
 As two yoke-devils sworn to either's purpose,  
 Working so grossly<sup>8</sup> in a natural cause,  
 That admiration did not whoop at them :  
 But thou, 'gainst all proportion, didst bring in  
 Wonder, to wait on treason, and on murder :  
 And whatsoever cunning fiend it was,  
 That wrought upon thee so preposterously,  
 H'ath got the voice in hell for excellence :  
 And other devils, that suggest by treasons,  
 Do botch and bungle up damnation  
 With patches, colours, and with forms being fetch'd  
 From glistering semblances of piety ;  
 But he, that temper'd thee<sup>9</sup>, bade thee stand up,  
 Gave thee no instance why thou should'st do treason,  
 Unless to dub thee with the name of traitor.  
 If that same demon, that hath gull'd thee thus,  
 Should with his lion gait walk the whole world,  
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,  
 And tell the legions—I can never win  
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.  
 O, how hast thou with jealousy infected  
 The sweetness of affiance<sup>10</sup> ! Show men dutiful ?  
 Why, so didst thou : Seem they grave and learned ?

<sup>8</sup> *Grossly*, i. e. *plainly, evidently*. *Did not whoop at them*. That they excited no exclamation of surprise. Vide note on *As You Like it*, Act. iii. Sc. 2.

<sup>9</sup> *He that temper'd thee*, that is, *he that ruled thee*. "*Temperator*, he that *tempereth*, or moderateth; he that knoweth how to rule and order."—*Cooper*.

<sup>10</sup> *The sweetness of affiance* ! Shakespeare uses this aggravation of the guilt of treachery with great judgment. One of the worst consequences of breach of trust is the diminution of that confidence which makes the happiness of life, and the dissemination of suspicion, which is the poison of society.—*Johnson*.

Why, so didst thou : Come they of noble family ?  
 Why, so didst thou : Seem they religious ?  
 Why, so didst thou : Or are they spare in diet ;  
 Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger ;  
 Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood ;  
 Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement<sup>11</sup> ;  
 Not working with the eye, without the ear,  
 And, but in purged judgment, trusting neither ?  
 Such, and so finely bolted<sup>12</sup>, didst thou seem :  
 And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,  
 To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued<sup>13</sup>,  
 With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ;  
 For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like  
 Another fall of man.—Their faults are open,  
 Arrest them to the answer of the law ;—  
 And God acquit them of their practices !

*Exe.* I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of  
 Richard earl of Cambridge.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Henry  
 Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas  
 Grey, knight of Northumberland.

*Scroop.* Our purposes God justly hath discover'd ;  
 And I repent my fault more than my death ;  
 Which I beseech your highness to forgive,  
 Although my body pay the price of it.

*Cam.* For me,—the gold of France did not se-  
 duce<sup>14</sup> ;

<sup>11</sup> *Complement* has here the same meaning as in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act i. Sc. 1. Bullokar defines it, "*Court-ship* [i. e. courtiership], fulness, perfection, *fine behaviour*." The gradual change of this word, to its meaning of *ceremonious words*, may be traced in Blount's Glossography.

<sup>12</sup> *Bolted* is the same as *sifted*, and has consequently the meaning of *refined*.

<sup>13</sup> *Indued*, i. e. *endowed*, or *gifted*. The folio has *make for mark*.

<sup>14</sup> *For me,—the gold of France did not seduce*. "Diverse write that Richard earle of Cambridge did not conspire with the Lord

Although I did admit it as a motive,  
 The sooner to effect what I intended :  
 But God be thanked for prevention ;  
 Which I in sufferance heartily will rejoice<sup>15</sup>,  
 Beseeching God and you to pardon me.

*Grey.* Never did faithful subject more rejoice  
 At the discovery of most dangerous treason,  
 Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,  
 Prevented from a damned enterprise :  
 My fault, but not my body, pardon, sovereign.

*K. Hen.* God quit you in his mercy ! Hear your sentence.

You have conspir'd against our royal person,  
 Join'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his coffers  
 Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death ;  
 Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,  
 His princes and his peers to servitude,  
 His subjects to oppression and contempt,  
 And his whole kingdom into desolation.  
 Touching our person, seek we no revenge ;  
 But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,  
 Whose ruin you have<sup>16</sup> sought, that to her laws  
 We do deliver you. Get you therefore hence,  
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death :

Scroope, &c. for the murdering of King Henrie, to please the French king withall, but onlie to the intent to exalt the crowne to his brother-in-law Edmund Earle of Marche, as heir to Lionel Duke of Clarence, who being for diverse secret impediments not able to have issue, the Earl of Cambridge was sure that the crowne should come to him by his wife, and to his children of her begotten. And therefore (as was thought) he rather confessed himselfe for neede of money to be corrupted by the French king, lest the Earl of March should have tasted of the same cuppe that he had drunken, and what should have come to his owne children he much doubted," &c.—*Holinshed*.

<sup>15</sup> " But God be thanked for *prevention* ;

Which I in *sufferance heartily will rejoice*."

i. e. at which *prevention*, in *suffering*, I will *heartily rejoice*.

<sup>16</sup> The folio omits *have*, which is from the quarto.

The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give you  
 Patience to endure, and true repentance  
 Of all your dear offences!—Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt Conspirators, guarded.*]

Now, lords, for France; the enterprise whereof  
 Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

We doubt not of a fair and lucky war:  
 Since God so graciously hath brought to light  
 This dangerous treason, lurking in our way,  
 To hinder our beginnings; we doubt not now,  
 But every rub is smoothed on our way.  
 Then, forth, dear countrymen; let us deliver  
 Our puissance into the hand of God,  
 Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea; the signs of war advance<sup>17</sup>:  
 No king of England, if not king of France.

[*Exeunt. Flourish.*]

SCENE III. London. Mrs. Quickly's House in  
 Eastcheap.

*Enter* PISTOL, MRS. QUICKLY, NYM,  
 BARDOLPH, and Boy.

*Quick.* Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring<sup>1</sup>  
 thee to Staines.

*Pist.* No; for my manly heart doth yearn.—  
 Bardolph, be blythe;—Nym, rouse thy vaunting veins.

<sup>17</sup> *The signs of war advance.* Phaer, in rendering the first line of the eighth Æneid, "Ut belle signum," &c. has:—

"When *signe of war* from Laurent townes," &c.

*Let me bring thee*, i. e. *let me accompany thee*. Thus in Measure for Measure:—

"Give me leave, my lord,

That we *may bring you something on the way*."

"Deducere, honourably to bring or accompany to and fro."—

*Cooper.* The expression and the custom are still provincially in use.

Boy, bristle thy courage up: for Falstaff he is dead,  
And we must yearn therefore.

*Bard.* 'Would, I were with him, wheresome'er he  
is, either in heaven, or in hell!

*Quick.* Nay, sure, he's not in hell; he's in Arthur's  
bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. 'A made  
a finer end, and went away, an it had been any  
christom<sup>2</sup> child; 'a parted even just between twelve  
and one, e'en at the turning o' the tide<sup>3</sup>; for after I  
saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers,  
and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was  
but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and  
'a babbled of green fields<sup>4</sup>. How now, Sir John?  
quoth I: what, man! be of good cheer. So 'a cried  
out—God, God, God! three or four times: now I,  
to comfort him, bid him, 'a should not think of God;  
I hoped, there was no need to trouble himself with  
any such thoughts yet. So 'a bade me lay more clothes  
on his feet: I put my hand into the bed, and felt

<sup>2</sup> *Christom* is Mrs. Quickly's form of *chrisom*. A *chrisom* child was one that died within the month of birth, because during that time they wore the *chrisom cloth*, a white cloth put upon a child newly christened, wherewith women used to shroud the child, if dying within the month; otherwise it was brought to church at the day of purification. The term was formed from the *chrism*, that is the anointing which formed a part of baptism before the Reformation. We have it in a beautiful passage of Bishop Taylor's *Holy Dying*, Ch. i. s. 2:—"Every morning creeps out of a dark cloud, leaving behind it an ignorance and silence deep as midnight, and undiscerned as are the phantasms that make a chrisom-child to smile."

<sup>3</sup> *E'en at the turning o' the tide*. It has been a very old opinion, which Mead, *De Imperio Solis*, quotes, as if he believed it, that nobody dies but in the time of ebb.

<sup>4</sup> *And 'a babbled of green fields*. The first folio reads "For his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a *table of green fields*. Theobald gave the present admirably happy reading. A Mr. Smith long since suggested that we should read "a table of green fells;" and the corrector of Mr. Collier's second folio adopts the suggestion, by reading "a table of green frieze." Pope would have made it a stage-direction to bring on "a table of Greenfield's."

them, and they were as cold as any stone ; then I felt to his knees, and so upward and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

*Nym.* They say, he cried out of sack.

*Quick.* Ay, that 'a did.

*Bard.* And of women.

*Quick.* Nay, that 'a did not.

*Boy.* 'Yes, that 'a did ; and said, they were devils incarnate.

*Quick.* 'A could never abide carnation ; 'twas a colour he never liked.

*Boy.* 'A said once, the devil would have him about women.

*Quick.* 'A did in some sort, indeed, handle women : but then he was rheumatick<sup>5</sup> ; and talked of the whore of Babylon.

*Boy.* Do you not remember, 'a saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose ; and 'a said it was a black soul burning in hell ?

*Bard.* Well, the fuel is gone, that maintain'd that fire ; that's all the riches I got in his service.

*Nym.* Shall we shog ? the king will be gone from Southampton.

*Pist.* Come, let's away.—My love, give me thy lips.

Look to my chattels, and my moveables :

Let senses rule ; the word is, *Pitch and Pay* ;

Trust none ;

For oaths are straws, men's faiths are wafer-cakes,

And hold-fast is the only dog, my duck<sup>6</sup> ;

Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor.

Go, clear thy crystals<sup>7</sup>.—Yoke-fellows in arms,

Let us to France ! like horse-leeches, my boys ;

<sup>5</sup> *Rheumatick.* Mrs. Quickly means *lunatick*.

<sup>6</sup> *Pistol* puts forth a string of proverbs. "*Pitch and pay*, and go your way," is one in Florio's Collection ; "*Brag is a good dog, and Holdfast a better*," is one of the others to which he alludes.

<sup>7</sup> *Clear thy crystals*, i. e. *dry thine eyes*.

To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck !

*Boy.* And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

*Pist.* Touch her soft mouth, and march.

*Bard.* Farewell, hostess. [*Kissing her.*]

*Nym.* I cannot kiss, that is the humour of it ; but adieu.

*Pist.* Let housewifery appear ; keep close, I thee command.

*Quick.* Farewell ; adieu. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. France. *A Room in the French King's Palace.*

*Flourish.* Enter the French King, attended ; the Dauphin, the DUKE OF BURGUNDY, the Constable, and Others.

*Fr. King.* Thus come the English with full power upon us ;

And more than carefully it us concerns,

To answer royally in our defences.

Therefore the dukes of Berry and of Bretagne,

Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,—

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift despatch,

To line, and new repair, our towns of war,

With men of courage, and with means defendant :

For England his approaches makes as fierce,

As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

It fits us then, to be as provident

As fear may teach us, out of late examples

Left by the fatal and neglected English

Upon our fields.

*Dau.* My most redoubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe :

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom

(Though war, nor no known quarrel, were in question)

But that defences, musters, preparations,

Should be maintained, assembled, and collected,  
 As were a war in expectation.  
 Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,  
 To view the sick and feeble parts of France :  
 And let us do it with no show of fear :  
 No, with no more, than if we heard that England  
 Were busied with a Whitsun morris-dance :  
 For, my good liege, she is so idly king'd,  
 Her sceptre so fantastically borne  
 By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,  
 That fear attends her not.

*Con.*

O peace, Prince Dauphin !  
 You are too much mistaken in this king :  
 Question your grace the late ambassadors,—  
 With what great state he heard their embassy,  
 How well supplied with noble counsellors,  
 How modest in exception<sup>1</sup>, and, withal,  
 How terrible in constant resolution,—  
 And you shall find, his vanities fore-spent  
 Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus<sup>2</sup>,  
 Covering discretion with a coat of folly ;  
 As gardeners do with ordure hide those roots  
 That shall first spring, and be most delicate.

*Dau.* Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable,  
 But though we think it so, it is no matter :  
 In cases of defence, 'tis best to weigh

<sup>1</sup> *How modest in exception, i. e. how diffident and decent in making objections.*

<sup>2</sup> *The outside of the Roman Brutus.* Warburton has a strained explanation of this passage. Shakespeare's meaning is explained by the following lines in *The Rape of Lucrece* :—

"Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece' side,  
 Seeing such emulation in their woe,  
 Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,  
 Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.

..... He throws that shallow habit by."

But the best comment, as Mr. Boswell observes, will be found in Prince Henry's soliloquy in the First Part of King Henry IV Act i. Sc. 2.



The enemy more mighty than he seems,  
 So the proportions of defence are fill'd ;  
 Which, of a weak and niggardly projection<sup>3</sup>,  
 Doth, like a miser, spoil his coat, with scanting  
 A little cloth.

*Fr. King.* Think we King Harry strong ;  
 And, princes, look, you strongly arm to meet him.  
 The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us ;  
 And he is bred out of that bloody strain<sup>4</sup>,  
 That haunted us in our familiar paths :  
 Witness our too much memorable shame,  
 When Cressy battle fatally was struck,  
 And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand  
 Of that black name, Edward Black Prince of Wales ;  
 Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain standing,  
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun<sup>5</sup>,—  
 Saw his heroical seed, and smil'd to see him  
 Mangle the work of nature, and deface  
 The patterns that by God and by French fathers  
 Had twenty years been made. This is a stem  
 Of that victorious stock ; and let us fear  
 The native mightiness and fate of him<sup>6</sup>.

<sup>3</sup> *Which, of a weak and niggardly projection.* The construction of this passage is perplexed, and the grammatical concord not according to our present notions ; but its meaning appears to be, " So the proportions of defence are filled ; which, to contrive in a weak and niggardly way, is to do like a miser who spoils his coat with scanting a little cloth."

<sup>4</sup> *Strain is lineage.*

<sup>5</sup> *Whiles that his mountain sire,—on mountain standing,  
 Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun.*

Steevens says that, divested of its poetical finery, this passage means that the king stood upon a hill, with the sun shining over his head, to see the battle ; as before described in the first scene of the play.

<sup>6</sup> *The native mightiness and fate of him, i. e. what is allotted him by destiny.* Thus Virgil, speaking of the future deeds of the descendants of Æneas :—

" Attollens humeris famamque et fata nepotem."

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Ambassadors from Harry king of England  
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

*Fr. King.* We'll give them present audience. Go  
and bring them.

[*Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*  
You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

*Dau.* Turn head, and stop pursuit ; for coward dogs  
Most spend their mouths<sup>7</sup>, when what they seem to  
threaten,

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,  
Take up the English short ; and let them know  
Of what a monarchy you are the head :  
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin  
As self-neglecting.

*Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.*

*Fr. King.* From our brother of England ?

*Exe.* From him ; and thus he greets your majesty.  
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,  
That you divest yourself, and lay apart  
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of heaven,  
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long  
To him, and to his heirs ; namely, the crown,  
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,  
By custom and the ordinance of times,  
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,  
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,  
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,  
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,  
He sends you this most memorable line<sup>8</sup>,

[*Gives a paper.*

In every branch truly demonstrative ;

<sup>7</sup> Spend their mouths, i. e. bark ; the sportsman's term.

<sup>8</sup> Memorable line, i. e. this genealogy ; this deduction of his lineage

Willing you, overlook this pedigree ;  
And, when you find him evenly deriv'd  
From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,  
Edward the Third, he bids you then resign  
Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held  
From him the native and true challenger.

*Fr. King.* Or else what follows ?

*Exe.* Bloody constraint ; for if you hide the crown  
Even in your hearts, there will he rake for it ;  
Therefore in fierce tempest is he coming,  
In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove :  
(That, if requiring fail, he will compel) ;  
And bids you, in the bowels of the Lord,  
Deliver up the crown ; and to take mercy  
On the poor souls, for whom this hungry war  
Opens his vasty jaws : and on your head  
Turns he<sup>9</sup> the widows' tears, the orphans' cries,  
The dead men's blood, the pining maidens' groans,  
For husbands, fathers, and betrothed lovers,  
That shall be swallow'd in this controversy.  
This is his claim, his threat'ning, and my message ;  
Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,  
To whom expressly I bring greeting too.

*Fr. King.* For us, we will consider of this further :  
To-morrow shall you bear our full intent  
Back to our brother of England.

*Dau.* For the Dauphin,  
I stand here for him : what to him from England ?

*Exe.* Scorn, and defiance ; slight regard, contempt,  
And any thing that may not misbecome  
The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.  
Thus says my king : and, if your father's highness  
Do not, in grant of all demands at large,  
Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty,  
He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,

<sup>9</sup> Thus the quarto. The folio has *Turning*.

That caves and womby vaultages of France  
Shall chide<sup>10</sup> your trespass, and return your mock  
In second accent of his ordinance<sup>11</sup>.

*Dau.* Say, if my father render fair reply,  
It is against my will : for I desire  
Nothing but odds with England : to that end,  
As matching to his youth and vanity,  
I did present him with those Paris balls.

*Exe.* He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,  
Were it the mistress court of mighty Europe :  
And, be assur'd, you'll find a difference  
(As we, his subjects, have in wonder found),  
Between the promise of his greener days,  
And these he masters now. Now he weighs time,  
Even to the utmost grain ; which you shall read  
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

*Fr. King.* To-morrow shall you know our mind at  
full.

*Exe.* Despatch us with all speed, lest that our king  
Come here himself to question our delay ;  
For he is footed in this land already.

*Fr. King.* You shall be soon despatch'd, with fair  
conditions :

A night is but small breath, and little pause,  
To answer matters of this consequence. [*Exeunt.*]

<sup>10</sup> *Shall chide your trespass.* To *chide* is to *resound*, to *echo* :—  
“As doth a rock against the *chiding* flood.”

*King Henry VIII.*

The word is here used in a double sense.

<sup>11</sup> *Ordinance.* This was the old orthography, and its preservation here is necessary to the metre. It occurs again in the Chorus, where it is also spelt ordinance, though the metre requires only a dissyllable.

## ACT III.

*Enter CHORUS.**Chorus.*

**T**HUS with imagin'd wing our swift scene flies,  
 In motion of no less celerity  
 Than that of thought. Suppose, that you  
 have seen

The well appointed king at Hampton pier<sup>1</sup>  
 Embark his royalty ; and his brave fleet  
 With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning  
 Play with your fancies ; and in them behold,  
 Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing :  
 Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give  
 To sounds confus'd : behold the threaden sails,  
 Borne with the invisible and creeping wind,  
 Draw the huge bottoms through the furrow'd sea,  
 Breasting the lofty surge : O ! do but think,  
 You stand upon the rivage<sup>2</sup>, and behold  
 A city on th' inconstant billows dancing ;  
 For so appears this fleet majestic  
 Holding due course to Harfleur. Follow, follow !  
 Grapple your minds to sternage<sup>3</sup> of this navy ;

<sup>1</sup> *The well appointed king at Hampton pier. Well appointed, that is, well furnished with all necessities of war. Thus in King Henry VI. Part III.—*

*“ And very well appointed, as I thought,  
 March'd towards Saint Albans.”*

The old copies read “Dover pier :” but the poet himself, and all accounts, and even the Chronicles which he followed, say that the king embarked at Southampton. A minute account still exists among the records of the town ; and it is remarkable that a low level plain where the army encamped is now covered by the sea, and called *Westport*.

<sup>2</sup> *Rivage, i. e. the bank, or shore ; Rivage, Fr.*

<sup>3</sup> *To sternage of this navy. The stern, or sternage, being the hinder part of the ship. The meaning of this passage is Let*

And leave your England, as dead midnight, still,  
 Guarded with grandsires, babies, and old women,  
 Either past, or not arriv'd to, pith and puissance :  
 For who is he, whose chin is but enrich'd  
 With one appearing hair, that will not follow  
 These cull'd and choice-drawn cavaliers to France ?  
 Work, work your thoughts, and therein see a siege :  
 Behold the ordnance on their carriages,  
 With fatal mouths gaping on girded Harfleur.  
 Suppose, the ambassador from the French comes back ;  
 Tells Harry—that the king doth offer him  
 Katharine his daughter ; and with her, to dowry,  
 Some petty and unprofitable dukedoms.  
 The offer likes not : and the nimble gunner  
 With linstock<sup>4</sup> now the devilish cannon touches,  
[*Alarum ; and Chambers go off.*
 And down goes all before them. Still be kind,  
 And eke out our performance with your mind. [*Exit*

SCENE I. *The same. Before Harfleur.*

*Alarums. Enter KING HENRY, EXETER, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers, with Scaling Ladders.*

*K. Hen.* Once more unto the breach, dear friends,  
 once more ;  
 Or close the wall up with our English dead !  
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,  
 As modest stillness and humility ;  
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,  
 Then imitate the action of the tiger :

*your minds follow this navy.* The *stern* was anciently synonymous to *rudder*. "The *sterne* of a ship, *gubernaculum*."—*Baret*.

*Linstock* is here put for a *match* ; but it was, strictly speaking, the staff to which the match for firing ordnance was fixed. *Chambers* were small pieces of ordnance. See King Henry VIII. Act i. Sc. 3.

Stiffen the sinews, summon<sup>a</sup> up the blood,  
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage :  
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect ;  
 Let it pry through the portage of the head<sup>1</sup>,  
 Like the brass cannon : let the brow o'erwhelm it,  
 As fearfully, as doth a galled rock  
 O'erhang and jutty<sup>2</sup> his confounded base,  
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.  
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;  
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit  
 To his full height !—On, on, you noblest English<sup>3</sup>,  
 Whose blood is fet<sup>4</sup> from fathers of war-proof !  
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,  
 Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,  
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument<sup>5</sup> ;

<sup>a</sup> The folio has *commune*. Rowe corrected it.

<sup>1</sup> *The portage of the head*. Shakespeare uses *portage* for *loop-holes*, or *port-holes*.

<sup>2</sup> *O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,  
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.*

To *jutty* is to *project* ; *jutties*, or *jetties*, are *projecting moles to break the force of the waves*. *Confounded* is *vexed* or *troubled*. *Swill'd* anciently was used for "*washed much or long, drowned; surrounded by water: Prolutus*."—Daniel, in his *Civil Warres*, has a similar passage :—

"A place there is, where proudly rais'd there stands  
 A huge aspiring rock, neighbouring the skies,  
 Whose surly brow imperiously commands  
 The sea his bounds, that at his proud foot lies ;  
 And spurns the waves that in rebellious bands  
 Assault his empire, and against him rise."

<sup>3</sup> *You noblest English*. The folio, 1623, reads *noblis*, by mistake ; the compositor having taken twice the final syllable *ish*. Steevens reads with the folio, 1632, *noblest*. This speech is not in the quartos.

<sup>4</sup> *Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof!* Mr. Pope took the liberty of altering this word to *fetch'd*. The sacred writings ought to afford us many instances of its use, but they have been modernized. "*Ascita et accepta a Græcis, Fet and taken out of Greece*." It is often coupled with *far*, as in the expressions "*far-fet* and *dear bought*," "*affected and far-fet*."

<sup>5</sup> *Argument* is *matter, subject*.

Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest,  
 That those whom you call'd fathers, did beget you !  
 Be copy<sup>6</sup> now to men of grosser blood,  
 And teach them how to war !—And you, good yeomen,  
 Whose limbs were made in England, show us here  
 The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear  
 That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt not ;  
 For there is none of you so mean and base,  
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.  
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips<sup>7</sup>,  
 Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;  
 Follow your spirit : and, upon this charge,  
 Cry—God for Harry ! England ! and Saint George !  
 [*Exeunt. Alarum, and Chambers go off.*]

SCENE II. *The same.*

*Forces pass over ; then enter NYM, BARDOLPH,  
 PISTOL, and Boy.*

*Bard.* On, on, on, on, on ! to the breach ! to the breach !

*Nym.* 'Pray thee, corporal<sup>1</sup>, stay ; the knocks are too hot ; and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives<sup>2</sup> : the humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain-song of it.

*Pist.* The plain-song is most just ; for humours do abound ;  
 Knocks go and come ; God's vassals drop and die ;

<sup>6</sup> *Copy* is here used for *pattern, example*.

<sup>7</sup> *Slips* are contrivances of leather to start two dogs at the same time.

<sup>1</sup> *Corporal*. Bardolph is called *lieutenant* in a former scene ; so that there is a lapse of memory in Nym or the poet in one or other of these instances.

<sup>2</sup> *A case of lives*, that is, *a pair of lives* : as "a case of pistols," "a case of poniards," "a case of masks." So in Ram Alley, we have "a case of justices."



And sword and shield,  
In bloody field,  
Doth win immortal fame.

*Boy.* 'Would, I were in an alehouse in London!  
I would give all my fame for a pot of ale, and safety.

*Pist.* And I:

If wishes would prevail with me,  
My purpose should not fail with me,  
But thither would I hie.

*Boy.* As duly, but not as truly,  
As bird doth sing on bough.

*Enter FLUELLEN*<sup>3</sup>.

*Flu.* Up to the preach, you dogs! avaunt, you cul-  
lions! [*Driving them forward.*]

*Pist.* Be merciful, great duke, to men of mould<sup>4</sup>!  
Abate thy rage, abate thy manly rage!  
Abate thy rage, great duke!

Good hawcock, bate thy rage! use lenity, sweet chuck!

*Nym.* These be good humours!—your honour wins  
bad humours.

[*Exeunt NYM, PISTOL, and BARDOLPH  
followed by FLUELLEN.*]

*Boy.* As young as I am, I have observed these three  
swashers. I am boy to them all three: but all they  
three, though they would serve me, could not be man  
to me; for, indeed, three such anticks do not amount  
to a man. For Bardolph,—he is white-liver'd, and  
red-fac'd; by the means whereof, 'a faces it out, but  
fights not. For Pistol,—he hath a killing tongue,  
and a quiet sword; by the means whereof 'a breaks  
words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym,—he

<sup>3</sup> *Fluellen* is merely the Welsh pronunciation of *Lluellyn*; as *Floyd* is of *Lloyd*.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. *Be merciful, great commander, to men of earth, to poor mortal men.* *Duke* is only a translation of the Roman *dux*. *Sylvester*, in his *Du Bartas*, calls Moses "a great duke."

hath heard. that men of few words are the best<sup>5</sup> men ; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest 'a should be thought a coward : but his few bad words are match'd with as few good deeds ; for 'a never broke any man's head but his own ; and that was against a post, when he was drunk. They will steal any thing, and call it,—purchase<sup>6</sup>. Bardolph stole a lute-case : bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three half-pence. Nym and Bardolph are sworn brothers in filching ; and in Calais they stole a fire-shovel : I knew, by that piece of service the men would carry coals<sup>7</sup>. They would have me as familiar with men's pocket̄s, as their gloves or their handkerchiefs ; which makes much against my manhood, if I should take from another's pocket, to put into mine ; for it is plain pocketing up of wrongs. I must leave them, and seek some better service : their villainy goes against my weak stomach, and therefore I must cast it up.

[*Exit* Boy.]

*Re-enter* FLUELLEN, GOWER *following*.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the mines ; the duke of Gloster would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines ! tell you the duke, it is not so good to come to the mines : For, look you, the mines is not according to the disciplines of the war ; the concavities of it is not sufficient ; for, look you, th'

<sup>5</sup> *The best men ; that is, bravest.* So, in the next line *good deeds* are *brave actions*.

<sup>6</sup> *Purchase*, which anciently signified *anything obtained by earnest pursuit* had become the cant term used for *anything obtained by cheating* ; as appears by Green's *Art of Coneycatching*. Its misapplication may have been very ancient, for in the metrical prophecy attributed to Chaucer we have it thus :—

“ Lecherie is holdin privy solās  
And robberie as fre purchās.”

<sup>7</sup> *Carry coals.* See note on the first scene of *Romeo and Juliet*.

athlversary (you may discuss unto the duke, look you), is dight himself four yards under the countermines<sup>8</sup>: by Cheshu, I think, 'a will plow up all, if there is not better directions.

*Gow.* The duke of Gloster, to whom the order of the siege is given, is altogether directed by an Irishman; a very valiant gentleman, i' faith.

*Flu.* It is Captain Macmorris, is it not?

*Gow.* I think it be.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, he is an ass, as in the world: I will verify as much in his peard: he has no more directions in the true disciplines of the wars, look you, of the Roman disciplines, than is a puppy-dog.

*Enter MACMORRIS and JAMY at a distance.*

*Gow.* Here 'a comes; and the Scots captain, Captain Jamy, with him.

*Flu.* Captain Jamy is a marvellous falorous gentleman, that is certain: and of great expedition, and knowledge, in the ancient wars, upon my particular knowledge of his directions: by Cheshu, he will maintain his argument as well as any military man in the world, in the disciplines of the pristine wars of the Romans.

*Jamy.* I say, gude-day, Captain Fluellen.

*Flu.* God-den to your worship, goot Captain James.

*Gow.* How now, Captain Macmorris! have you quit the mines? have the pioneers given o'er?

*Mac.* By Chrish la, tish ill done: the work ish give over, the trumpet sound the retreat. By my hand, I swear, and my father's soul, the work ish ill done; it ish give over: I would have blowed up the town, so Chrish save me, la, in an hour. O, tish ill done, tish ill done; by my hand, tish ill done!

<sup>8</sup> *Is dight himself*; that is, *the enemy had digged four yards under the counter-mines.*

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Ambassadors from Harry king of England  
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

*Fr. King.* We'll give them present audience. Go  
and bring them.

[*Exeunt Mess. and certain Lords.*  
You see, this chase is hotly follow'd, friends.

*Dau.* Turn head, and stop pursuit ; for coward dogs  
Most spend their mouths<sup>7</sup>, when what they seem to  
threaten,

Runs far before them. Good my sovereign,  
Take up the English short ; and let them know  
Of what a monarchy you are the head :  
Self-love, my liege, is not so vile a sin  
As self-neglecting.

*Re-enter Lords, with EXETER and Train.*

*Fr. King.* From our brother of England ?

*Exe.* From him ; and thus he greets your majesty.  
He wills you, in the name of God Almighty,  
That you divest yourself, and lay apart  
The borrow'd glories, that by gift of heaven,  
By law of nature, and of nations, 'long  
To him, and to his heirs ; namely, the crown,  
And all wide-stretched honours that pertain,  
By custom and the ordinance of times,  
Unto the crown of France. That you may know,  
'Tis no sinister, nor no awkward claim,  
Pick'd from the worm-holes of long-vanish'd days,  
Nor from the dust of old oblivion rak'd,  
He sends you this most memorable line<sup>8</sup>,

[*Gives a paper.*

In every branch truly demonstrative ;

<sup>7</sup> *Spend their mouths*, i. e. *bark* ; the sportsman's term.

<sup>8</sup> *Memorable line*, i. e. *this genealogy* ; *this deduction of his lineage*

*Flu.* Look you, if you take the matter otherwise than is meant, Captain Macmorris, peradventure, I shall think you do not use me with that affability as in discretion you ought to use me, look you; being as good a man as yourself, both in the disciplines of war, and in the derivation of my birth, and in other particularities.

*Mac.* I do not know you so good a man as myself: so Chrish save me, I will cut off your head.

*Gow.* Gentlemen both, you will mistake each other.

*Jamy.* Au! that's a foul fault.

[*A Parley sounded.*]

*Gow.* The town sounds a parley.

*Flu.* Captain Macmorris, when there is more better opportunity to be required, look you, I will be so bold as to tell you, I know the disciplines of war; and there is an end.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The same. Before the Gates of Harfleur.*

*The Governour and some Citizens on the Walls; the English Forces below. Enter KING HENRY and his Train.*

*K. Hen.* How yet resolves the governour of the town?  
This is the latest parle we will admit:  
Therefore, to our best mercy give yourselves;  
Or, like to men proud of destruction,  
Defy us to our worst; for, as I am a soldier  
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best),  
If I begin the battery once again,  
I will not leave the half-achieved Harfleur  
Till in her ashes she lie buried.  
The gates of mercy shall be all shut up<sup>1</sup>;

<sup>1</sup> *The gates of mercy shall be all shut up.* Gray has borrowed this thought in his *Elegy*:—

“And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.”  
Thus again in *King Henry VI. Part III.*—

And the flesh'd soldier,—rough and hard of heart,—  
 In liberty of bloody hand, shall range  
 With conscience wide as hell; mowing like grass  
 Your fresh-fair virgins, and your flowering infants.  
 What is it then to me, if impious war,—  
 Array'd in flames, like to the prince of fiends,—  
 Do, with his smirch'd complexion, all fell feats  
 Enlink'd to waste and desolation?  
 What is't to me, when you yourselves are cause.  
 If your pure maidens fall into the hand  
 Of hot and forcing violation?  
 What rein can hold licentious wickedness,  
 When down the hill he holds his fierce career?  
 We may as bootless spend our vain command  
 Upon the enraged soldiers in their spoil,  
 As send precepts to the Leviathan  
 To come ashore. Therefore, you men of Harfleur,  
 Take pity of your town, and of your people,  
 Whiles yet my soldiers are in my command;  
 Whiles yet the cool and temperate wind of grace  
 O'erblows<sup>2</sup> the filthy and contagious clouds  
 Of deadly<sup>3</sup> murder, spoil, and villainy.  
 If not, why, in a moment, look to see  
 The blind and bloody soldier with foul hand  
 Defile<sup>a</sup> the locks of your shrill-shrieking daughters;  
 Your fathers taken by the silver beards,  
 And their most reverend heads dash'd to the walls;  
 Your naked infants spitted upon pikes;

“Open thy gate of mercy, gracious Lord.”

Lord Bacon, in a letter to King James, written a few days after the death of Shakespeare, says, “And therefore in conclusion we wished him not to *shut the gate* of your majesty's *mercy* against himself by being obdurate.” He is speaking of the Earl of Somerset.

<sup>2</sup> To *overblow* is to *drive away*, to *keep off*.

<sup>3</sup> The first folio reads *headly*. The second *heady*, which may be right.

<sup>a</sup> The old copies all misprint *Desire* for *Defile*. Pope made the correction.

Whiles the mad mothers with their howls confus'd  
Do break the clouds, as did the wives of Jewry  
At Herod's bloody-hunting slaughtermen.  
What say you? will you yield, and this avoid?  
Or, guilty in defence, be thus destroy'd?

*Gov.* Our expectation hath this day an end:  
The Dauphin, whom of succour we entreated<sup>4</sup>,  
Returns us—that his powers are not yet ready  
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, dread king,  
We yield our town, and lives, to thy soft mercy:  
Enter our gates; dispose of us, and ours;  
For we no longer are defensible.

*K. Hen.* Open your gates!—Come, uncle Exeter,  
Go you and enter Harfleur; there remain,  
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:  
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,—  
The winter coming on, and sickness growing  
Upon our soldiers,—we will retire to Calais.  
To-night in Harfleur will we be your guest;  
To-morrow for the march are we address<sup>5</sup>.

[*Flourish.* *The King, &c. enter the Town.*

SCENE IV<sup>1</sup>. Roüen. *A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter KATHARINE and ALICE.*

*Kath.* *Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.*

*Alice.* *Un peu, madame.*

*Kath.* *Je te prie, m'enseignes; il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois?*

<sup>4</sup> *Whom of succour we entreated.* See *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii. Sc. 1, p. 345, in a note on the passage:—"I shall desire you of more acquaintance."

<sup>5</sup> *Address*, i. e. *prepared*.

<sup>1</sup> Warburton and Farmer thought this scene an interpolation, and Hammer rejected it. Upon which Johnson remarks, "The scene is indeed mean enough when read, but the grimaces of the

*Alice.* La main ? elle est appelée, de hand.

*Kath.* De hand. Et les doigts ?

*Alice.* Les doigts ? ma foy, j'oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts ? je pense, qu'ils sont appelés de fingres ; ouy, de fingres.

*Kath.* La main, de hand ; les doigts, de fingres. Je pense, que je suis le bon escolier. J'ay gagné deux mots d'Anglois vistement. Comment appelez vous les ongles ?

*Alice.* Les ongles ? les appellons, de nails.

*Kath.* De nails. Escoutez ; dites moy, si je parle bien : de hand, de fingres, de nails.

*Alice.* C'est bien dit, madame ; il est fort bon Anglois.

*Kath.* Dites moy en Anglois, le bras.

*Alice.* De arm, madame.

*Kath.* Et le coude.

*Alice.* De elbow.

*Kath.* De elbow. Je m'en faitz la répétition de tous les mots, que vous m'avez appris dès à present.

*Alice.* Il est trop difficile, madame, comme je pense.

*Kath.* Excusez moy, Alice ; escoutez : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de bilbow.

*Alice.* De elbow, madame.

*Kath.* O Seigneur Dieu ! je m'en oublie ; De elbow. Comment appelez vous le col ?

*Alice.* De nick, madame.

*Kath.* De nick : Et le menton ?

*Alice.* De chin.

*Kath.* De sin. Le col, de nick : le menton, de sin.

two Frenchwomen, and the odd accent with which they uttered the English, might divert an audience more refined than could be found in the poet's time. It may be observed that there is in it not only the French language, but the French spirit. Alice compliments the princess upon the knowledge of four words, and tells her that she pronounces like the English themselves. The princess suspects no deficiency in her instructress, nor the instructress in herself." The extraordinary circumstance of introducing a character speaking French in an English drama was no novelty to our early stage.



*Alice. Ouy. Sauf vostre honneur ; en vérité, vous prononcez les mots aussi droict que les natifs d'Angleterre.*

*Kath. Je ne doute point d'apprendre par la grace de Dieu ; et en peu de temps.*

*Alice. N'avez vous pas déjà oublié ce que je vous ay enseignée ?*

*Kath. Non, je réciteray à vous promptement. De hand, de fingre, de mails,—*

*Alice. De nails, madame.*

*Kath. De nails, de arme, de ilbow.*

*Alice. Sauf vostre honneur, de elbow.*

*Kath. Ainsi dis je ; de elbow, de nick, et de sin ; Comment appelez vous le pieds et la robe ?*

*Alice. De foot, madame ; et de coun.*

*Kath. De foot, et de coun ? O Seigneur Dieu ! ces sont mots de son mauvais, corruptible, grosse, et impudique, et non pour les dames d'honneur d'user : Je ne voudrois prononcer ces mots devant les Seigneurs de France, pour tout le monde. Il faut de foot, et de coun, neant-moins. Je réciterai une autre fois ma leçon ensemble : De hand, de fingre, de nails, de arm, de elbow, de nick, de sin, de foot, de coun.*

*Alice. Excellent, madame !*

*Kath. C'est assez pour une fois ; allons nous à disner.*  
[Exeunt.]

SCENE V. *The same. Another Room in the same.*

*Enter the French King, the Dauphin, Duke of Bourbon, the Constable of France, and Others.*

*Fr. King. 'Tis certain, he hath pass'd the river Somme.*

*Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord, Let us not live in France ; let us quit all, And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.*

*Dau.* *O Dieu vivant!* shall a few sprays of us,—  
The emptying of our fathers' luxury,  
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,  
Spirt up so suddenly into the clouds,  
And overlook their grafters?

*Bour.* Normans, but bastard Normans, Norman  
bastards!

*Mort de ma vie!* if they march along  
Unfought withal, but I will sell my dukedom,  
To buy a slobbery and a dirty farm  
In that nook-shotten<sup>1</sup> isle of Albion.

*Con.* *Dieu de batailles!* where have they this  
mettle?

Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?  
On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,  
Killing their fruit with frowns. Can sodden water,  
A drench for sur-rein'd<sup>2</sup> jades, their barley broth,  
Decoct their cold blood to such valiant heat?  
And shall our quick blood, spirited with wine,  
Seem frosty? O, for honour of our land,  
Let us not hang like roping icicles  
Upon our houses' thatch, whiles a more frosty people  
Sweat drops of gallant youth in our rich fields;  
Poor—we may<sup>3</sup> call them, in their native lords.

*Dau.* By faith and honour,  
Our madams mock at us; and plainly say,

<sup>1</sup> *Nook-shotten isle.* *Shotten* signifies anything projected: so *nook-shotten isle* is an isle that shoots out into capes, promontories, and necks of land, the very figure of Great Britain. Randle Holme, in his *Accedence of Armory*, p. 358, has "*Querke, a nook-shotten pane*" [of glass].

<sup>2</sup> *A drench for sur-rein'd jades.* *Sur-rein'd* is probably over-ridden or over-strained. Steevens observes that it is common to give horses, over-ridden or feverish, ground malt or bran and hot water mixed, which is called a mash. To this the constable compares the English malt liquor, the national beverage, as wine is that of the French.

<sup>3</sup> *May* was added in the second folio.

Our mettle is bred out ; and they will give  
 Their bodies to the lust of English youth,  
 To new-store France with bastard warriors.

*Bour.* They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,  
 And teach lavoltas<sup>4</sup> high, and swift corantos ;  
 Saying, our grace is only in our heels,  
 And that we are most lofty runaways.

*Fr. King.* Where is Montjóy, the herald ? speed  
 him hence ;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.—  
 Up, princes ! and, with spirit of honour edg'd,  
 More sharper than your swords, hie to the field :  
 Charles De-la-bret<sup>5</sup>, high constable of France ;  
 You dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and of Berry,  
 Alençon, Brabant, Bar, and Burgundy :  
 Jaques Chatillon, Rambures, Vaudemont,  
 Beaumont, Grandpré, Roussi, and Fauconberg,  
 Foix, Lestrale, Boutiqualt, and Charolois ;  
 High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and knights<sup>6</sup>,  
 For your great seats, now quit you of great shames.  
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land  
 With pennons<sup>7</sup> painted in the blood of Harfleur !

<sup>4</sup> *Lavoltas high.* The *lavolta* or *volta*, “a kind of turning French dance,” says Florio; in which the man turns the woman round several times, and then assists her in making a high spring or cabriole. The reader will find a very curious and amusing article on the subject in Mr. Douce’s *Illustrations of Shakespeare*, vol. i. p. 489.

<sup>5</sup> This should be Charles D’Albret; but the metre would not admit of the change. Shakespeare followed Holinshed, who calls him *Delabreth*. The other French names have been corrected.

<sup>6</sup> The old copy has *kings*. The correction was made by Theobald.

<sup>7</sup> *Pennons* were *flags* or *streamers*, upon which the arms, device, and motto of a knight were painted. “A *penon* must be tow yardes and a halfe long, made round att the end, and conteyneth the armes of the owner, and serveth for the conduct of fifty men.”—*MSS. Harl.* No. 2413. A banneret was created by cutting off the point of the pennon, and making it a banner, which was peculiar to the nobility.

Rush on his host, as doth the melted snow  
 Upon the valleys; whose low vassal seat  
 The Alps doth spit and void his rheum upon:  
 Go down upon him,—you have power enough,—  
 And in a captive chariot, into Roüen  
 Bring him our prisoner.

*Con.*

This becomes the great.

Sorry am I, his numbers are so few,  
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march;  
 For, I am sure, when he shall see our army,  
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,  
 And, for achievement, offer us his ransom<sup>6</sup>.

*Fr. King.* Therefore, lord constable, haste on  
 Montjóy:

And let him say to England, that we send  
 To know what willing ransom he will give.—  
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roüen<sup>7</sup>.

*Dau.* Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

*Fr. King.* Be patient, for you shall remain with  
 us.—

Now, forth, lord constable, and princes all;  
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE VI. *The English Camp in Picardy.*

*Enter GOWER and FLUELLEN.*

*Gow.* How now, Captain Fluellen, come you from  
 the bridge?

*Flu.* I assure you, there is very excellent service  
 committed at the pridge.

*Gow.* Is the duke of Exeter safe?

<sup>6</sup> *And for achievement offer us his ransom.* That is, instead of  
 achieving a victory over us, make a proposal to pay us a sum as  
 ransom.

<sup>7</sup> *Roüen is spelt Roan in the old copy.* It was pronounced as  
 a monosyllable.

*Flu.* The duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon; and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my livings, and my uttermost power: he is not (God be praised, and plessed!) any hurt in the world; but keeps the pridge most valiantly<sup>1</sup>, with excellent discipline. There is an ensign<sup>a</sup> there at the pridge,—I think, in my very conscience, he is as valiant as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the 'orld: but I did see him do gallant service.

*Gow.* What do you call him?

*Flu.* He is called—ancient Pistol.

*Gow.* I know him not.

*Enter* PISTOL.

*Flu.* Here is the man.

*Pist.* Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:  
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

*Flu.* Ay, I praise Got; and I have merited some love at his hands.

*Pist.* Bardolph, a soldier, firm and sound of heart,  
And of buxom valour<sup>2</sup>, hath,—by cruel fate,

<sup>1</sup> *But keeps the pridge most valiantly.* After Henry had passed the Somme, the French endeavoured to intercept him in his passage to Calais; and for that purpose attempted to break down the only bridge that there was over the small river of Ternois, at Blangi, over which it was necessary for Henry to pass. But Henry, having notice of their design, sent a part of his troops before him, who, attacking and putting the French to flight, preserved the bridge till the whole English army arrived and passed over it.

<sup>a</sup> Thus the quarto. The folio has an *ancient lieutenant*; the latter word being probably a gloss which has found its way into the text. Pistol was an *ensign* or *ancient*.

<sup>2</sup> *Buxom valour.* It is true that, in the Saxon and our elder English, *buxom* meant *pliant, yielding, obedient*; and in this sense Spenser uses it: but as we know it was also used for *lust, rampant*, however mistakenly, it was surely very absurd to give the older meaning to it here, as Steevens did. Pistol would be much more likely to take the popular sense. Blount, after giving the old legitimate meaning of *buxomeness*, says, "It is now mistaken for *lustiness* or *rampancy*."

And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,  
That goddess blind,  
That stands upon the rolling restless stone,—

*Flu.* By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted plind, with a muffler<sup>3</sup> before her eyes, to signify to you that fortune is plind : And she is painted also with a wheel ; to signify to you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning, and inconstaut and mutability and variation : and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls, and rolls. —In good truth, the poet is make a most excellent description of it : fortune, look you, is an excellent moral.

*Pist.* Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him ;  
For he hath stolen a *pax*<sup>4</sup>, and hanged must 'a be.  
A damned death !

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,  
And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate :  
But Exeter hath given the doom of death,  
For *pax* of little price.  
Therefore, go speak, the duke will hear thy voice ;  
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut  
With edge of penny cord, and vile reproach :  
Speak, captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

<sup>3</sup> A *muffler* was a fold of linen used for concealing the face of a woman. It will be best understood by a reference to the woodcut in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv. Sc. 2, copied from Mr. Douce's *Illustrations of Shakespeare*.

<sup>4</sup> Holinshed, whom Shakespeare followed, says, "A *piz*. A foolish soldier stole a *pize* out of a church, for which cause he was apprehended, and the king would not once more remove till the *box* was restored, and the offender strangled." The *piz* was the box in which the consecrated wafers were kept, originally so named from being made of *box* ; but in later times it was made of gold, silver, and other costly materials. The *pax* was the osculatorium, a small plate of metal, with a figure of Christ or the Virgin engraved or embossed upon it, which was offered to the people to kiss at the conclusion of the mass. The *piz* and the *pax* have been often taken erroneously for the same object.

*Flu.* Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

*Pist.* Why then rejoice therefore.

*Flu.* Certainly, ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

*Pist.* Die and be damn'd; and *figo*<sup>5</sup> for thy friendship!

*Flu.* It is well.

*Pist.* The fig of Spain!

[*Exit* PISTOL.]

*Flu.* Very good<sup>6</sup>.

*Gow.* Why, this is an arrant counterfeit rascal; I remember him now; a bawd; a cutpurse.

*Flu.* I'll assure you, 'a utter'd as prave 'ords at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day: But it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

*Gow.* Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue; that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself, at his return into London, under the form of a soldier. And such fellows are perfect in great commanders' names: and they will learn you by rote, where services were done:—at such and such a sconce<sup>7</sup>, at such a breach,

<sup>5</sup> *And figo for thy friendship.* See note on King Henry IV. Part II. The *Spanish fig* probably alludes to the custom of giving poisoned figs to those who were the objects of either Spanish or Italian revenge; to which custom there are numerous allusions in our old dramas. In the quarto copies of this play we have:—"The fig of Spain within thy jaw." And afterwards:—"The fig of Spain within thy bowels and thy dirty maw."

<sup>6</sup> *Very good.* In the quartos, instead of these two words, we have:—"Captain Gower, cannot you hear it lighten and thunder?" There is considerable variation in this part of the dialogue in the quarto, but the added words are not worth preserving.

<sup>7</sup> *Such and such a sconce.* Steevens has erroneously explained this, "a hasty, rude, inconsiderable kind of fortification." The quotation from Sir Thomas Smythe only described some particularly imperfect sconces. A *sconce* was a block-house or *chief for-*

at such a convoy; who came off bravely, who was shot, who disgraced, what terms the enemy stood on; and this they con perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-tuned oaths. And what a beard of the general's cut<sup>8</sup>, and a horrid suit of the camp, will do among foaming bottles, and ale-washed wits, is wonderful to be thought on! but you must learn to know such slanders of the age<sup>9</sup>, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

*Flu.* I tell you what, Captain Gower;—I do perceive, he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind. [*Drum heard.*] Hark you, the king is coming; and I must speak with him from the pridge<sup>10</sup>.

*Enter* KING HENRY, GLOSTER, and Soldiers<sup>a</sup>.

*Flu.* Got pless your majesty!

*K. Hen.* How now, Fluellen? camest thou from the bridge?

*Flu.* Ay, so please your majesty. The duke of

*tress*, for the most part round in fashion of a head; hence the head is ludicrously called a sconce: a lantern was also called a sconce, because of its round form.

<sup>8</sup> *A beard of the general's cut.* Our ancestors were very curious in the fashion of their beards; a certain *cut* was appropriated to certain professions and ranks. They are some of them humorously described in a ballad in *The Prince D'Amour*, 1660. The *spade* beard and the *stiletto* beard appear to have been appropriated to the soldier.

*Such slanders of the age.* Nothing was more common than such huffcap pretending braggarts as Pistol in the poet's age: they are the continual subject of satire to his cotemporaries. Steevens mentions Basilico, in *Solyman* and *Perseda*, as likely to have given the hint of Pistol's character to Shakespeare.

<sup>10</sup> *From the pridge.* These words are not in the quarto. If not a mistake of the compositor, who may have caught them from the king's speech, they must mean *about* the bridge, or *concerning* it.

<sup>a</sup> The old stage direction is, "Drum and Colours, Enter the King and his poor Soldiers."



Exeter has very gallantly maintained the pridge : the French is gone off, look you ; and there is gallant and most prave passages : Marry, th'athversary was have possession of the pridge ; but he is enforced to retire, and the duke of Exeter is master of the pridge ; I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

*K. Hen.* What men have you lost, Fluellen ?

*Flu.* The perdition of th'athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great : marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church, one Bardolph, if your majesty know the man : his face is all bubukles, and whelks<sup>11</sup>, and knobs, and flames of fire ; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red ; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

*K. Hen.* We would have all such offenders so cut off :—and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country, there be nothing compelled from the villages, nothing taken but paid for ; none of the French upbraided, or abused in disdainful language ; For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner.

*Tucket sounds. Enter MONTJOY.*

*Mont.* You know me by my habit<sup>12</sup>.

<sup>11</sup> *His face is all bubukles, and whelks, and knobs.* *Whelks* are not stripes, as Mr. Nares interprets the word ; but pimples, or blotches : *Papulae*. "A pimple, a *whelke* ; Bourion ou bubbe qui vient en face." Mr. Steevens remarks that Chaucer's Sompnour may have afforded Shakespeare a hint for Bardolph's face. He also had—

"A fire red cherubimes face,"  
with "*welkes* white," and "knobbes sitting on his cheekes."—*Cant. Tales*, v. 628.

<sup>12</sup> *You know me by my habit.* That is, by his herald's coat. The person of a herald being inviolable was distinguished by a richly emblazoned dress. *Montjoie* is the title of the first king at arms in France, as *Garter* is in this country.

*K. Hen.* Well then, I know thee; What shall I know of thee?

*Mont.* My master's mind.

*K. Hen.* Unfold it.

*Mont.* Thus says my king:—Say thou to Harry of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleep; advantage is a better soldier than rashness. Tell him, we could have rebuked him at Harfleur; but that we thought not good to bruise an injury, till it were full ripe:—now we speak upon our cue<sup>13</sup>, and our voice is imperial. England shall repent his folly, see his weakness, and admire our sufferance. Bid him, therefore, consider of his ransom; which must proportion the losses we have borne, the subjects we have lost, the disgrace we have digested; which, in weight to re-answer, his pettiness would bow under. For our losses, his exchequer is too poor; for the effusion of our blood, the muster of his kingdom too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his own person, kneeling at our feet, but a weak and worthless satisfaction. To this add—defiance: and tell him, for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounced. So far my king and master; so much my office.

*K. Hen.* What is thy name? I know thy quality.

*Mont.* Montjoy.

*K. Hen.* Thou dost thy office fairly. Turn thee back, And tell thy king,—I do not seek him now; But could be willing to march on to Calais Without impeachment<sup>14</sup>: for, to say the sooth, (Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much Unto an enemy of craft and vantage,)

<sup>13</sup> Upon our cue, i. e. in our turn. This theatrical phrase occurs elsewhere.

<sup>14</sup> i. e. without impediment. Empêchement, Fr. See Cotgrave's Dictionary.

My people are with sickness much enfeebled;  
 My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,  
 Almost no better than so many French;  
 Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,  
 I thought, upon one pair of English legs  
 Did march three Frenchmen.—Yet, forgive me, God,  
 That I do brag thus!—this your air of France  
 Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.  
 Go, therefore, tell thy master, here I am;  
 My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk;  
 My army, but a weak and sickly guard;  
 Yet, God before<sup>15</sup>! tell him we will come on,  
 Though France himself, and such another neighbour,  
 Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Montjoy.  
 Go, bid thy master well advise himself:  
 If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,  
 We shall your tawny ground with your red blood  
 Discolour<sup>16</sup>: and so, Montjoy, fare you well.  
 The sum of all our answer is but this:  
 We would not seek a battle, as we are;  
 Nor, as we are, we say, we will not shun it;  
 So tell your master.

*Mont.* I shall deliver so. Thanks to your highness  
 [*Exit MONTJOY.*]

<sup>15</sup> *God before!* i. e. *God be witness!* It occurs before in Act i. Sc. 2. It has been erroneously explained "God being my guide."

<sup>16</sup> *We shall your tawny ground with your red blood Discolour.*

This is from Holinshed. "My desire is, that none of you be *so unadvised* as to be the occasion that I in my defence shall *colour* and make *red your tawny ground* with the effusion of Christian blood. When he had thus answered the herauld he gave him a great reward, and licenced him to depart." It was always customary to give a reward, or largess, to the herald whether he brought a message of defiance or congratulation. I will just observe by the way that the heralds do not appear to have been held in the highest esteem formerly: I find them, in a very curious passage of *The Speculum Vitæ*, classed with all the other infamous itinerant professions, as courtezans, jugglers, minstrels, thieves, and hangmen.

*Glo.* I hope they will not come upon us now.

*K. Hen.* We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs.  
March to the bridge; it now draws toward night :—  
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves;  
And on to-morrow bid them march away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII. *The French Camp, near Agincourt.*

*Enter the Constable of France, the LORD RAMBURES,  
the DUKE of ORLEANS, Dauphin, and Others.*

*Con.* Tut! I have the best armour of the world.—  
'Would, it were day!

*Orl.* You have an excellent armour; but let my  
horse have his due.

*Con.* It is the best horse of Europe.

*Orl.* Will it never be morning?

*Dau.* My lord of Orleans, and my lord high constable, you talk of horse and armour,—

*Orl.* You are as well provided of both, as any prince in the world.

*Dau.* What a long night is this!—I will not change my horse with any that treads but on four pasterns. *Ca, ha!* He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs<sup>1</sup>; *le cheval volant*, the Pegasus, *qui a les narines de feu!* When I bestride him, I soar, I am a hawk: he trots the air; the earth sings when he touches it; the basest horn of his hoof is more musical than the pipe of Hermes.

*Orl.* He's of the colour of the nutmeg.

*Dau.* And of the heat of the ginger. It is a beast for Perseus: he is pure air and fire<sup>2</sup>; and the dull ele-

<sup>1</sup> *He bounds from the earth, as if his entrails were hairs.* Alluding to the bounding of tennis-balls, which were stuffed with hair. Thus in *Much Ado about Nothing*:—"The old ornaments of his cheek hath already stuffed tennis-balls."

<sup>2</sup> *He is pure air and fire.* Thus Cleopatra, speaking of herself:—

ments of earth and water never appear in him, but only in patient stillness, while his rider mounts him: he is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts<sup>3</sup>.

*Con.* Indeed, my lord, it is a most absolute and excellent horse.

*Dau.* It is the prince of palfreys; his neigh is like the bidding of a monarch, and his countenance enforces homage.

*Orl.* No more, cousin.

*Dau.* Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot, from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb, vary deserved praise on my palfrey: it is a theme as fluent as the sea; turn the sands into eloquent tongues, and my horse is argument for them all: 'tis a subject for a sovereign to reason on, and for a sovereign's sovereign to ride on; and for the world (familiar to us, and unknown), to lay apart their particular functions, and wonder at him. I once writ a sonnet in his praise, and began thus: *Wonder of nature*,—

*Orl.* I have heard a sonnet begin so to one's mistress.

*Dau.* Then did they imitate that which I composed to my courser; for my horse is my mistress:

"I am *air* and *fire*; my other elements  
I give to baser life."

So in Shakespeare's forty-fourth Sonnet:—

"So much of *earth* and *water* wrought,  
I must attend time's leisure with my moan."

Again in *Twelfth Night*:—

"Do not our lives consist of the *four elements*?"

<sup>3</sup> *He is, indeed, a horse; and all other jades you may call—beasts.* There has been much foolish contention about this passage; the sense of which is plain enough. I have elsewhere observed that *jade* is not always used for a tired or contemptible horse. The Dauphin means "that his charger is indeed a *horse*, and alone worthy of that name; all others may be called *beasts* in comparison of him." *Beast* is here used in the sense of the Latin *jumentum*, contemptuously to signify an animal only fit for the cart or packsaddle.

*Orl.* Your mistress bears well.

*Dau.* Me well; which is the prescript praise and perfection of a good and particular mistress.

*Con.* *Ma foy!* the other day, methought, your mistress shrewdly shook your back.

*Dau.* So, perhaps, did yours.

*Con.* Mine was not bridled.

*Dau.* O! then, belike, she was old and gentle; and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers<sup>4</sup>.

*Con.* You have good judgment in horsemanship.

*Dau.* Be warned by me then: they that ride so, and ride not warily, fall into foul bogs; I had rather have my horse to my mistress.

*Con.* I had as lief have my mistress a jade.

*Dau.* I tell thee, constable, my mistress wears his<sup>5</sup> own hair.

*Con.* I could make as true a boast as that, if I had a sow to my mistress.

*Dau.* *Le chien est retourné à son propre vomissement,*

<sup>4</sup> Like a Kerne of Ireland, your French hose off, and in your strait strossers. Mr. Dyce has shown that *strossers* is not a misprint for *trossers*, but another form of the word, as the latter is but another form of *trowsers*. This expression is here merely figurative, as Theobald long since observed, for *femoribus denu-datis*. But it is certain that the Irish *trossers*, or *trowsers*, were anciently the direct contrary to the modern garments of that name. "Their *trowses*, commonly spelt *trossers*, were long pantaloons exactly fitted to the shape." Bulwer, in his *Pedigree of the English Gallant*, 1653, says, "Now our hose are made so close to our breeches that, like the *Irish trossers*, they too manifestly discover the dimensions of every part."—I will add that Spenser says Chaucer's description of Sir Thopas gives "the very manner and fashion of the Irish horseman,—in his *long hose*, his *ryding shoes* of costly cordwaine, his *hacqueton*, and his *habergeon*," &c. *State of Ireland*, p. 115; Ed. Dublin, 1809.

<sup>5</sup> The old copy has "his own hair," which has been changed to *her*, but *his* stands for the impersonal pronoun *its*.

*et la truie lavée au boubier*<sup>6</sup>: thou makest use of any thing.

*Con.* Yet do I not use my horse for my mistress ; or any such proverb, so little kin to the purpose.

*Ram.* My lord constable, the armour, that I saw in your tent to-night, are those stars, or suns, upon it ?

*Con.* Stars, my lord.

*Dau.* Some of them will fall to-morrow, I hope.

*Con.* And yet my sky shall not want.

*Dau.* That may be, for you bear a many superfluously ! and 'twere more honour, some were away.

*Con.* Even as your horse bears your praises ; who would trot as well, were some of your brags dismounted.

*Dau.* 'Would, I were able to load him with his desert ! Will it never be day ? I will trot to-morrow a mile, and my way shall be paved with English faces.

*Con.* I will not say so, for fear I should be faced out of my way : But I would it were morning, for I would fain be about the ears of the English.

*Ram.* Who will go to hazard with me for twenty prisoners ?

*Con.* You must first go yourself to hazard, ere you have them.

*Dau.* 'Tis midnight, I'll go arm myself. [*Exit.*

*Orl.* The Dauphin longs for morning.

*Ram.* He longs to eat the English.

*Con.* I think, he will eat all he kills.

*Orl.* By the white hand of my lady, he's a gallant prince.

*Con.* Swear by her foot, that she may tread out the oath.

<sup>6</sup> It has been remarked that Shakespeare was habitually conversant with his bible. It may be too much to infer that he read it, occasionally, in French ; but this passage will be found almost literally in the Geneva Bible, 1588. 2 Peter ii. 22.

*Orl.* He is, simply, the most active gentleman of France.

*Con.* Doing is activity: and he will still be doing.

*Orl.* He never did harm, that I heard of.

*Con.* Nor will do none to-morrow; he will keep that good name still.

*Orl.* I know him to be valiant.

*Con.* I was told that, by one that knows him better than you.

*Orl.* What's he?

*Con.* Marry, he told me so himself; and he said, he cared not who knew it.

*Orl.* He needs not, it is no hidden virtue in him.

*Con.* By my faith, sir, but it is; never any body saw it, but his lackey: 'tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate<sup>7</sup>.

*Orl.* Ill will never said well.

*Con.* I will cap that proverb with—There is flattery in friendship.

*Orl.* And I will take up that with—Give the devil his due.

*Con.* Well placed; there stands your friend for the devil: have at the very eye of that proverb, with—a pox of the devil.

*Orl.* You are the better at proverbs, by how much—A fool's bolt is soon shot.

*Con.* You have shot over.

*Orl.* 'Tis not the first time you were overshot.

<sup>7</sup> 'Tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will bate. This pun depends upon the equivocal use of *bate*. When a hawk is *unhooded* her first action is to *bate* (i. e. beat her wings, or flutter). The hawk wants no courage, but invariably bates upon the removal of her hood. The Constable would insinuate by his double entendre that the Dauphin's courage, when it appears (i. e. when he prepares for encounter), will *bate*; i. e. soon abate, diminish, or evaporate.



*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* My lord high constable, the English lie within fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

*Con.* Who hath measured the ground?

*Mess.* The Lord Grandpré.

*Con.* A valiant and most expert gentleman.—'Would, it were day<sup>8</sup>!—Alas, poor Harry of England!—He longs not for the dawning, as we do.

*Orl.* What a wretched and peevish<sup>9</sup> fellow is this king of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far out of his knowledge!

*Con.* If the English had any apprehension, they would run away.

*Orl.* That they lack; for if their heads had any intellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-pieces.

*Ram.* That island of England breeds very valiant creatures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

*Orl.* Foolish curs! that run winking into the mouth of a Russian bear, and have their heads crushed like rotten apples: You may as well say,—that's a valiant flea, that dare eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

*Con.* Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the mastiffs, in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their wits with their wives; and then give them great meals of beef, and iron and steel, they will eat like wolves, and fight like devils.

*Orl.* Ay, but these English are shrewdly out of beef

*Con.* Then we shall find to-morrow—they have only

<sup>8</sup> Instead of this and the succeeding speeches, the quartos conclude this scene with a couplet:—

“Come, come away;

The sun is high, and we wear out the day.”

<sup>9</sup> *Peevish*, i. e. *foolish*. Vide note on Comedy of Errors, Act iv. Sc. 1, p. 47.

stomachs to eat, and none to fight. Now is it time to arm : Come, shall we about it ?

*Orl.* It is now two o'clock : but, let me see,—by ten,

We shall have each a hundred Englishmen. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

*Enter CHORUS.*

*Chorus.*

**N**OW entertain conjecture of a time,  
When creeping murmur, and the poring  
dark,  
Fills the wide vessel of the universe<sup>1</sup>.  
From camp to camp, through the foul womb of night,  
The hum of either army stilly<sup>2</sup> sounds,  
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive  
The secret whispers of each other's watch :  
Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames  
Each battle sees the other's umber'd<sup>3</sup> face :

<sup>1</sup> *Fills the wide vessel of the universe.* Warburton says *universe* for *horizon*. Upon which Johnson remarks :—"The universe, in its original sense, no more means this globe singly than the circuit of the horizon ; but however large in its philosophical sense, it may be poetically used for as much of the world as falls under observation."

<sup>2</sup> *The hum of either army stilly sounds.* This expression applied to sound is not peculiar to Shakespeare ; we have "a *still* small voice" in the sacred writings, and Florio's Dictionary in the word *sussura*, has "a buzzing, a murmuring, a charming, a humming, a soft, gentle, *still* noise, as of running water falling with a gentle stream, or as trees make with the wind," &c. It is the "murmure tacito" of Ovid.

<sup>3</sup> It has been said that the distant visages of the soldiers would appear of an *umber* colour when beheld through the light of midnight fires. I suspect that nothing more is meant than "shadow'd face." The epithet "*paly* flames" is against the other interpretation. *Umbre* for *shadow* is common in our elder writers. Thus Cavendish, in his *Metrical Visions*, Prologue, p. 2 :—

"Under the *umber* of an oke with bowes pendant."

Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs  
 Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,  
 The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
 With busy hammers closing rivets up<sup>4</sup>,  
 Give dreadful note of preparation.  
 The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,  
 And the third hour of drowsy morning name.  
 Proud of their numbers, and secure in soul,  
 The confident and over-lusty<sup>5</sup> French  
 Do the low-rated English play at dice ;  
 And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,  
 Who, like a foul and ugly witch, doth limp  
 So tediously away. The poor condemned English,  
 Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires  
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminate  
 The morning's danger ; and their gestures sad,  
 Investing lank-lean cheeks<sup>6</sup>, and war-worn coats,

*The armourers, accomplishing the knights,  
 With busy hammers closing rivets up."*

This does not solely refer to the riveting the plate armour before it was put on, but as to part when it was on. The top of the cuirass had a little projecting bit of iron that passed through a hole pierced through the bottom of the casque. When both were put on, the smith or armourer presented himself, with his riveting hammer, to close the rivet up ; so that the wearer's head should remain steady, notwithstanding the force of any blow that might be given on the cuirass or helmet. This custom prevailed more particularly in tournaments. See *Variétés Historiques*, 1752, 12mo. tom. ii. p. 73. Douce.

<sup>5</sup> *The confident and over-lusty French  
 Do the low-rated English play at dice.*

Thus in North's Plutarch :—"Cassius's soldiers did shewe themselves verie stubborn and lustie in the camp." The word *lusty* was synonymous with *lively*. "To be *lively* or *lustie*, to be in his force or strength, Vigeo." By *Do the low-rated English play at dice* ; is meant, *do play them away*, or *play for them at dice*. The circumstance is from Holinshed.

<sup>6</sup> "Their gestures sad,  
 Investing lank-lean cheeks."

Thus Sidney, in *Astrophel*, song 2, has :—

"Anger invests the face with a lovely grace."

Presenteth<sup>7</sup> them unto the gazing moon  
 So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold  
 The royal captain of this ruin'd band,  
 Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,  
 Let him cry—Praise and glory on his head !  
 For forth he goes, and visits all his host ;  
 Bids them good morrow, with a modest smile ;  
 And calls them—brothers, friends, and countrymen.  
 Upon his royal face there is no note,  
 How dread an army hath enrounded him :  
 Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour  
 Unto the weary and all-watched night ;  
 But freshly looks, and over-bears attaint,  
 With cheerful semblance, and sweet majesty ;  
 That every wretch, pining and pale before,  
 Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks :  
 A largess universal, like the sun,  
 His liberal eye doth give to every one,  
 Thawing cold fear. Then<sup>8</sup>, mean and gentle all,  
 Behold, as may unworthiness define,  
 A little touch of Harry in the night :  
 And so our scene must to the battle fly :  
 Where (O for pity !) we shall much disgrace—  
 With four or five most vile and ragged foils,  
 Right ill dispos'd, in brayl ridiculous,—  
 The name of Agincourt : Yet, sit and see ;  
 Minding<sup>9</sup> true things, by what their mockeries be.

[Exit.

<sup>7</sup> The old copy has *presented*.

<sup>8</sup> The old copy has "*that mean*," and a comma after fear. Theobald corrected it. *Unworthiness* refers to the acting, and is senseless with *that*. Theobald well defends his correction, which is certainly required.

<sup>9</sup> *Minding true things*. To *mind* is the same as to *call to remembrance*. Thus Baret:—"I *minde* this matter, and thinke still that it is before my eyes; in oculis animoque versatur mihi hæc res."

SCENE I. *The English Camp at Agincourt.**Enter* KING HENRY, BEDFORD, and GLOSTER.

*K. Hen.* Gloster, 'tis true, that we are in great danger ;

The greater therefore should our courage be.—  
 Good morrow, brother Bedford.—God Almighty !  
 There is some soul of godness in things evil,  
 Would men observingly distil it out ;  
 For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,  
 Which is both healthful, and good husbandry :  
 Besides, they are our outward consciences,  
 And preachers to us all ; admonishing,  
 That we should dress us fairly for our end<sup>1</sup>.  
 Thus may we gather honey from the weed,  
 And make a moral of the devil himself.

*Enter* ERPINGHAM<sup>2</sup>.

Good morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham :  
 A good soft pillow for that good white head  
 Were better than a churlish turf of France.

*Erp.* Not so, my liege ; this lodging likes me better,  
 Since I may say—now lie I like a king.

*K. Hen.* 'Tis good for men to love their present pains,  
 Upon example ; so the spirit is eased ;  
 And, when the mind is quicken'd, out of doubt,  
 The organs, though defunct and dead before,

<sup>1</sup> *That we should dress us fairly for our end.* Malone took this for an abbreviation of *address* us, and printed it thus, 'dress us, Steevens very reasonably doubted the propriety of the elision, but would take *dress* in its ordinary acceptation. "To *dress* is to *make ready*, to *prepare*." PARO, Lat.

<sup>2</sup> *Sir Thomas Erpingham* came over with Bolingbroke from Bretagne, and was one of the commissioners to receive King Richard's abdication. He was at this time warden of Dover Castle, and his arms are still visible on the side of the Roman Pharos.

Break up their drowsy grave, and newly move  
With casted slough and fresh legerity<sup>3</sup>.

Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas.—Brothers both,  
Commend me to the princes in our camp;  
Do my good morrow to them; and, anon,  
Desire them all to my pavilion.

*Glo.* We shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and BEDFORD.*]

*Erp.* Shall I attend your grace?

*K. Hen.* No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England:

I and my bosom must debate a while,

And then I would no other company.

*Erp.* The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry!

[*Exit ERPINGHAM.*]

*K. Hen.* God-a-mercy, old heart! thou speak'st  
cheerfully.

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Pist.* *Qui va là?*

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Pist.* Discuss unto me; Art thou officer;  
Or art thou base, common, and popular?

*K. Hen.* I am a gentleman of a company.

*Pist.* Trail'st thou the puissant pike?

*K. Hen.* Even so: What are you?

*Pist.* As good a gentleman as the emperor.

*K. Hen.* Then you are a better than the king.

*Pist.* The king's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,  
A lad of life, an imp<sup>4</sup> of fame;

<sup>3</sup> *With casted slough and fresh legerity.* The allusion is to the casting of the slough or skin of the snake annually, by which act he is supposed to regain new vigour and fresh youth. *Legerity* is lightness, nimbleness. *Légereté*, French. The word is used by Ben Jonson in *Every Man out of his Humour*.

<sup>4</sup> *An imp of fame.* See Second Part of King Henry IV. Act v. Sc. 5.

Of parents good, of fist most valiant :  
I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart-strings  
I love the lovely bully. What's thy name ?

*K. Hen.* Harry *le Roy*.

*Pist.* *Le Roy* ! a Cornish name : art thou of Cornish crew ?

*K. Hen.* No, I am a Welshman.

*Pist.* Know'st thou Fluellen ?

*K. Hen.* Yes.

*Pist.* Tell him, I'll knock his leek about his pate,  
Upon Saint Davy's day.

*K. Hen.* Do not you wear your dagger in your cap  
that day, lest he knock that about yours.

*Pist.* Art thou his friend ?

*K. Hen.* And his kinsman too.

*Pist.* The *figo* for thee then !

*K. Hen.* I thank you : God be with you !

*Pist.* My name is Pistol call'd. [Exit.]

*K. Hen.* It sorts well with your fierceness.

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER, severally.*

*Gow.* Captain Fluellen !

*Flu.* So ! in the name of Cheshu Christ, speak fewer<sup>5</sup>. It is the greatest admiration in the universal world, when the true and auncient prerogatives and laws of the wars is not kept : if you would take the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the Great, you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle taddle, or pibble pabble, in Pompey's camp ; I warrant you, you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the

<sup>5</sup> This is the reading of the folios. The word is misprinted *lower* in the two earliest quartos, which the printer of the quarto of 1608 turned into *lower*. The folios are most probably right. It is to mark Fluellen's provincial dialect that the word is put into his mouth ; Steevens had heard it in provincial use, "Speak fewer for speak lower."

cares of it, and the forms of it, and the sobriety of it, and the modesty of it, to be otherwise.

*Gow.* Why, the enemy is loud ; you heard him all night.

*Flu.* If the enemy is an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass, and a fool, and a prating coxcomb ; in your own conscience now ?

*Gow.* I will speak lower.

*Flu.* I pray you, and beseech you, that you will.

[*Exeunt GOWER and FLUELLEN.*]

*K. Hen.* Though it appear a little out of fashion, There is much care and valour in this Welshman.

*Enter BATES, COURT, and WILLIAMS*<sup>a</sup>.

*Court.* Brother John Bates, is not that the morning which breaks yonder ?

*Bates.* I think it be : but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

*Will.* We see yonder the beginning of the day, but, I think, we shall never see the end of it.—Who goes there ?

*K. Hen.* A friend.

*Will.* Under what captain serve you ?

*K. Hen.* Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

*Will.* A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman : I pray you, what thinks he of our estate ?

*K. Hen.* Even as men wrack'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off the next tide.

*Bates.* He hath not told his thought to the king ?

*K. Hen.* No ; nor it is not meet he should. For, though I speak it to you, I think, the king is but a man, as I am : the violet smells to him, as it doth to me ; the element shows to him, as it doth to me ; all

<sup>a</sup> The original stage direction is, "Enter three Soldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams."



his senses have but human conditions : his ceremonies laid by, in his nakedness he appears but a man ; and though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing<sup>6</sup> ; therefore when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are : Yet, in reason, no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by showing it, should dishearten his army.

*Bates.* He may show what outward courage he will : but, I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in Thames up to the neck ; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

*K. Hen.* By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king ; I think, he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

*Bates.* Then, I would he were here alone ; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and a many poor men's lives saved.

*K. Hen.* I dare say, you love him not so ill ; to wish him here alone ; howsoever you speak this, to feel other men's minds : Methinks, I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company ; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

*Will.* That's more than we know.

*Bates.* Ay, or more than we should seek after ; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects ; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

*Will.* But, if the cause be not good, the king himself liath a heavy reckoning to make ; when all those

<sup>6</sup> *Though his affections are higher mounted than ours, yet, when they stoop, they stoop with the like wing.* This passage alludes to the ancient sport of falconry. When the hawk, after soaring aloft or *mounting* high, descended in its flight, it was said to *stoop*.

legs, and arms, and heads, chopped off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all—We died at such a place; some, swearing; some, crying for a surgeon; some, upon their wives left poor behind them; some, upon the debts they owe; some, upon their children rawly<sup>7</sup> left. I am afeard there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? Now, if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king that led them to it; whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

*K. Hen.* So, if a son, that is by his father sent about merchandise, do sinfully miscarry upon the sea, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him: or if a servant, under his master's command, transporting a sum of money, be assailed by robbers, and die in many unconciled iniquities, you may call the business of the master the author of the servant's damnation:—But this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, the father of his son, nor the master of his servant; for they purpose not their death, when they purpose their services. Besides, there is no king, be his cause never so spotless, if it come to the arbitrement of swords, can try it out with all unspotted soldiers. Some, peradventure, have on them the guilt of premeditated and contrived murder; some, of beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury<sup>8</sup>; some, making the wars their bulwark, that have before gored the gentle bosom of peace with pillage and robbery. Now, if these men have defeated the

<sup>7</sup> *Their children rawly left, i. e. their children left immaturely, left young and helpless.*

<sup>8</sup> *Beguiling virgins with the broken seals of perjury.* Thus in the song at the beginning of the fourth act of *Measure for Measure*:—

“That so sweetly were forsworn—  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.”

law, and outrun native punishment<sup>9</sup>, though they can outstrip men, they have no wings to fly from God : war is his beadle, war is his vengeance ; so that here men are punish'd, for before-breach of the king's laws, in now the king's quarrel : where they feared the death, they have borne life away ; and where they would be safe, they perish : Then if they die unprovided, no more is the king guilty of their damnation, than he was before guilty of those impieties for the which they are now visited. Every subject's duty is the king's<sup>10</sup> ; but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience : and dying so, death is to him advantage ; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained : and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him out-live that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

*Will.* 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head, the king is not to answer it.

*Bates.* I do not desire he should answer for me ; and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

*K. Hen.* I myself heard the king say, he would not be ransomed.

*Will.* Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully : but, when our throats are cut, he may be ransomed, and we ne'er the wiser.

*K. Hen.* If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

*Will.* You pay<sup>11</sup> him then ! That's a perilous shot

<sup>9</sup> i. e. the punishment they are born to.

<sup>10</sup> Every subject's duty is the king's. "This is a very just distinction, and the whole argument is well followed and properly concluded."—*Johnson*.

<sup>11</sup> To pay here signifies to bring to account, to punish.

out of an elder gun<sup>12</sup>, that a poor and private displeasure can do against a monarch! you may as well go about to turn the sun to ice, with fanning in his face with a peacock's feather. You'll never trust his word after! come, 'tis a foolish saying.

*K. Hen.* Your reproof is something too round<sup>13</sup>; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

*Will.* Let it be a quarrel between us, if you live.

*K. Hen.* I embrace it.

*Will.* How shall I know thee again?

*K. Hen.* Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet: then, if ever thou darest acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

*Will.* Here's my glove, give me another of thine.

*K. Hen.* There.

*Will.* This will I also wear in my cap: if ever thou come to me and say, after to-morrow, *This is my glove*, by this hand, I will take thee a box on the ear.

*K. Hen.* If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

*Will.* Thou darest as well be hanged.

*K. Hen.* Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

*Will.* Keep thy word: fare thee well.

*Bates.* Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enough, if you could tell how to reckon.

*K. Hen.* Indeed, the French may lay twenty French crowns to one, they will beat us; for they bear them on their shoulders: But it is no English treason to cut

<sup>12</sup> *That's a perilous shot out of an elder gun.* In the quarto the thought is more opened—*It is a great displeasure that an elder gun can do against a cannon, or a subject against a monarch.*

<sup>13</sup> *Too round is too rough, too unceremonious.* Thus in *Hamlet*, Polonius says, "Pray you be round with him." The quarto has "*too bitter.*"

French crowns; and, to-morrow, the king himself will be a clipper.

[*Exeunt Soldiers.*]

Upon the king<sup>14</sup>! let us our lives, our souls,

Our debts, our careful wives,

Our children, and our sins, lay on the king;—

We must bear all;

O hard condition! twin-born with greatness,

Subjéct to the breath of every fool, whose sense

No more can feel but his own wringing! .

What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,

That private men enjoy!

And what have kings, that privates have not too,

Save ceremony, save general ceremony?

And what art thou, thou idle ceremony?

What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers?

What are thy rents? what are thy comings in?

O ceremony, show me but thy worth!

What is thy soul of adoration<sup>15</sup>?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form

Creating awe and fear in other men?

Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,

Than they in fearing.

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,

<sup>14</sup> *Upon the king.* "There is something very striking and solemn in the soliloquy into which the king breaks as soon as he is left alone. Something like this every breast has felt. Reflection and seriousness rush into the mind upon the separation of gay company, and especially after forced and unwilling merriment."—*Johnson*. This beautiful speech was added after the first edition.

<sup>15</sup> The old copy reads, "What is thy soul of odoration?" *adoration* being a misprint. The meaning appears to be, "O ceremony! show me what value thou art of? What is thy soul or essence of external worship or adoration? Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form, creating awe and fear in other men?" It has been proposed to read *adulation*, but I see no necessity for departing from the old reading.

But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, great greatness,  
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure!  
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out  
 With titles blown from adulation?  
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending?  
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
 Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,  
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose:  
 I am a king, that find thee; and I know,  
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,  
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
 The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,  
 The farced<sup>16</sup> title running 'fore the king,  
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp  
 That beats upon the high shore of this world,  
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave;  
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread<sup>17</sup>;  
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell;  
 But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,  
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night  
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day, after dawn,  
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse;  
 And follows so the ever-running year  
 With profitable labour, to his grave:  
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,

<sup>16</sup> *Farced* is *stuffed*. The tumid puffy titles (with which a king's name is introduced).

<sup>17</sup> *Cramm'd with distressful bread*. However oddly this may sound to modern ears, it was sufficiently intelligible to our ancestors. *Distressful bread* is the bread or food of poverty; *Mensa angusta*. It has been proposed to read *distasteful*, but I cannot think the change would be for the better. Johnson observes that these lines are exquisitely pleasing. "To sweat in the eye of Phœbus," and "to sleep in Elysium," are expressions very poetical.

Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,  
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.  
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots,  
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

*Enter* ERPINGHAM.

*Erp.* My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,  
 Seek through your camp to find you.

*K. Hen.* Good old knight,  
 Collect them all together at my tent :  
 I'll be before thee.

*Erp.* I shall do't, my lord. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* O God of battles! steel my soldiers' hearts!  
 Possess them not with fear: take from them now<sup>18</sup>  
 The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers :  
 Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord !  
 O not to-day think not upon the fault  
 My father made in compassing the crown !  
 I Richard's body have interred new ;

<sup>18</sup> "Take from them now

The sense of reckoning of the opposed numbers :  
 Pluck their hearts from them not to-day, O Lord !  
 O not to-day ! Think not upon," &c.

The folio points the last two lines thus :—

"Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O Lord !  
 O not to-day, think not upon," &c.

Theobald proposed "*lest* the opposed numbers." And Mr. Tyrwhitt, "*if* the opposed numbers:" which last reading has been adopted by Malone, and accompanied with very wordy but unsatisfactory reasons. For the present arrangement of the text made in 1825, I am answerable. The quarto reads :—

"Take from them now the sense of reckoning,  
 That the opposed multitudes which stand before them  
 May not appal their courage."

The late editions, except Mr. Knight's, exhibit the passage thus :—

"Take from them now  
 The sense of reckoning, *if* the opposed numbers  
 Pluck their hearts from them ;—Not to-day, O Lord,  
 O not to-day, think not upon," &c.

And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears,  
 Than from it issued forced drops of blood.  
 Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,  
 Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up  
 Toward heaven, to pardon blood; and I have built  
 Two chantries<sup>19</sup>, where the sad and solemn priests  
 Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do:  
 Though all that I can do, is nothing worth;  
 Since that my penitence comes after all,  
 Imploring pardon.

*Enter GLOSTER.*

*Glo.* My liege!

*K. Hen.* My brother Gloster's voice?—Ay;  
 I know thy errand, I will go with thee:—  
 The day, my friends, and all things stay for me.  
*[Exeunt.]*

SCÈNE II. *The French Camp.*

*Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, RAMBURES, and Others.*

*Orl.* The sun doth gild our armour; up, my lords.

*Dau.* *Montez à cheval*:—My horse! *valet! lacquay!*  
 ha!

*Orl.* O brave spirit!

*Dau.* *Via*<sup>1</sup>!—*les eaux et la terre*——

*Orl.* *Rien puis? l'air et le feu*——

*Dau.* *Ciel!* cousin Orleans.——

*Enter the Constable.*

Now, my lord Constable.

<sup>19</sup> *Two chantries.* One of these was for Carthusian monks, and was called *Bethlehem*; the other was for religious men and women of the order of Saint Bridget, and was named *Sion*. They were on opposite sides of the Thames, and adjoined the royal manor of Sheen now called Richmond.

<sup>1</sup> *Via*, an exclamation of encouragement, *on away*; of Italian origin. See *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act ii. Sc. 2.



*Con.* Hark, how our steeds for present service neigh.

*Dau.* Mount them, and make incision in their hides;  
That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
And doubt<sup>2</sup> them with superfluous courage: Ha!

*Ram.* What, will you have them weep our horses'  
blood?  
How shall we then behold their natural tears?

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The English are embattled, you French peers.

*Con.* To horse, you gallant princes! straight to  
horse!

Do but behold yon poor and starved band,  
And your fair show shall suck away their souls,  
Leaving them but the shales and husks of men.  
There is not work enough for all our hands;  
Scarce blood enough in all their sickly veins,  
To give each naked curtle-axe a stain,  
That our French gallants shall to-day draw out,  
And sheath for lack of sport: let us but blow on them,  
The vapour of our valour will o'erturn them.  
'Tis positive 'gainst all exceptions, lords,  
That our superfluous lackeys, and our peasants,—  
Who, in unnecessary action, swarm  
About our squares of battle,—were enough  
To purge this field of such a hilding<sup>3</sup> foe;

<sup>2</sup> *That their hot blood may spin in English eyes,  
And doubt them with superfluous courage.*

This is the reading of the folio, which Malone has altered to *dout*, i. e. *do out* in provincial language. It appears to me that there is no reason for the substitution. *To doubt*, in former times, signified to *redoubt*, to *awe*, to *fear*, or *make afraid*; as well as to *suspect* or *mistrust*. Mr. Tyrwhitt suggested that the word might have this meaning. The reader may satisfy himself by reference to Cotgrave's French Dictionary in v. *Douter*. Vide note on Hamlet, Act i. Sc. 4.

<sup>3</sup> *A hilding foe* is a *paltry*, *cowardly*, *base foe*. Thus in All's Well that Ends Well, the French lords call Bertram "*a hilding*."

Though we, upon this mountain's basis by,  
Took stand for idle speculation :  
But that our honours must not. What's to say?  
A very little little let us do,  
And all is done. Then let the trumpets sound  
The tucket-sonuance<sup>4</sup>, and the note to mount :  
For our approach shall so much dare the field,  
That England shall couch down in fear, and yield.

*Enter GRANDPRE.*

*Grand.* Why do you stay so long, my lords of  
France?

Yon island carrions<sup>5</sup>, desperate of their bones,  
Ill-favour'dly become the morning field :  
Their ragged curtains<sup>6</sup> poorly are let loose,  
And our air shakes them passing scornfully.  
Big Mars seems bankrupt in their beggar'd host,  
And faintly through a rusty-beaver peeps.  
Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks<sup>7</sup>,

<sup>4</sup> *The tucket sonuance, &c.* He uses the terms of the field as if they were going out only to chase for sport. To *dare the field* is a phrase in falconry. Birds are dared when by the falcon in the air they are terrified from rising so as to be taken by hand. Such an easy capture the lords expected to make of the English. The *tucket-sonuance* was a *flourish on the trumpet* as a signal to prepare to march. The phrase is derived from the Italian *toccata*, a prelude or flourish, and *suonanza*, a sound, a resounding.

<sup>5</sup> *Yon island carrions.* The description of the English is founded on Holinshed's melancholy account, speaking of the march from Harfleur to Agincourt:—"The Englishmen were brought into great misery in this journey; their victual was in a manner all spent, and now could they get none:—rest none could they take, for their enemies were ever at hand to give them allarmes: daily it rained, and nightly it freezed; of fewel there was great scarcity, but of fluxes great plenty; money they had enough, but wares to bestow it upon, for their releife or comforte, had they little or none."

<sup>6</sup> Their ragged curtains are their colours.

<sup>7</sup> *Their horsemen sit like fixed candlesticks,*

*With torch-staves in their hand, &c.*

Ancient candlesticks were often in the form of human figures

With torch-staves in their hand: and their poor jades  
 Lob down their heads, dropping the hides and hips;  
 The gum down-roping from their pale-dead eyes;  
 And in their pale dull mouths the gimmel<sup>8</sup> bit  
 Lies foul with chew'd grass, still and motionless;  
 And their executors, the knavish crows,  
 Fly o'er them all, impatient for their hour.  
 Description cannot suit itself in words,  
 To démonstrate the life of such a battle,  
 In life so lifeless as it shows itself.

*Con.* They have said their prayers, and they stay  
 for death.

*Dau.* Shall we go send them dinners, and fresh suits,  
 And give their fasting horses provender,  
 And after fight with them?

*Con.* I stay but for my guidon<sup>9</sup>.—To the field!  
 I will the banner from a trumpet take,

holding the socket, for the lights, in their extended hands. They are mentioned in Vittoria Corombana, 1612:—"He showed like a pewter candlestick, fashioned like a man in armour, holding a tilting staff in his hand little bigger than a candle." One of these candlesticks, representing a man in armour, is in the possession of my friend Mr. Donce. A wood-cut of it is in the Variorum edition of Shakespeare, and in Mr. Knight's edition.

<sup>8</sup> The *gimmel bit* was probably a *bit in which two parts or links were united*, as in the *gimmel ring*, so called because they were double linked, from *gemellus*, Lat.

<sup>9</sup> The first folio has:—

"I stay but for my guard: on  
 To the field," &c.

This correction was suggested to Mr. Knight by a gentleman of distinguished literary acquirements; and seems to be required by the context. Holinshed, speaking of the French, says:—"They thought themselves so sure of victory, that diverse of the noblemen made such haste toward the battle, that they left many of their servants and *men of war* behind them, and some of them would not once *stay* for their *standards*; as amongst other the Duke of Brabant, when his standard was not come, caused a *banner* to be taken from a *trumpet*, and fastened to a speare, the which he commanded to be borne before him, instead of a standard." The *guidon* was the *ensign* or *standard* of a leader. Drayton thus mentions it in his *Polyolbion*:—

And use it for my haste. Come, come, away!  
The sun is high, and we outwear the day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The English Camp.*

*Enter the English Host; GLOSTER, BEDFORD, EXETER, SALISBURY, and WESTMORELAND*

*Glo.* Where is the king?

*Bed.* The king himself is rode to view their battle

*West.* Of fighting men they have full threescore thousand.

*Exe.* There's five to one; besides, they all are fresh.

*Sal.* God's arm strike with us! 'tis a fearful odds.  
God be wi' you, princes all; I'll to my charge;

If we no more meet, till we meet in heaven,

Then, joyfully,—my noble lord of Bedford,—

My dear lord Gloster,—and my good lord Exeter,

And my kind kinsman<sup>1</sup>,—warriors all, adieu!

*Bed.* Farewell, good Salisbury; and good luck go with thee!

*Exe.* Farewell, kind lord; fight valiantly to-day\*:

And yet I do thee wrong, to mind thee of it,  
For thou art fram'd of the firm truth of valour.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

*Bed.* He is as full of valour, as of kindness;  
Princely in both.

*West.* O that we now had here

"The king of England's self, and his renowned son  
Under his *guidon* march'd."

See *Nicot Trésor de la Langue Françoisé*, under the words *ensigne* and *guidon*.

<sup>1</sup> *And my kind kinsman.* This is addressed to Westmoreland by the speaker, who was *Thomas Montacute*, Earl of Salisbury: he was not in point of fact related to Westmoreland, there was only a connection by marriage between their families.

\* This line is misplaced after the two next, which form part of Bedford's speech in the folios. Theobald, aided by the arrangement in the quarto, corrected it.

*Enter KING HENRY.*

But one ten thousand of those men in England,  
That do no work to-day!

*K. Hen.* What's he, that wishes so?  
My cousin Westmoreland<sup>2</sup>?—No, my fair cousin:  
If we are mark'd to die, we are enough  
To do our country loss; and if to live,  
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.  
God's will! I pray thee, wish not one man more.  
By Jove, I am not covetous for gold;  
Nor care I, who doth feed upon my cost;  
It yearns<sup>3</sup> me not, if men my garments wear;  
Such outward things dwell not in my desires:  
But, if it be a sin to covet honour,  
I am the most offending soul alive.  
No, 'faith, my coz, wish not a man from England:  
God's peace! I would not lose so great an honour,  
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,  
For the best hope I have. O, do not wish one more:  
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,  
That he, which hath no stomach to this fight,  
Let him depart; his passport shall be made,  
And crowns for convoy put into his purse:  
We would not die in that man's company  
That fears his fellowship to die with us.  
This day is call'd—the feast of Crispian<sup>4</sup>:

<sup>2</sup> In the quarto this speech is addressed to Warwick. The incongruity of praying like a Christian and swearing like a heathen, which Johnson objects against, arose from the necessary conformation to the statute 3 James I. c. xxi. against introducing the sacred name on the stage. The players omitted it where they could, and where the metre would not allow of the omission they substituted some other word in its place.

<sup>3</sup> To *yearn* is to *grieve* or *vex*. Thus in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:—"She laments for it that it would *yearn* your heart to see it."

<sup>4</sup> *The feast of Crispian*. The battle of Agincourt was fought

He, that outlives this day, and comes safe home,  
 Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,  
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian.  
 He, that shall live this day, and see old age<sup>5</sup>,  
 Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,  
 And say—to-morrow is Saint Crispian :  
 Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.  
 Old men forget ; yet all shall be forgot,  
 But he'll remember, with advantages<sup>6</sup>,  
 What feats he did that day ; Then shall our names,  
 Familiar in their mouths as household words<sup>7</sup>,—  
 Harry the king, Bedford and Exeter,  
 Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloster,—  
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd :

upon the 25th of October, 1415. The saints who gave name to the day were Crispin and Crispianus, brethren, born at Rome, from whence they travelled to Soissons, in France, about the year 303, to propagate Christianity, but because they would not be chargeable to others for their maintenance, they exercised the trade of shoemakers; the governor of the town discovering them to be Christians, ordered them to be beheaded. Hence they have become the patron saints of shoemakers. The *vigil* is the evening before the festival.

<sup>5</sup> The folio has:—

“He that shall see this day and live old age.”

The quarto:—

“He that outlives this day and sees old age.”

The transposition was made by Pope, and the next line the quarto has *friends*, the folio *neighbours*.

<sup>6</sup> *With advantages*. Old men, notwithstanding the natural forgetfulness of old age, shall remember their feats of this day, and remember to tell them with advantage. Age is commonly boastful, and inclined to magnify past acts and past times.

<sup>7</sup> “Familiar in their mouths as household words.”

Thus the quarto. The folio has “in his mouth.” I think, with Mr. Knight, that the continuity of the picture of the one old man remembering his feats is better preserved by this reading of the quarto. The names are familiar in *his* mouth as household words, and he and his neighbours freshly remembered them in *their* cups. The established reading of the quarto has however so long been “familiar in our mouths” that it would be rash and unpopular to disturb it.

This story shall the good man teach his son ;  
 And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,  
 From this day to the ending of the world<sup>8</sup>,  
 But we in it shall be remembered :  
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers ;  
 For he, to-day that sheds his blood with me,  
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,  
 This day shall gentle his condition<sup>9</sup> :  
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,  
 Shall think themselves accurs'd, they were not here ;  
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,  
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

*Enter SALISBURY.*

*Sal.* My sovereign lord, bestow yourself with speed ;  
 The French are bravely<sup>10</sup> in their battles set,  
 And will with all expedience<sup>11</sup> charge on us.

*K. Hen.* All things are ready, if our minds be so.

*West.* Perish the man, whose mind is backward now !

*K. Hen.* 'Thou dost not wish more help from Eng-  
 land, cousin ?

<sup>8</sup> *From this day to the ending, &c.* Johnson has a note on this passage, which concludes by saying that "the civil wars have left in the nation scarcely any tradition of more ancient history." Nothing can be more erroneous, as Mr. Pye observes ; "the battles of Creci and Agincourt are better known than those of Edgehill and Marston-moor." The fact is, that the most popular parts of English history are the historical plays of Shakespeare.

<sup>9</sup> *This day shall gentle his condition, i. e. shall advance him to the rank of a gentleman.* King Henry V. inhibited any person but such as had a right by inheritance or grant, from bearing coats of arms, except those who fought with him at the battle of Agincourt ; and these last were allowed the chief seats at all feasts and public meetings. Vide Anstis's Order of the Garter, vol. ii. p. 108.

<sup>10</sup> *The French are bravely in their battles set, i. e. in a braving manner.* "To go bravely is to look aloft ; and to go gaily, desiring to have the pre-eminence : Speciose ingredi ; faire le brave."

<sup>11</sup> *With all expedience, i. e. expedition.*

*West.* God's will, my liege, 'would you and I alone,  
Without more help, might fight this royal battle!

*K. Hen.* Why, now thou hast unwish'd five thousand men<sup>12</sup>;  
Which likes me better, than to wish us one.—  
You know your places: God be with you all!

*Tucket. Enter MONTJOY.*

*Mont.* Once more I come to know of thee, King  
Harry,  
If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,  
Before thy most assured overthrow:  
For, certainly, thou art so near the gulf,  
Thou needs must be englutted. Besides, in mercy,  
The Constable desires thee—thou wilt mind  
Thy followers of repentance; that their souls  
May make a peaceful and a sweet retire  
From off these fields, where (wretches) their poor bodies  
Must lie and fester.

*K. Hen.* Who hath sent thee now?

*Mont.* The Constable of France.

*K. Hen.* I pray thee, bear my former answer back;  
Bid them achieve me, and then sell my bones.  
Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?  
The man, that once did sell the lion's skin  
While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.  
A many of our bodies shall, no doubt,  
Find native graves; upon the which, I trust,  
Shall witness live in brass<sup>13</sup> of this day's work:

<sup>12</sup> *Thou hast unwish'd five thousand men.* By wil'ing only thyself and me, thou hast wished five thousand men away. The poet, inattentive to numbers, puts *five thousand*, but in the last scene the French are said to be full *three score thousand*, which Exeter declares to be five to one; the numbers of the English are variously stated, Holinshed makes them fifteen thousand, others but nine thousand.

<sup>13</sup> *Live in brass*, i. e. in *brazen plates* anciently let into tombstones.



And those that leave their valiant bones in France,  
 Dying like men, though buried in your dunghills,  
 They shall be fam'd; for there the sun shall greet them,  
 And draw their honours reeking up to heaven;  
 Leaving their earthly parts to choke your clime,  
 The smell whereof shall breed a plague in France.  
 Mark then abounding valour in our English<sup>14</sup>;  
 That, being dead, like to the bullet's grazing,  
 Break out into a second course of mischief,  
 Killing in relapse of mortality.  
 Let me speak proudly:—Tell the Constable,  
 We are but warriors for the working-day:  
 Our gayness, and our gilt<sup>15</sup>, are all besmirch'd  
 With rainy marching in the painful field;  
 There's not a piece of feather in our host  
 (Good argument, I hope, we will not fly),  
 And time hath worn us into slovenry:  
 But, by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:  
 And my poor soldiers tell me—yet ere night  
 They'll be in fresher robes; or they will pluck  
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers' heads,  
 And turn them out of service. If they do this

<sup>14</sup> *Mark then abounding valour in our English.*

Theobald changed *abounding* into a *bounding*, and found the allusion exceedingly beautiful, comparing the revival of the English valour to the *rebounding* of a cannon ball. Steevens adopted this, and Malone opposed it. The quarto has "abundant valour," a phrase used again by Shakespeare in *King Richard III.* The sense is clearly this:—"Mark then how valour *abounds* in our English; that (who) being dead, like an almost spent bullet glancing upon some object, break out into a second course of mischief, killing even in their mortal relapse to mother earth." This *putrid valour*, as Johnson pleasantly calls it, is common to the descriptions of other poets. Steevens refers to Lucan, lib. vii. v. 821, and to Corneille, who has imitated Lucan in the first speech of his *Pompée* where we find—

"Et dont les troncs pourris exhalent dans les vents,  
 De quoi faire la guerre au reste des vivants."

<sup>15</sup> *Gilt*, i. e. *golden show*, *superficial gilding*.

(As, if God please, they shall), my ransom then  
Will soon be levied. Herald, save thou thy labour;  
Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;  
They shall have none, I swear, but these my joints;  
Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,  
Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

*Mont.* I shall, King Harry. And so fare thee well:  
Thou never shalt hear herald any more. [*Exit.*]

*K. Hen.* I fear, thou wilt once more come again for  
ransom<sup>16</sup>.

*Enter the Duke of York*<sup>17</sup>.

*York.* My lord, most humbly on my knee I beg  
The leading of the vaward<sup>18</sup>.

*K. Hen.* Take it, brave York.—Now, soldiers, march  
away:—

And how thou pleasest, God, dispose the day!  
[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE IV. *The Field of Battle.*

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter French Soldier,  
Pistol, and Boy.*

*Pist.* Yield, cur.

*Fr. Sol.* *Je pense, que vous estes le gentilhomme de  
bonne qualité.*

<sup>16</sup> This line is not only redundantly unmetrical but tautologous. A marginal correction seems to have crept into it. We should probably read,—

“*I fear that thou wilt once more come for ransom.*”

The king repeating Montjoy's words, and making *thou* emphatic.

<sup>17</sup> *The Duke of York.* This Edward Duke of York has already appeared in King Richard II. under the title of *Duke of Aumerle*. He was the son of Edmond Langley, the Duke of York of the same play, who was the fifth son of King Edward III. Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who appears in the second act of this play, was younger brother to this Edward Duke of York.

<sup>18</sup> The *vaward* is the *ranguard*.

*Pist.* Quality? Callino, castore me<sup>1</sup>! art thou a gentleman? What is thy name? discuss.

*Fr. Sol.* *O seigneur Dieu!*

*Pist.* O, signieur Dew should be a gentleman:—  
Perpend my words, O signieur Dew, and mark;—  
O signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox<sup>2</sup>,  
Except, O signieur, thou do give to me  
Egregious ransom.

*Fr. Sol.* *O, prenez miséricorde! ayez pitié de moy!*

*Pist.* Moy shall not serve, I will have forty moys;  
For I will fetch thy rim<sup>3</sup> out at thy throat,

<sup>1</sup> *Callino, castore me!* The jargon of the old copies where these words are printed *Qualitie calmie custure me*—was changed by former editors into “Quality, call you me? construe me.” Malone found *Calen o custure me*, mentioned as the burthen of a song in “A Handfull of Pleasant Delites, 1584. And Mr. Boswell discovered that it was an old Irish song, which is printed in Playford’s Musical Companion, 1667 or 1673:—

“Callino, Callino, Callino, castore me,  
Eva ee, eva ee, loo, loo, loo lee.”

The words are said to mean “Little girl of my heart for ever and ever.” “They have, it is true,” says Mr. Boswell, “no great connection with the poor Frenchman’s supplications, nor were they meant to have any; Pistol. instead of attending to him, contemptuously hums a tune.”

<sup>2</sup> *Thou diest on point of fox.* *Fox* is an old cant word for a sword. Generally *old fox*; it was applied to the old English broadsword. Thus in Ben Jonson’s *Bartholomew Fair*:—“a fellow that knows nothing but a basket hilt and an *old fox* in it.”

<sup>3</sup> *For I will fetch thy rim out at thy throat.* Pistol is not very scrupulous in the nicety of his language, he uses rim (*rymme*) for the intestines generally. It is not very clear what our ancestors meant by it; Bishop Wilkins defines it “the membrane of the belly;” Florio makes it the omentum, “a fat pannicle, caule, sewet, rim, or kell wherein the bowels are lapt.” Holmes, in his *Acad. of Armory*, calls the *peritonæum* “the paunch or rim of the belly.” Which is defined by others to be the “inner rine of the belly.” It was not therefore the diaphragm or midriff, as Steevens supposed. Philemon Holland in his Translation of Pliny’s *Natural History*, b. 37, c. ix. p. 321, several times mentions, “the rim of the pannch.” And in Chapman’s version of the fourteenth *Iliad*:—

“Strook him in this bell’s rimme.”

1æ drops of crimson blood.

*Fr. Sol.* *Est-il impossible d'eschapper la force de ton bras?*

*Pist.* Brass, cur!

Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,  
Offer'st me brass?

*Fr. Sol.* *O pardonnez moy!*

*Pist.* Say'st thou me so? is that a ton of moys<sup>4</sup>?—  
Come hither, boy; Ask me this slave in French,  
What is his name.

*Boy.* *Escoutez; Comment estes-vous appellé?*

*Fr. Sol.* *Monsieur le Fer.*

*Boy.* He says, his name is—master Fer.

*Pist.* Master Fer! I'll fer him, and fir<sup>5</sup> him, and  
ferret him:—discuss the same in French unto him.

*Boy.* I do not know the French for fer, and ferret,  
and fir.

*Pist.* Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

*Fr. Sol.* *Que dit-il, monsieur?*

*Boy.* *Il me commande de vous dire que vous faites  
vous prest; car ce soldat icy est disposé tout à cette heure  
de couper vostre gorge.*

*Pist.* Owy, cuppe le gorge, permafoy, peasant,  
Unless thou give me crowns, brave crowns;  
Or mangled shalt thou be by this my sword.

*Fr. Sol.* *O, je vous supplie pour l'amour de Dieu, me  
pardonner! Je suis gentilhomme de bonne maison: gar-  
dez ma vie, et je vous donneray deux cents escus.*

<sup>4</sup> It has been said that Pistol's *moy* is probably a vulgar corruption of moydore; itself a corruption of *moeda d'oro*. The moydore was current in England for about 27s. Yet it is doubtful if there were such a coin in Shakespeare's time.

<sup>5</sup> To *firk* is to beat or scourge; *fouetter*, to yerk and to jerk are words of the same import:—

“Nay, I will *firk*

My silly novice, as he was never *firk'd*

Since midwives bound his noddle.”—*Ram Alley*.

*Pist.* What are his words?

*Boy.* He prays you to save his life : he is a gentleman of a good house; and, for his ransom, he will give you two hundred crowns.

*Pist.* Tell him,—my fury shall abate, and I  
The crowns will take.

*Fr. Sol.* *Petit monsieur, que dit-il?*

*Boy.* *Encore qu'il est contre son jurement, de pardonner aucun prisonnier; neantmoins, pour les escus que vous l'avez promis, il est content de vous donner la liberté, le franchisement.*

*Fr. Sol.* *Sur mes genoux, je vous donne mille remerciemens: et je m'estime heureux que je suis tombé entre les mains d'un chevalier, je pense, le plus brave, valiant, et très distingué seigneur d'Angleterre.*

*Pist.* Expound unto me, boy.

*Boy.* He gives you, upon his knees, a thousand thanks: and he esteems himself happy that he hath fallen into the hands of one (as he thinks) the most brave, valorous, and thrice-worthy seigneur of England.

*Pist.* As I suck blood, I will some mercy show.—  
Follow me, cur. [*Exit* PISTOL

*Boy.* *Suivez-vous le grand capitaine.*

[*Exit* French Soldier.

I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart: but the saying is true,—The empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger<sup>6</sup>; and they are both hanged; and so would

<sup>6</sup> *This roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger.* See note on Twelfth Night, Act iv. Sc. 2. In the old play of the Taming of a Shrew, one of the players says "My lord, we must have a little vinegar to make our devil roar. Ho! ho! and Ah! ha! seem to have been the exclamations constantly given to the devil, who is, in the old

this be, if he durst steal any thing adventurously. I must stay with the lackeys, with the luggage of our camp: the French might have a good prey of us, if he knew of it; for there is none to guard it, but boys.  
[Exit.]

SCENE V. *Another part of the Field of Battle.*

*Alarums. Enter Dauphin, ORLEANS, BOURBON, Constable, RAMBURES, and Others.*

*Con. O diable!*

*Orl. O seigneur!—le jour est perdu, tout est perdu!*

*Dau. Mort de ma vie!* all is confounded, all!

Reproach and everlasting shame

Sits mocking in our plumes.—*O meschante fortune!*—

Do not run away.

[A short Alarum.]

*Con.* Why, all our ranks are broke.

*Dau. O perdurable shame!*—let's stab ourselves.

Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?

*Orl.* Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

*Bour.* Shame, and eternal shame, nothing but shame!

Let us die in honour<sup>1</sup>: Once more back again;

And he that will not follow Bourbon now,

Let him go hence, and, with his cap in hand,

Like a base pander, hold the chamber-door,

Whilst by a slave, no gentler than my dog<sup>2</sup>,

His fairest daughter is contaminated.

mysteries, as turbulent and vainglorious as Pistol. The Vice or fool, among other indignities, used to threaten to pare his nails with his dagger of lath; the devil being supposed from choice to keep his claws long and sharp. Thus in Camden's Remaines, 1615:—

"I will follow mine own minde and mine old trade,

Who shall let me? The devil's nailes are unpar'd.

<sup>1</sup> The word *honour* is not in the folio, it was supplied by Mr. Knight very judiciously from a hint given by the quarto.

<sup>2</sup> *No gentler than my dog*, i. e. *who has no more gentility.*

*Con.* Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now !  
Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives.<sup>3</sup>

*Orl.* We are enough, yet living in the field,  
To smother up the English in our throngs,  
If any order might be thought upon.

*Bour.* The devil take order now ! I'll to the throng ;  
Let life be short ; else, shame will be too long.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI. *Another part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Enter KING HENRY and Forces ; EXETER.  
and Others.*

*K. Hen.* Well have we done, thrice-valiant coun-  
trymen :

But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

*Exe.* The duke of York commends him to your  
majesty.

*K. Hen.* Lives he, good uncle ? thrice, within this  
hour,

I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting ;  
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

*Exe.* In which array, brave soldier ! doth he lie,  
Larding the plain : and by his bloody side,  
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)  
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.

Suffolk first died ; and York, all haggled over,  
Comes to him, where in gore he lay insteep'd,  
And takes him by the beard ; kisses the gashes,  
That bloodily did yawn upon his face ;

And cries aloud,—*Tarry, dear cousin Suffolk !  
My soul shall thine keep company to heaven :  
Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly abreast ;*

<sup>3</sup> The quarto has an additional line here :—

“ Unto these English, or else die with fame.”

*As, in this glorious and well foughten field,  
We kept together in our chivalry!*  
Upon these words I came, and cheer'd him up:  
He smil'd me in the face, raught<sup>1</sup> me his hand,  
And, with a feeble gripe, says,—*Dear my lord,  
Commend my service to my sovereign.*  
So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck  
He threw his wounded arm, and kiss'd his lips:  
And so, espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd  
A testament of noble-ending love.  
The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd  
Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd  
But I had not so much of man in me,  
But<sup>2</sup> all my mother came into mine eyes,  
And gave me up to tears.

*K. Hen.* I blame you not;  
For, hearing this, I must perforce compound  
With mistful<sup>3</sup> eyes, or they will issue too.— [*Alarum*  
But, hark! what new alarum is this same?—  
The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:  
Then every soldier kill his prisoners;  
Give the word through. [*Exeunt*

<sup>1</sup> *Raught*, i. e. *reached*.

<sup>2</sup> "*But* all my mother came into my eyes,  
And gave me up to tears."

Thus the quarto. The folio reads "*And* all," &c. *But* has here the force of *but that*. This thought was apparently in Milton's mind in the following passage, *Paradise Lost*, book ix.—

"Compassion quell'd

His best of man, and gave him up to tears."

And Dryden in his *All for Love*, Act i.—

"I have not wept this forty years; but now  
My mother comes afresh into my eyes;  
I cannot help her softness."

<sup>3</sup> The folio has *mixtful*. Warburton corrected it.



SCENE VII. *Another part of the Field.*

*Alarums. Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

*Flu.* Kill the poys and the luggage! 'tis expressly against the law of arms: 'tis as arrant a piece of knavery, mark you now, as can be offer'd. In your conscience now, is it not?

*Gow.* 'Tis certain, there's not a boy left alive; and the cowardly rascals, that ran from the battle, have done this slaughter: besides, they have burned and carried away all that was in the king's tent; wherefore the king, most worthily, hath caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat<sup>1</sup>. O! 'tis a gallant king!

*Flu.* Ay, he was porn at Monmouth, captain Gower: What call you the town's name, where Alexander the pig was porn?

*Gow.* Alexander the great.

*Flu.* Why, I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

*Gow.* I think, Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called—Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

*Flu.* I think, it is in Macedon, where Alexander is porn. I tell you, captain,—If you look in the maps of the world, I warrant you shall find, in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations,

<sup>1</sup> *Caused every soldier to cut his prisoner's throat.* The king killed his prisoners (says Johnson) because he expected another battle, and he had not sufficient men to guard one army and fight another. Gower's reason is as we see different. Shakespeare followed Holinshed, who gives *both* reasons for Henry's conduct, but has chosen to make the king mention one of them and Gower the other.

look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye, at Monmouth: but it is out of my prains, what is the name of the other river; but 'tis all one, 'tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well; for there is figures in all things. Alexander (God knows, and you know), in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations, and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did, in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his pest friend, Clytus.

*Gow.* Our king is not like him in that; he never kill'd any of his friends.

*Flu.* It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in the figures and comparisons of it: As Alexander<sup>2</sup> is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgments, turn'd away the fat knight with the great pelly-doublet: he was full of jests, and gipes, and knaveries, and mocks; I have forgot his name<sup>3</sup>.

*Gow.* Sir John Falstaff.

*Flu.* That is he: I can tell you, there is goot men porn at Monmouth.

*Gow.* Here comes his majesty.

*As Alexander, &c.* Steevens thinks that Shakespeare here ridicules the *parallels* of Plutarch, he appears to have been well read in Sir Thomas North's Translation.

<sup>2</sup> Johnson observes that this is the last time *Falstaff* can make sport. The poet was loath to part with him, and has continued his memory as long as he could.

*Alarum. Enter KING HENRY, with a Part of the English Forces; WARWICK<sup>4</sup>, GLOSTER, EXETER, and Others.*

*K. Hen.* I was not angry since I came to France  
Until this instant.—Take a trumpet, herald;  
Ride thou unto the horsemen on yond' hill;  
If they will fight with us, bid them come down,  
Or void the field; they do offend our sight:  
If they'll do neither, we will come to them;  
And make them skirr<sup>5</sup> away, as swift as stones  
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings.  
Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have<sup>6</sup>;

<sup>4</sup> Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. He did not, however, obtain that title till 1417, two years after the era of this play.

<sup>5</sup> *Skirr*, i. e. *scour away*. To run swiftly in various directions. It has the same meaning in *Macbeth*, Act v. Sc. iii. "*Skirr* the country round."

<sup>6</sup> *Besides, we'll cut the throats of those we have*. This of course is an indireet intimation that the slaughter of prisoners had been countermanded in time, so that it was without reason that Johnson accused the poet of having made the king cut the throats of his prisoners twice over. Holinshed's relation is as follows:—"While the battle was yet going on, about six hundred horsemen, who were the first that fled, hearing that the English tents were a good way distant from the army, without a sufficient guard, entered and pillaged the king's camp. When the outcry of the *lackies and boys which ran away for fear of the Frenchmen*, thus spoiling the camp, came to the king's ears, he doubting lest his enemies should gather together again and begin a new *felde*, and mistrusting further that the *prisoners* would either be an aide to his enemies, or very enemies to their takers indeed, if they were suffered to live, contrary to his accustomed gentleness, commanded by sounde of trumpet that *every man upon pain of death should incontinently slea his prisoner*." This was the first transaction. Holinshed proceeds, "When this lamentable slaughter was ended, the Englishmen disposed themselves in order of *battayle*, ready to abide a new *felde*, and also to invade and newly set on their enemies. Some write, that the king *perceiving his enemies in one parte to assemble together*, as though they meant to give a new *battaile* for preservation of the prisoners, *sent to them a herault, commanding them either to depart out of his sight, or else to come forward at once and give battaile; promising herewith,*

And not a man of them, that we shall take,  
Shall taste our mercy :—Go, and tell them so.

*Enter MONTJOY.*

*Exe.* Here comes the herald of the French, my  
liege.

*Glo.* His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

*K. Hen.* How now, what means this, herald ?  
know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom ?  
Com'st thou again for ransom ?

*Mont.*

No, great king :

I come to thee for charitable licence,  
That we may wander o'er this bloody field,  
To book our dead, and then to bury them ;  
To sort our nobles from our common men ;  
For many of our princes (woe the while !)  
Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood ;  
(So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs  
In blood of princes) ; and their wounded steeds  
Fret fetlock deep in gore, and, with wild rage,  
Yerk out their armed heels at their dead masters,  
Killing them twice. O, give us leave, great king,  
To view the field in safety, and dispose  
Of their dead bodies.

*K. Hen.*

I tell thee truly, herald,

I know not, if the day be ours, or no ;  
For yet a many of your horsemen peer,  
And gallop o'er the field.

*that, if they did offer to fight agayne, not only those prisoners which his people already had taken, but also so many of them as in this new conflict, which they thus attempted, should fall into his hands, should die the death without redemption."* Hume, perhaps on the authority of this passage of Shakespeare, says that Henry, on discovering that his danger was not so great as he at first apprehended from the attack on his camp, "stopped the slaughter, and was still able to save a great number."

*Mont.* The day is yours.

*K. Hen.* Praised be God, and not our strength for it!—

What is this castle call'd, that stands hard by?

*Mont.* They call it—Agincourt.

*K. Hen.* Then call we this—the field of Agincourt, Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

*Flu.* Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please your majesty, and your great-uncle Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France

*K. Hen.* They did, Fluellen.

*Flu.* Your majesty says very true: If your majesties is remember'd of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps<sup>7</sup>; which, your majesty know to this hour is an honourable padge of the service; and, I do believe, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon Saint Tavy's day.

*K. Hen.* I wear it for a memorable honour: For I am Welsh, you know, good countryman.

*Flu.* All the water in Wye cannot wash your majesty's Welsh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pless it and preserve it, as long as it pleases his grace, and his majesty too!

*K. Hen.* Thanks, good my countryman.

*Flu.* By Cheshu, I am your majesty's countryman, I care not who know it; I will confess it to all the world: I need not to be ashamed of your majesty, praised be God, so long as your majesty is an honest man.

<sup>7</sup> Monmouth, according to Fuller, was celebrated for its caps, which were particularly worn by soldiers. The best caps were formerly made at Monmouth, where the *capper's* chapel still remains. He adds, "If at this day the phrase of *wearing a Monmouth cap* be taken in a bad acception, I hope the inhabitants of that town will endeavour to disprove the occasion."—*Worthies of England*, 1660, p. 50.

*K. Hen.* God keep me so!—Our heralds go with him;

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead  
On both our parts.—Call yonder fellow hither.

[*Points to WILLIAMS. Exeunt MONTJOY  
and Others.*

*Exe.* Soldier, you must come to the king.

*K. Hen.* Soldier, why wear'st thou that glove in thy cap?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

*K. Hen.* An Englishman?

*Will.* An't please your majesty, a rascal, that swagger'd with me last night: who, if 'a live<sup>8</sup>, and ever dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o' the ear: or, if I can see my glove in his cap (which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive), I will strike it out soundly.

*K. Hen.* What think you, Captain Fluellen? is it fit this soldier keep his oath?

*Flu.* He is a craven<sup>9</sup> and a villain else, an't please your majesty, in my conscience.

*K. Hen.* It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree<sup>10</sup>.

*Flu.* Though he be as goot a gentleman as the tevil is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath: if he be perjured, see you now, his reputation is as arrant a villain, and a Jack-sauce<sup>11</sup>, as ever his plack shoe trod upon Got's ground and his earth, in my conscience, la.

<sup>8</sup> The folio has, if *alive*.

<sup>9</sup> *Craven*. See Hamlet, Act iv. Sc. 4.

<sup>10</sup> *Of great sort, quite from the answer of his degree. Great sort is high rank.* A man of such rank is not bound to answer to the challenge from one of the soldier's *low degree*.

<sup>11</sup> *Jack-sauce* for *saucy Jack*.

*K. Hen.* Then keep thy vow, sirrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

*Will.* So I will, my liege, as I live.

*K. Hen.* Who servest thou under?

*Will.* Under Captain Gower, my liege.

*Flu.* Gower is a goot captain; and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

*K. Hen.* Call him hither to me, soldier.

*Will.* I will, my liege. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* Here, Fluellen: wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap: When Alençon and myself were down together<sup>12</sup>, I plucked this glove from his helm: if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alençon and an enemy to our person; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him, an thou dost me love.

*Flu.* Your grace does me as great honours, as can be desired in the hearts of his subjects: I would fain see the man, that has but two legs, that shall find himself aggrieved at this glove, that is all; but I would fain see it once; and please Got of his grace, that I might see it<sup>13</sup>.

*K. Hen.* Know'st thou Gower?

*Flu.* He is my dear friend, an please you.

*K. Hen.* Pray thee, go seek him, and bring him to my tent.

*Flu.* I will fetch him. [*Exit.*

*K. Hen.* My lord of Warwick,—and my brother Gloster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels:

The glove, which I have given him for a favour,

<sup>12</sup> Henry was felled to the ground by the Duke of Alençon, but recovered and slew two of the Duke's attendants. Alençon was afterwards killed by the king's *guard*, contrary to Henry's intention, who wished to have saved him.

<sup>13</sup> It is wanting in the folio. The quarto has, "and it please God of his grace I would but see him."

May, haply, purchase him a box o' the ear ;  
 It is the soldier's ; I, by bargain, should  
 Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Warwick :  
 If that the soldier strike him (as, I judge  
 By his blunt bearing, he will keep his word),  
 Some sudden mischief may arise of it ;  
 For I do know Fluellen valiant,  
 And, touch'd with choler, hot as gunpowder,  
 And quickly will return an injury :  
 Follow, and see there be no harm between them.—  
 Go you with me, uncle of Exeter. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VIII. *Before King Henry's Pavilion.*

*Enter GOWER and WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* I warrant it is to knight you, captain.

*Enter FLUELLEN.*

*Flu.* Got's will and his pleasure, captain, I peseech you now, come apace to the king : there is more goot toward you, peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

*Will.* Sir, know you this glove ?

*Flu.* Know the glove ? I know, the glove is a glove.

*Will.* I know this ; and thus I challenge it.

*[Strikes him.]*

*Flu.* 'Sblud, an arrant traitor, as any's in the universal 'orld, or in France, or in England.

*Gow.* How now, sir ! you villain !

*Will.* Do you think I'll be forsworn ?

*Flu.* Stand away, Captain Gower ; I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

*Will.* I am no traitor.

*Flu.* That's a lie in thy throat.—I charge you in his majesty's name, apprehend him ; he's a friend of the duke Alençon's.



*Enter WARWICK and GLOSTER.*

*War.* How now, how now ! what's the matter ?

*Flu.* My lord of Warwick, here is (praised be Got for it !) a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shall desire in a summer's day. Here is his majesty.

*Enter KING HENRY and EXETER.*

*K. Hen.* How now ! what's the matter ?

*Flu.* My liege, here is a villain, and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your majesty is take out of the helmet of Alençon.

*Will.* My liege, this was my glove ; here is the fellow of it : and he that I gave it to in change, promised to wear it in his cap ; I promised to strike him, if he did : I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

*Flu.* Your majesty hear now (saving your majesty's manhood), what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is : I hope, your majesty is pear me testimony, and witness, and will avouchment that this is the glove of Alençon, that your majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

*K. Hen.* Give me thy glove, soldier ;  
Look, here is the fellow of it.

'Twas I, indeed, thou promised'st to strike ;  
And thou hast given me most bitter terms.

*Flu.* An please your majesty, let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

*K. Hen.* How canst thou make me satisfaction ?

*Will.* All offences, my liege, come from the heart : never came any from mine, that might offend your majesty.

*K. Hen.* It was ourself thou didst abuse.

*Will.* Your majesty came not like yourself : you

appear'd to me but as a common man ; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness ; and what your highness suffered under that shape, I beseech you, take it for your own fault, and not mine ; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence ; therefore, I beseech your highness, pardon me.

*K. Hen.* Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns,

And give it to this fellow.—Keep it, fellow ;  
And wear it for an honour in thy cap,  
Till I do challenge it.—Give him the crowns.—  
And, captain, you must needs be friends with him.

*Flu.* By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his pelly ;—Hold, there is twelve pence for you, and I pray you to serve Got, and keep you out of prawls, and prabbles, and quarrels, and dissensions, and, I warrant you, it is the petter for you.

*Will.* I will none of your money.

*Flu.* It is with a goot will ; I can tell you, it will serve you to mend your shoes : Come, wherefore should you be so pashful ? your shoes is not so goot : 'tis a goot silling, I warrant you, or I will change it.

*Enter an English Herald.*

*K. Hen.* Now, herald : are the dead number'd ?

*Her.* Here is the number of the slaughter'd French.

[*Delivers a Paper.*]

*K. Hen.* What prisoners of good sort are taken, uncle ?

*Exc.* Charles duke of Orleans, nephew to the king ;  
John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouciqualt :  
Of other lords, and barons, knights, and 'squires.  
Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

*K. Hen.* This note doth tell me of ten thousand  
French,  
That in the field lie slain: of princes, in this number,

And nobles bearing banners, there lie dead  
 One hundred twenty-six : added to these,  
 Of knights, esquires, and gallant gentlemen,  
 Eight thousand and four hundred ; of the which,  
 Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights<sup>1</sup> :  
 So that, in these ten thousand they have lost,  
 There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries ;  
 The rest are—princes, barons, lords, knights, squires,  
 And gentlemen of blood and quality.  
 The names of those their nobles that lie dead,—  
 Charles De-la-bret, high constable of France ;  
 Jaques of Chatillon, admiral of France ;  
 The master of the cross-bows, Lord Rambures ;  
 Great-master of France, the brave Sir Guischart  
     Dauphin ;  
 John duke of Alençon ; Antony duke of Brabant,  
 The brother to the duke of Burgundy ;  
 And Edward duke of Bar : of lusty earls,  
 Grandpré, and Roussi, Fauconberg, and Foix,  
 Beaumont, and Marle, Vaudemont, and Lestrale,  
 Here was a royal fellowship of death !——  
 Where is the number of our English dead ?  
     [Herald *presents another Paper.*  
 Edward the duke of York, the earl of Suffolk,  
 Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, esquire<sup>2</sup> :

<sup>1</sup> *Five hundred were but yesterday dubb'd knights.* In ancient times the distribution of this honour appears to have been customary on the eve of a battle. Thus in Lawrence Minot's Sixth Poem on the Successes of King Edward III. p. 28.—

“ *Knighites war thar well two score,  
 That war new dubbed to that dance.*”

<sup>2</sup> *Davy Gam, Esquire.* This gentleman being sent out by Henry, before the battle, to reconnoitre the enemy, and to find out their strength, made this report :—“ May it please you, my liege, there are enough to be killed, enough to be taken prisoners, and enough to run away.” He saved the king's life in the field. Had the poet been apprized of this circumstance, the brave Welshman would probably have been more particularly noticed, and not

None else of name ; and, of all other men,  
 But five and twenty. O God, thy arm was here,  
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone  
 Ascribe we all.—When, without stratagem,  
 But in plain shock, and even play of battle,  
 Was ever known so great and little loss,  
 On one part and on the other?—Take it, God,  
 For it is none but thine !

*Exe.* 'Tis wonderful !

*K. Hen.* Come, go we in procession to the village :  
 And be it death proclaimed through our host,  
 To boast of this, or take that praise from God,  
 Which is his only.

*Flu.* Is it not lawful, an please your majesty, to tell  
 how many is kill'd ?

*K. Hen.* Yes, captain ; but with this acknowledg-  
 ment,  
 That God fought for us.

*Flu.* Yes, my conscience, he did us great goot.

*K. Hen.* Do we all holy rites<sup>3</sup> ;  
 Let there be sung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*.  
 The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,  
 We'll then to Calais ; and to England then ;  
 Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men.


[*Exeunt.*

have been merely a name in a muster roll.—See Drayton's *Bat-taille of Agincourt*, 1627, pp. 50 and 54 ; and Dunster's Edition of Philips's *Cyder*, a poem, p. 74.

<sup>3</sup> *Do we all holy rites.* "The king, when he saw no appearance of enemies, caused the retreat to be blown ; and, gathering his army together, gave thanks to Almighty God for so happy a victorie, causing his prelates and chapeleins to sing this psalme—*In exitu Israel de Egypto* ; and commaunding every man to kneele down on the ground at this verse—*Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed nomini tuo da gloriam* ; which done, he caused *TE DEUM* and certain anthems to be sung, giving laud and praise to God, and not boasting of his own force or any humaine power."—*Holinshed.*

## ACT V.

*Enter CHORUS.**Chorus.*

OUCHSAFE to those that have not read the story,  
That I may prompt them : and for<sup>1</sup> such as have,

I humbly pray them to admit th' excuse  
Of time, of numbers, and due course of things,  
Which cannot in their huge and proper life  
Be here presented. Now we bear the king  
Toward Calais : grant him there ; there seen,  
Heave him away upon your winged thoughts,  
Athwart the sea : Behold, the English beach  
Pales in the flood with men, with wives, and boys,  
Whose shouts and claps outvoice the deep-mouth'd  
sea,  
Which, like a mighty whiffler<sup>2</sup> fore the king,

<sup>1</sup> The old copy prints erroneously *of* instead of *for*.

<sup>2</sup> *Which, like a mighty whiffler fore the king,  
Seems to prepare his way.*

*Whiffers* were persons going before a great personage or procession, furnished with staves or wands to clear the way. The junior liverymen of the city companies, who walk first in processions, are still called *whiffers*, from the circumstance of their going before. There have been several errors, as Mr. Douce remarks, in the attempts to give the origin of the term : he derives it from *whiffle*, which, he says, is another name for a fife, as fifers usually preceded armies or processions. It strikes me that it may be only a corruption of *way-feeler*, as it exists in several northern tongues. In the old Teutonic and in the Flemish *weyffeler*, or *wijfeler*, has the same meaning as our whiffler. Bastoniera, in Italian, is "a verger, a mace bearer, a stickler, or a whiffler, also a cudgeller, a staffinan," according to Torriano. Minsheu renders a *whiffler*, "Bastonero, in Spanish, i. e. a clubman." And Grose, who thought the word local, says, "Whiffers are men who make way for the corporation of Norwich by *flourishing their swords*."

Seems to prepare his way: so let him land;  
 And, solemnly see him set on to London.  
 So swift a pace hath thought, that even now  
 You may imagine him upon Blackheath:  
 Where that his lords desire him, to have borne  
 His bruised helmet, and his bended sword,  
 Before him, through the city: he forbids it,  
 Being free from vainness and self-glorious pride;  
 Giving full trophy, signal, and ostent,  
 Quite from himself, to God<sup>3</sup>. But now behold,  
 In the quick forge and workinghouse of thought,  
 How London doth pour out her citizens<sup>4</sup>!  
 The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,—  
 Like to the senators of the antique Rome,  
 With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—  
 Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:  
 As, by a lower, but by loving likelihood<sup>5</sup>,  
 Were now the general of our gracious empress<sup>6</sup>  
 (As, in good time, he may), from Ireland coming,  
 Bringing rebellion broached<sup>6</sup> on his sword,  
 How many would the peaceful city quit,  
 To welcome him! much more, and much more cause,  
 Did they this Harry. Now in London place him;—  
 As yet the lamentation of the French

<sup>3</sup> i. e. *transferring all the honours of conquest from himself to God.*

<sup>4</sup> The conjunction of ideas and expressions in these two lines seems to have suggested to Milton his magnificent description of the mental activity of London, in his *Areopagitica*. *Prose Works*, ed. 1698, p. 439.

<sup>5</sup> *Likelihood*, i. e. *similitude*.

<sup>6</sup> i. e. *the Earl of Essex*. Shakespeare grounded his anticipation of such a reception for Essex on his return from Ireland, upon what had already occurred at his setting forth, when he was accompanied by an immense concourse of all ranks, showering blessings upon his head. The continuator of Stow's *Chronicle* gives us a long account of it. But how unfortunately different his return was from what the poet predicted, may be seen in the *Sydney Papers*, vol. ii. p. 127.

<sup>6</sup> *Broached* is *spitted, transfixed*.

Invites the king of England's stay at home:—  
 The emperor's coming<sup>7</sup> in behalf of France,  
 To order peace between them ; and omit  
 All the occurrences, whatever chanc'd,  
 Till Harry's back-return again to France ;  
 There must we bring him ; and myself have play'd  
 The interim, by remembering you—'tis past.  
 Then brook abridgement ; and your eyes advance  
 After your thoughts, straight back again to France.  
[Exit.

SCENE I. France. . *An English Court of Guard.*

*Enter FLUELLEN and GOWER.*

*Gow.* Nay, that's right ; but why wear you your leek to-day ? Saint Davy's day is past.

*Flu.* There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things : I will tell you, as my friend, Captain Gower ; The rascally, scald, beggarly, lowsy, pragging knave, Pistol,—which you and yourself, and all the 'orld, know to be no petter than a fellow, look you now, of no merits,—he is come to me, and prings me pread and salt yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek : it was in a place where I could not breed no contention<sup>1</sup> with him ; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

*Enter PISTOL.*

*Gow.* Why, here he comes, swelling like a turkey-cock.

<sup>7</sup> *The Emperor's coming.* The Emperor Sigismund, who was married to Henry's second cousin. This passage as it stands is embarrassed and obscure ; perhaps it should be read thus :—

“ The Emperor's coming in behalf of France,  
 To order peace between them. *We omit*  
 All the occurrences,” &c.

<sup>1</sup> The quarto has *dissentions*.

*Flu.* 'Tis no matter for his swellings, nor his turkey-cocks.—Got pless you, ancient Pistol! you scurvy, lowsy knave, Got pless you!

*Pist.* Ha! art thou Bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,

To have me fold up Parca's fatal web?

Hence! I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

*Flu.* I peseech you heartily, scurvy lowsy knave, at my desires, and my requests, and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek; because, look you, you do not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, does not agree with it, I would desire you to eat it.

*Pist.* Not for Cadwallader, and all his goats.

*Flu.* There is one goat for you. [*Strikes him.*] Will you be so goot, scald knave, as eat it?

*Pist.* Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

*Flu.* You say very true, scald knave, when Got's will is: I will desire you to live in the mean time, and eat your victuals; come, there is sauce for it. [*Striking him again.*] You called me yesterday mountain-squire; but I will make you to-day a squire of low degree. I pray you, fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek.

*Gow.* Enough, captain; you have astonish'd him.

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days:—Pite, I pray you; it is goot for your green wound, and your bloody coxcomb.

*Pist.* Must I bite?

*Flu.* Yes, certainly; and out of doubt, and out of questions too, and ambiguities.

*Pist.* By this leek, I will most horribly revenge; I eat, and eke<sup>2</sup> I swear—

<sup>2</sup> The folio reads "I eate and eate I swear." The present read-



*Flu.* Eat, I pray you : Will you have some mo. sauce to your leek ? there is not enough leek to swear by.

*Pist.* Quiet thy cudgel ; thou dost see I eat.

*Flu.* Much goot do you, scald knave, heartily. Nay, 'pray you, throw none away ; the skin is goot for your proken coxcomb. When you take occasions to see leeks hereafter, I pray you, mock at 'hem ! that is all.

*Pist.* Good.

*Flu.* Ay, leeks is goot :—Hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

*Pist.* Me a groat ?

*Flu.* Yes, verily, and in truth, you shall take it ; or I have another leek in my pocket, which you shall eat.

*Pist.* I take thy groat, in earnest of revenge.

*Flu.* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in cudgels ; you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels. God be wi' you, and keep you, and heal your pate. [*Exit.*]

*Pist.* All hell shall stir for this.

*Gow.* Go, go ; you are a counterfeit cowardly knave. Will you mock at an ancient tradition,—begun upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour,—and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words ? I have seen you gleeking<sup>3</sup> and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel : you find it otherwise ; and, henceforth, let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition<sup>4</sup>. Fare ye well. [*Exit.*]

ing was suggested by Johnson, and seems to me very judicious. *Eate* being thus written, was an easy misprint for *eke*.

<sup>3</sup> *Gleeking* is *scoffing, sneering*. Vide *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act iii. Sc. 1, p. 344.

<sup>4</sup> *Condition*, i. e. *disposition*.

*Pist.* Doth fortune play the huswife<sup>5</sup> with me now?  
 News have I, that my Nell is dead i' the spital  
 Of malady of France;  
 And there my rendezvous is quite cut off.  
 Old I do wax; and from my weary limbs  
 Honour is cudgel'd. Well, bawd will I turn,  
 And something lean to cutpurse of quick hand.  
 To England will I steal, and there I'll steal:  
 And patches will I get unto these cudgel'd scars,  
 And swear I got them in the Gallia wars. [*Exit.*]<sup>6</sup>

SCENE II. Troyes in Champagne. *An Apartment  
 in the French King's Palace.*

*Enter, at one Door, KING HENRY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WARWICK, WESTMORELAND, and other Lords; at another the French King, QUEEN ISABEL, the PRINCESS KATHARINE, Lords, Ladies, &c. the DUKE of BURGUNDY, and his Train.*

*K. Hen.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met<sup>1</sup>!

Unto our brother France,—and to our sister,  
 Health and fair time of day:—joy and good wishes  
 To our most fair and princely cousin Katharine;—

<sup>5</sup> *Huswife*, for *jilt*, or *hussy*, as we have it still in vulgar speech. The old copies have *Doll* instead of *Nell*; but it is quite evident that it should be *Nell*. Pistol's rendezvous could hardly be with *Doll* Tearsheet, but with his *Nell* Quickly. Mr. Collier, because the lady in question died of the malady of France, presumes that she died in France.

<sup>6</sup> [*Exit.*] "The comic scenes of these plays are now at an end, and all the comic personages are now dismissed. Falstaff and Mrs. Quickly are dead; Nym and Bardolph are hanged; Gads-hill was lost immediately after the robbery; Poins and Peto have vanished since, one knows not how; and Pistol is now beaten into obscurity. I believe every reader regrets their departure."—Johnson.

<sup>1</sup> *Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met!* Peace, for which we are here met, be to this meeting. Here, Johnson thought that the Chorus should have been prefixed, and the fifth act begin.

And (as a branch and member of this royalty,  
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd),  
We do salute you, duke of Burgundy;—  
And, princes French, and peers, health to you all!

*Fr. King.* Right joyous are we to behold your face,  
Most worthy brother England; fairly met:—  
So are you, princes English, every one.

*Q. Isa.* So happy be the issue, brother England,  
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,  
As we are now glad to behold your eyes;  
Your eyes, which hitherto have borne in them  
Against the French, that met them in their bent,  
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks<sup>2</sup>:  
The venom of such looks, we fairly hope,  
Have<sup>a</sup> lost their quality; and that this day  
Shall change all griefs, and quarrels, into love.

*K. Hen.* To cry amen to that, thus we appear.

*Q. Isa.* You English princes all, I do salute you.

*Bur.* My duty to you both, on equal love,  
Great kings of France and England! That I have  
labour'd

With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours,  
To bring your most imperial majesties  
Unto this bar<sup>3</sup> and royal interview,

<sup>2</sup> The *basilisk* was a *serpent* which, it was anciently supposed, could destroy the object of his vengeance by merely looking at it. Thus in *The Winter's Tale*:—

“Make me not sighted like the *basilisk*.”

It was also a *great gun*; and the allusion here is double.

<sup>a</sup> *Have* is here put for *has* by the ordinary license of the poet's time. On the next page we have in the same manner *doth* for *do*.

<sup>3</sup> *This bar*; that is, *this barrier, this place of congress*. The *Chronicles* represent a former interview in a field near Melun, with a *barre* or barrier of separation between the pavilions of the French and English; but the treaty was then broken off. It was now renewed at Troyes, but the scene of conference was St. Peter's church in that town, a place inconvenient for Shakespeare's action; his editors have therefore laid it in a palace.

Your mightiness on both parts best can witness.  
 Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,  
 That, face to face, and royal eye to eye,  
 You have congrèeted ; let it not disgrace me,  
 If I demand, before this royal view,  
 What rub, or what impediment, there is,  
 Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace,  
 Dear nurse of arts, plenties, and joyful births,  
 Should not, in this best garden of the world,  
 Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage ?  
 Alas ! she hath from France too long been chas'd :  
 And all her husbandry doth lie on heaps,  
 Corrupting in its own fertility.  
 Her vine, the merry cheerer of the heart,  
 Unpruned dies : her hedges even-pleach'd,—  
 Like prisoners wildly overgrown with hair,  
 Put forth disorder'd twigs : her fallow leas  
 The darnel, hemlock, and rank fumitory,  
 Doth root upon ; while that the coulter rusts,  
 That should deracinate such savagery :  
 The even mead, that erst brought sweetly forth  
 The freckled cowslip, burnet, and green clover,  
 Wanting the scythe, all<sup>a</sup> uncorrected, rank,  
 Conceives by idleness ; and nothing teems,  
 But hateful docks, rough thistles, kecksies, burs,  
 Losing both beauty and utility.  
 And as<sup>b</sup> our vineyards, fallows, meads, and hedges,  
 Defective in their natures<sup>c</sup>, grow to wildness ;

<sup>a</sup> The folio has *withall*. Steevens altered it on account of the metre, but I much doubt whether it was not the poet's word.

<sup>b</sup> Here the folio prints *all* instead of *as*, and places a full stop at *wildness* instead of at *utility*. But it is evident that Burgundy makes a general summary of his particular instances of unculture, and not an addition to them, and applies all to illustrate the moral condition of his country.

<sup>c</sup> *Defective in their natures*. It has been proposed to read *nurtures*, i. e. *culture*, as I think, plausibly. Steevens however concurs

Even so our houses, and ourselves, and children,  
 Have lost, or do not learn, for want of time,  
 The sciences that should become our country;  
 But grow, like savages,—as soldiers will,  
 That nothing do but meditate on blood,—  
 To swearing and stern looks, diffus'd<sup>5</sup> attire,  
 And every thing that seems unnatural.  
 Which to reduce into our former favour<sup>6</sup>,  
 You are assembled: and my speech entreats,  
 That I may know the let, why gentle peace  
 Should not expel these inconveniences,  
 And bless us with her former qualities.

*K. Hen.* If, duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,  
 Whose want gives growth to the imperfections  
 Which you have cited, you must buy that peace  
 With full accord to all our just demands;  
 Whose tenours and particular effects  
 You have, enschedul'd briefly, in your hands.

*Bur.* The king hath heard them; to the which, as yet,  
 There is no answer made.

*K. Hen.* Well then, the peace,  
 Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

in Upton's opinion that change is unnecessary. "*Sua deficiunt natura*: They were not defective in their *crescive* nature, for they grew to wildness; but they were defective in their proper and favourable nature, which was to bring forth food for man."

<sup>5</sup> *Diffus'd attire*. I have observed, in a note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act iv. Sc. 4, that *diffuse* was used for *obscure*, *confused*. I find, from Florio's Dictionary, that *diffused*, or *defused*, was used for *confused*. *Diffused attire* is therefore *disordered* or *dishevelled attire*. Thus in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Nice Valour*, Act iii.—"Enter the passionate Lord, *rudely and carelessly apparel'd, unbraced and untrussed*;" who is thus addressed:—

"Think upon love, which makes all creatures handsome,  
 Seemly for eyesight! go not so *diffusedly*:"

There are great ladies purpose, sir, to visit you."

<sup>6</sup> *Favour* here means *comeliness of appearance*. We still say well or ill *favoured* for well or ill *looking*. Thus in *Othello*:—

"Nor should I know him,  
 Were he in *favour* as in humour alter'd."

*F. King.* I have but with a cursorary<sup>7</sup> eye  
O'erglanc'd the articles: pleaseth your grace  
To appoint some of your council presently  
To sit with us once more, with better heed  
To resurvey them, we will, suddenly,  
Pass our accept, and peremptory answer<sup>8</sup>.

*K. Hen.* Brother, we shall.—Go, uncle Exeter,—  
And, brother Clarence,—and you, brother Gloster,  
Warwick—and Huntingdon<sup>9</sup>,—go with the king:  
And take with you free power, to ratify,  
Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best  
Shall see advantageable for our dignity,  
Any thing in, or out of, our demands;  
And we'll consign thereto.—Will you, fair sister,  
Go with the princes, or stay here with us?

*Q. Isa.* Our gracious brother, I will go with them;  
Haply, a woman's voice may do some good,  
When articles, too nicely urg'd, be stood on.

*K. Hen.* Yet leave our cousin Katharine here with  
us;

She is our capital demand, compris'd  
Within the fore-rank of our articles.

*Q. Isa.* She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt all but HENRY, KATHARINE,  
and her Gentlewoman.*]

<sup>7</sup> The folio prints this word, which occurs nowhere else, *cursorarie*, and the quarto, 1600, *cursorary*.

<sup>8</sup> *Pass our accept, and peremptory answer.* To *pass* here signifies to finish, end, or agree upon the acceptance which we shall give them, and return our peremptory answer. Thus in the *Taming of the Shrew*:—

“To *pass* assurance of a dower,”

is to agree upon a settlement.

“To *pass* over; to *pass*e, to finish or agree upon some business or matter. *Transigo.*”—*Baret.*

<sup>9</sup> *Huntingdon.* John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon, who afterwards married the widow of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March. Neither Huntingdon nor Clarence are in the list of *Dramatis Personæ*, as neither of them speak a word.

*K. Hen.* Fair Katharine, and most fair!  
Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,  
Such as will enter at a lady's ear,  
And plead his lovesuit to her gentle heart?

*Kath.* Your majesty shall mock at me; I cannot speak your England.

*K. Hen.* O fair Katharine, if you will love me soundly with your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me, Kate?

*Kath.* *Pardonnez moy*, I cannot tell vat is—like me.

*K. Hen.* An angel is like you, Kate; and you are like an angel.

*Kath.* *Que dit-il? que je suis semblable à les anges.*

*Alice.* *Ouy, vrayment (sauf vostre grace) ainsi dit-il.*

*K. Hen.* I said so, dear Katharine; and I must not blush to affirm it.

*Kath.* *O bon Dieu! les langues des hommes sont pleines de tromperies.*

*K. Hen.* What says she, fair one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

*Alice.* *Ouy*; dat de tongues of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de princess.

*K. Hen.* The princess is the better Englishwoman. I' faith, Kate, my wooing is fit for thy understanding: I am glad thou canst speak no better English; for, if thou could'st, thou would'st find me such a plain king, that thou would'st think I had sold my farm to buy my crown<sup>10</sup>. I know no ways to mince it in love, but directly to say—I love you: then, if you

<sup>10</sup> *That thou would'st think I had sold my farm to buy my crown.* Johnson thinks this blunt honest kind of English wooing is inconsistent with the previous character of the king, and quotes the Dauphin's *opinion* of him, "that he was fitter for a ball room than the field." This opinion however was erroneous. Shakespeare only meant to characterise English downright sincerity; and surely the previous habits of Henry, as represented in former

urge me farther than to say—Do you in faith? I wear out my suit. Give me your answer; i' faith, do; and so clap hands, and a bargain: How say you, lady?

*Kath.* *Sauf vostre honneur*, me understand well.

*K. Hen.* Marry, if you would put me to verses, or to dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me: for the one, I have neither words nor measure; and for the other, I have no strength in measure<sup>11</sup>, yet a reasonable measure in strength. If I could win a lady at leap-frog, or by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on my back, under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should quickly leap into a wife. Or, if I might buffet for my love, or bound my horse for her favours, I could lay on like a butcher, and sit like a jack-an-apes, never off: but, before God, Kate, I cannot look greenly<sup>12</sup>, nor gasp out my eloquence, nor I have no cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use till urged, nor never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth sun-burning, that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there, let thine eye be thy cook. I speak to thee plain soldier: If thou canst love me for this, take me: if not, to say to thee—that I shall die, is true: but—for thy love, by the Lord, no; yet I love thee too. And while thou livest, dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined<sup>13</sup> constancy; for he perforce must do thee right, because he hath not the gift to woo

scenes, do not make us expect great refinement or polish in him upon this occasion, especially as fine speeches would be lost upon the princess from her imperfect comprehension of his language.

<sup>11</sup> *In measure*, i. e. in dancing.

<sup>12</sup> *Look greenly*, i. e. like a young lover, awkwardly.

<sup>13</sup> *A fellow of plain and uncoined constancy*. This passage has been sadly misunderstood. The prince evidently means to say, "Take a fellow of blunt *unadorned courage* or *purpose*, because he hath not the gift to woo in other places like these fellows of in-



in other places: for these fellows of infinite tongue, that can rhyme themselves into ladies' favours,—they do always reason themselves out again. What! a speaker is but a prater; a rhyme is but a ballad. A good leg will fall<sup>14</sup>; a straight back will stoop; a black beard will turn white; a curled pate will grow bald; a fair face will wither; a full eye will wax hollow: but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or, rather, the sun, and not the moon; for it shines bright, and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou wouldst have such a one, take me: And take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a king: And what sayest thou then to my love? speak, my fair, and fairly, I pray thee.

*Kath.* Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?

*K. Hen.* No; it is not possible you should love the enemy of France, Kate: but, in loving me, you should love the friend of France; for I love France so well, that I will not part with a village of it; I will have it all mine: and, Kate, when France is mine, and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine.

*Kath.* I cannot tell vat is dat.

*K. Hen.* No, Kate? I will tell thee in French; which, I am sure, will hang upon my tongue like a new-married wife about her husband's neck, hardly to be shook off. *Quand j'ay la possession de France, et quand vous avez la possession de moi* (let me see, what then? Saint Dennis be my speed!)—*donc vostre est France, et vous estes mienne.* It is as easy for me,

finite tongue." Constancy is most frequently used for courage, or resolution, by Shakespeare. Thus in *Macbeth*, Act ii. Sc. 2, after the murder of Duncan, Lady Macbeth says to her husband:—

"Your constancy

Hath left you unattended."

i. e. your courage hath left you unexpectedly.

<sup>14</sup> A good leg will fall, i. e. shrink, fall away.

Kate. to conquer the kingdom, as to speak so much more French : I shall never move thee in French, unless it be to laugh at me.

*Kath. Sauf vostre honneur, le François que vous parlez est meilleur que l'Anglois lequel je parle.*

*K. Hen.* No, 'faith, is't not, Kate : but thy speaking of my tongue, and I thine, most truly falsely, must needs be granted to be much at one. But, Kate, dost thou understand thus much English ? Canst thou love me ?

*Kath.* I cannot tell.

*K. Hen.* Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate ? I'll ask them. Come, I know thou lovest me : and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question this gentlewoman about me ; and I know, Kate, you will, to her, dispraise those parts in me, that you love with your heart ; but, good Kate, mock me mercifully ; the rather, gentle princess, because I love thee cruelly. If ever thou be'st mine, Kate, (as I have a saving faith within me, tells me,—thou shalt,) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder : Shall not thou and I, between Saint Dennis and Saint George, compound a boy, half French half English, that shall go to Constantinople, and take the Turk by the beard<sup>15</sup> ? shall we not ? what sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce ?

*Kath.* I do not know dat.

*K. Hen.* No ; 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promise : do but now promise, Kate, you will endeavour for your French part of such a boy ; and, for my English moiety, take the word of a king and a bachelor. How answer you, *la plus belle Katharine du monde, mon très chère et divine déesse* ?

<sup>15</sup> *Take the Turk by the beard.* This is one of the poet's anachronisms. The Turks had not possession of Constantinople until the year 1453 ; when Henry had been dead thirty-one years.

*Kath.* Your *majesté* 'ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France*.

*K. Hen.* Now, fye upon my false French! By mine honour, in true English, I love thee, Kate: by which honour I dare not swear, thou lovest me; yet my blood begins to flatter me that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempering effect of my visage<sup>16</sup>. Now beshrew my father's ambition! he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that, when I come to woo ladies, I fright them. But, in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear: my comfort is, that old age, that ill layer-up of beauty, can do no more spoil upon my face; thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst; and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; And therefore tell me, most fair Katharine, will you have me? Put off your maiden blushes; avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an empress; take me by the hand, and say,—Harry of England, I am thine: which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud—England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who, though I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best king, thou shalt find the best king of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken musick; for thy voice is musick, and thy English broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, Wilt thou have me?

*Kath.* Dat is as it shall please de *roy mon père*.

<sup>16</sup> Warburton proposed to read *untempting*, but there can be no doubt the true reading is that of the old copy, of which the meaning appears to be "that you love me, notwithstanding my face has no power to *temper*, i. e. soften you to my purpose." The phrase "*untempering effect*" is, I think, quite conclusive.

*K. Hen.* Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

*Kath.* Den it shall also content me.

*K. Hen.* Upon that I kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

*Kath.* *Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez : ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure ; excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.*

*K. Hen.* Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

*Kath.* *Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas la coûtume de France.*

*K. Hen.* Madam, my interpreter, what says she ?

*Alice.* Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les ladies* of France,—I cannot tell what is, *baiser*, *en* English.

*K. Hen.* To kiss.

*Alice.* Your majesty *entend* better *que moy*.

*K. Hen.* It is not a fashion for the maids in France to kiss before they are married, would she say ?

*Alice.* *Ouy, vrayment.*

*K. Hen.* O Kate ! nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list<sup>17</sup> of a country's fashion : we are the makers of manners, Kate ; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouth of all find-faults ; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss : therefore, patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate ; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council ; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs. Here comes your father.

<sup>17</sup> *Weak list, i. e. slight barrier*

*Enter the French King and Queen, BURGUNDY, BEDFORD, GLOSTER, EXETER, WESTMORELAND, and other French and English Lords.*

*Bur.* God save your majesty ! my royal cousin, teach you our princess English ?

*K. Hen.* I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her ; and that is good English.

*Bur.* Is she not apt ?

*K. Hen.* Our tongue is rough, coz ; and my condition is not smooth : so that, having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her, that he will appear in his true likeness.

*Bur.* Pardon the frankness of my mirth, if I answer you for that. If you would conjure in her, you must make a circle : if conjure up love in her in his true likeness, he must appear naked, and blind ; Can you blame her then, being a maid yet rosed over with the virgin crimson of modesty, if she deny the appearance of a naked blind boy in her naked seeing self ? It were, my lord, a hard condition for a maid to consign to.

*K. Hen.* Yet they do wink, and yield ; as love is blind, and enforces.

*Bur.* They are then excused, my lord, when they see not what they do.

*K. Hen.* Then, good my lord, teach your cousin to consent winking.

*Bur.* I will wink on her to consent, my lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning : for maids, well summer'd and warm kept, are like flies at Bartholomew-tide, blind, though they have their eyes ; and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

*K. Hen.* This moral<sup>18</sup> ties me over to time and a

<sup>18</sup> A moral is the meaning or application of a fable. See Much Ado about Nothing, Act iii. Sc. 4, p. 142.

hot summer ; and so I shall catch the fly, your cousin, in the latter end, and she must be blind too.

*Bur.* As love is, my lord, before it loves.

*K. Hen.* It is so : and you may, some of you, thank love for my blindness ; who cannot see many a fair French city, for one fair French maid that stands in my way.

*Fr. King.* Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turn'd into a maid<sup>19</sup> ; for they are all girdled with maiden walls, that war hath never<sup>20</sup> entered.

*K. Hen.* Shall Kate be my wife ?

*Fr. King.* So please you.

*K. Hen.* I am content ; so the maiden cities you talk of, may wait on her : so the maid, that stood in the way for my wish, shall show me the way to my will.

*Fr. King.* We have consented to all terms of reason.

*K. Hen.* Is't so, my lords of England ?

*West.* The king hath granted every article—  
His daughter, first ; and in sequel, all,  
According to their firm proposed natures.

*Exe.* Only, he hath not yet subscribed this :—  
Where your majesty demands,—That the king of France, having any occasion to write for matter of grant, shall name your highness in this form, and with this addition, in French,—*Notre très cher filz Henry roy d'Angleterre, héritier de France* ; and thus in Latin,—*Præclarissimus*<sup>21</sup> *Julius noster Henricus, rex Angliæ, et hæres Franciæ.*

<sup>19</sup> Yes, my lord, you see them perspectively, the cities turned into a maid. See note on Twelfth Night, Act v. Sc. 1.

<sup>20</sup> The old copy omits *never*, which is evidently necessary to the sense of the passage.

<sup>21</sup> *Præclarissimus* for *Præcarissimus*. Shakespeare followed Holinshed, in whose Chronicle, as well as in that of Grafton, it stands thus. Hall has *præcharissimus*, and in the original treaty of Troyes, printed in Rymer, it is *præcarissimus*.

*Fr. King.* Nor this I have not, brother, so denied,  
But your request shall make me let it pass.

*K. Hen.* I pray you then, in love and dear alliance,  
Let that one article rank with the rest :  
And, thereupon, give me your daughter.

*Fr. King.* Take her, fair son ; and from her blood  
raise up  
Issue to me : that the contending kingdoms  
Of France and England, whose very shores look pale  
With envy of each other's happiness,  
May cease their hatred ; and this dear conjunction  
Plant neighbourhood and Christianlike accord  
In their sweet bosoms, that never war advance  
His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

*All.* Amen !

*K. Hen.* Now welcome, Kate :—and bear me wit-  
ness all,  
That here I kiss her as my sovereign queen.

[*Flourish.*

*Q. Isa.* God, the best maker of all marriages,  
Combine your hearts in one, your realms in one !  
As man and wife, being two, are one in love,  
So be there 'twixt your kingdoms such a spousal,  
That never may ill office, or fell jealousy,  
Which troubles oft the bed of blessed marriage,  
Thrust in between the paction of these kingdoms,  
To make divorce of their incorporate league ;  
That English may as French, French Englishmen,  
Receive each other !—God speak this Amen !

*All.* Amen !

*K. Hen.* Prepare we for our marriage :—on which  
day,  
My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,  
And all the peers', for surety of our leagues.—  
Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me ;  
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be !

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter CHORUS.*

Thus far, with rough, and all unable pen,  
 Our bending author<sup>22</sup> hath pursu'd the story ;  
 In little room confining mighty men,  
 Mangling by starts the full course of their glory<sup>23</sup>.  
 Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd  
 This star of England : fortune made his sword ;  
 By which the world's best garden<sup>24</sup> he achiev'd,  
 And of it left his son imperial lord.  
 Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crown'd king  
 Of France and England, did this king succeed ;  
 Whose state so many had the managing,  
 That they lost France, and made his England bleed :  
 Which oft our stage hath shown ; and, for their sake,  
 In your fair minds let this acceptance take. [*Exit.*]

<sup>22</sup> *Our bending author.* That is, *unequal to the weight of his subject, and bending beneath it.* Thus Milton, in his *Apology for Smectymnus*, speaking of Bishop Hall :—"In a strain as pitiful—manifested a presumptuous undertaking with *weak and unexamined shoulders.*"

<sup>23</sup> *Mangling by starts the full course of their glory.* That is, *by touching only on select parts.*

<sup>24</sup> *The world's best garden, i. e. France.* A similar distinction is bestowed on Lombardy in the *Taming of the Shrew* :—

"The pleasant garden of great Italy."

END OF VOL. V.





